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A

COLLECTION OF HYMNS

FOR

THE USE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED

METHODISTS.

BY THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A.

SOMETIME FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

WITH SUPPLEMENT

AND

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE TRUSTEES BY

JOHN HADDON & CO.,

3 BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET.

1874.

PREFACE TO THE ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

THIS Collection, which is the result of much time and labour cheerfully bestowed, is composed of many of the best and most popular hymns of the day; and the Compilers tak this opportunity of expressing their deep sense of the obligation under which they ar laid to those who have so kindly placed at their disposal many of the best hymns in thi book, also to the superintendents of Sunday schools and other earnest friends of Methodism throughout Great Britain and Ireland, for the invaluable help they have rendered in the compilation of this volume, which it is hoped will be found of great service, not only in the school, but also in the family circle.

These hymns are published as a Supplement in connection with the Wesleyan Methodist Hymn-Book, to provide the means, so long and earnestly desired, by which every Sunday scholar may possess a hymn-book for the services of *both school and sanctuary*, and at a price so moderate as to bring it within the reach of all.

This book has been entered at Stationers' Hall. The entire profits will be applied to the Worn-out Ministers' and Ministers' Widows' Auxiliary Fund.

It will be observed that Choruses are introduced in some of the hymns in this Collection, but as the hymns are complete in themselves, the choruses may (when preferred) be omitted; or, on the other hand, they may very appropriately be used with many other hymns in the book beside those with which they stand connected. Arrangements of this kind admits of a much larger variety of tunes being used.

A welcome feature will also be found in the introduction of a small selection of Anthems

LONDON, *March* 28, 1874.

*** The Compilers tender their best thanks to many friends who have readily granted the use of their hymns, to the Committee of the Religious Tract Society for hymns of Miss Elliott's, Kelly, Edmeston, and others, also to Rev. Dr O. J. B. Monsell. They also apologise, if by oversight or not knowing the author, they have inadvertently inserted any hymn or hymns without sanction.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT.]

PREFACE.

1. For many years I have been importuned to publish such a hymn-book as might be generally used in all our congregations throughout Great Britain and Ireland. I have hitherto withstood the importunity, as I believed such a publication was needless, considering the various hymn-books which my brother and I have published within these forty years last past; so that it may be doubted whether any religious community in the world has a greater variety of them.

2. But has been answered, "Such a publication is highly needful upon this very account: for the greater part of the people, being poor, are not able to purchase so many books; and those that have purchased them are, as it were, bewildered in the immense variety. A proper Collection of Hymns for general use, carefully made out of all these books, is therefore still wanting; and one comprised in so moderate a compass, as to be neither cumbersome nor expensive."

3. It has been replied, "You have such a Collection already (entitled 'Hymns and Spiritual Songs'), which I extracted several years ago from a variety of hymn-books." But it is objected, "This is in the other extreme: it is far too small. It does not, it cannot, in so narrow a compass, contain variety enough; not so much as we want, among whom *singing* makes so considerable a part of the public service. What we want is, a Collection not too large, that it may be cheap and portable; nor too small, that it may contain a sufficient variety for all ordinary occasions."

4. Such a Hymn-Book you have now before you. It is not so large as to be either cumbersome or expensive; and it is large enough to contain such a variety of hymns as will not soon be worn threadbare. It is large enough to contain all the important truths of our most holy religion, whether speculative or practical; yea, to illustrate them all, and to prove them both by Scripture and reason; and this is done in a regular order. The hymns are not carelessly jumbled together, but carefully ranged under proper heads, according to the experience of real Christians. So that this book is, in effect, a little body of experimental and practical divinity.

5. As but a small part of these hymns is of my own composing,* I do not think it inconsistent with modesty to declare, that I am persuaded no such hymn-book as this has yet been published in the English language. In what other publication of the kind have you so distinct and full an account of scriptural Christianity? such a declaration of the heights and depths of religion, speculative and practical? so strong cautions against the most plausible errors; particularly those that are now most prevalent? and so clear directions for making your calling and election sure; for perfecting holiness in the fear of God?

6. May I be permitted to add a few words with regard to the *poetry?* Then I will speak to those who are judges thereof, with all freedom and unreserve. To these I may say, without offence—1. In these hymns there is no doggerel; no botches; nothing put in to patch up the rhyme; no feeble expletives. 2. Here is nothing turgid or bombast on the one hand, or low and creeping on the other. 3. Here are no *cant* expressions; no words without meaning. Those who impute this to us know not what they say. We talk common sense, both in prose and verse, and use no words but in a fixed and determined sense. 4. Here are, allow me to say, both the purity, the strength, and the elegance of the English language; and, at the same time, the utmost simplicity and plainness, suited to every capacity. Lastly, I desire men of taste to judge (these are the only competent judges) whether there be not in some of the following hymns the true spirit of poetry, such as cannot be acquired by art and labour, but must be the gift of nature. By labour, a man may become a tolerable imitator of Spenser, Shakespeare, or Milton; and may heap together pretty compound epithets, as pale-eyed, meek-eyed, and the like; but unless he be *born* a poet, he will never attain the genuine spirit of poetry.

7. And here I beg leave to mention a thought which has been long upon my mind, and which I should long ago have inserted in the public papers, had I not been unwilling to stir up a nest of hornets. Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our hymns. Now they are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are. But I desire they would not attempt to mend them; for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore, I must beg of them one of these two favours: either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better for worse; or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page; that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men.

8. But to return. That which is of infinitely more moment than the spirit of poetry, is the spirit of piety. And I trust, all persons of real judgment will find *this* breathing through the whole Collection. It is in this view chiefly, that I would recommend it to every truly pious reader, as a means of raising or quickening the spirit of devotion; of confirming his faith; of enlivening his hope; and of kindling and increasing his love to God and man. When Poetry thus keeps its place, as the handmaid of Piety, it shall attain, not a poor perishable wreath, but a crown that fadeth not away.

London, Oct. 20, 1779. JOHN WESLEY.

N.B.—The Additional Hymns at the end of this book, and a few others distinguished by the prefix of an asterisk, which are inserted in this edition, were not in the editions published during the life of Mr Wesley.

* The greater part was composed by the Rev. Charles Wesley.

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A

COLLECTION OF HYMNS.

PART I.

CONTAINING INTRODUCTORY HYMNS.

SECTION 1.

EXHORTING SINNERS TO RETURN TO GOD.

1 C. M.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for *me*.

5 He speaks,—and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Look unto him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be *justified by grace*.

8 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain:
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

9 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light,
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white.

10 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

2 L. M.

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;
Ye need not *one* be left behind,
For God hath bidden *all* mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to ALL:
Come, all the world; come, sinner, *thou*:
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 Come, and partake the gospel feast;
Be saved from sin; in Jesus rest;
O taste the goodness of your God,
And eat his flesh, and drink his blood!

5 Ye vagrant souls, on you I call;
(O that my voice could reach you all!)
Ye all may now be justified;
Ye all may live, for Christ hath died.

6 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ, and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

7 His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consent to feel;
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

8 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

9 This is the time; no more delay;
This is the acceptable day;
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

3

10s and 11s.

1 O ALL that pass by, To Jesus draw near;
He utters a cry, Ye sinners, give ear!
From hell to retrieve you, He spreads out his hands; [stands.
Now, now to receive you, He graciously

2 If any man thirst, And happy would be,
The vilest and worst May come unto me;
May drink of my Spirit, Excepted is none,
Lay claim to my merit, And take for his own.

3 Whoever receives The life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, His God and his Lord;
In him a pure river Of life shall arise,
Shall, in the believer, Spring up to the skies.

4 My God and my Lord! Thy call I obey;
My soul on thy Word Of promise I stay:
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
Athirst for salvation, Salvation by grace.

5 O hasten the hour, Send down from above
The Spirit of power, Of health, and of love;
Of filial fear, Of knowledge and grace;
Of wisdom and prayer, Of joy and of praise:

6 The Spirit of faith, Of faith in thy blood,
Which saves us from wrath, And brings us to God;
Removes the huge mountain Of indwell- [ing sin,
And opens a fountain, That washes us clean.

4

L. M.

1 "HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;"
('Tis God invites the fallen race;)
"Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 "Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return ye weary wanderers, home;
And find my grace is free for ALL.

3 "See from the Rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

4 "Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 "Why seek ye that which is not bread
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed;
Ye spend your little all in vain.

6 "In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife:
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
I have the words of endless life.

7 "Hearken to me with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food;
The sweetness of my mercy share,
And taste that I alone am good.

8 "I bid you all my goodness prove:
My promises for all are free:
Come, taste the manna of my love,
And let your souls delight in Me.

9 "Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive;
Quicken'd your souls by faith divine,
An everlasting life shall live."

5

10s and 11s.

1 THY faithfulness, Lord, Each moment we find,
So true to thy word, So loving and kind;
Thy mercy so tender To all the lost race,
The vilest offender May turn and find grace.

2 The mercy I feel, To others I show,
I set to my seal That Jesus is true: [call;
Ye all may find favour, Who come at his
O come to my Saviour, His grace is for ALL.

3 To save what was lost, From heaven he came;
Come, sinners, and trust In Jesus's name!
He offers you pardon; He bids you be free:
"If sin be your burden, O come unto me!"

4 O let me commend My Saviour to you;
The Publican's Friend, And Advocate too:
For *you* he is pleading His merits and death
With God interceding For sinners beneath.

5 Then let us submit His grace to receive,
Fall down at his feet, And gladly believe:
We all are forgiven, For Jesus's sake:
Our title to heaven, His merits we take.

6

7s.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will you slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

Why will you for ever die?

7 7s.

1 LET the beasts their breath resign,
Strangers to the life divine;
Who their God can never know,
Let their spirit downward go.
You for higher ends were born:
You may all to God return;
Dwell with him above the sky;
Why will you for ever die?

2 You, on whom he favours showers;
You, possest of nobler powers;
You, of Reason's powers possest;
You, with Will and Memory blest;
You, with finer sense endued,
Creatures capable of God:
Noblest of his creatures, why,
Why will you for ever die?

3 You, whom he ordain'd to be
Transcripts of the Deity:
You, whom he in life doth hold;
You, for whom himself was sold;
You, on whom he still doth wait,
Whom he would again create:
Made by him and purchased, why,
Why will you for ever die?

4 You, who own his record true;
You, his chosen people, you;
You, who call the Saviour, Lord;
You, who read his written Word;
You, who see the gospel light;
Claim a crown in Jesu's right;
Why will you, ye Christians, why,
Will the house of Israel die?

8 7s.

1 WHAT could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his waste of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn;
By his life your God hath sworn,
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, obtest, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near:
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, even now, your Saviour stands;
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries, "Ye will not happy be!
No, ye will not come to me!
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will you resolve to die?"

4 Can you doubt if God is love?
If to all his bowels move?

9 L. M.

1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word;
Haste to the supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son:
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his Love,
Just now the stony to remove;
To' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Are ready, with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

6 Come, then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace:

7 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence:

8 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven,
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven:

9 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress;
The' unutterable tenderness;
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder, "Why such love to me?"

10 The' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

10 10s and 11s.

1 YE thirsty for God, To Jesus give ear,
And take, through his blood, A power to draw near;
His kind invitation, Ye sinners, embrace,
Accepting salvation, Salvation by grace.

2 Sent down from above, Who governs the skies,
In vehement love To sinners he cries,
"Drink into my Spirit! Who happy would be,
And all things inherit, By coming to me."

3 O Saviour of all, Thy word we believe,
And come at thy call, Thy grace to receive:
The blessing is given, Wherever thou art:
The earnest of heaven Is love in the heart.

4 To us, at thy feet, The Comforter give,
Who gasp to admit Thy Spirit, and live;
The weakest believers Acknowledge for
thine,
And fill us with rivers Of water divine!

11 L. M.

1 GOD, the offended God Most High,
Ambassadors to rebels sends;
His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.

2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray,
Us, in the stead of God, entreat,
To cast our arms, our sins, away,
And find forgiveness at his feet.

3 Our God in Christ! thine embassy,
And proffered mercy, we embrace;
And gladly reconciled to thee,
Thy condescending mercy praise.

4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request,
A full acquittance we receive!
And criminals, with pardon blest,
We, at our Judge's instance, live!

SECTION II.

1. DESCRIBING THE PLEASANTNESS OF RELIGION

12 S. M.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne:
Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love:
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

13 7s.

1 HAPPY soul, that, free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?
Jesus doth his spirit bear:
Jesus takes his every care:
He who found the wandering sheep,
Jesus, still delights to keep.

2 O that I might so believe,
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave;
On his only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh:
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near:
All his care rejoice to prove,
All his paradise of love!

Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep:
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my every care;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear:
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive;
Ever in thy Spirit live:

4 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect, through my Lord, below:
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above:
O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right hand;
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by thee to heaven!

14 L. M.

1 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows, "The Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price
Of Wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ, on all bestow'd,
And honour that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who Wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains!
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

15 C. M.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And *we* in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise:
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

16 L. M.

Primitive Christianity.

PART I.

1 HAPPY the souls that first believed,
To Jesus and each other cleaved;
Join'd by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.

2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They lived, and spake, and thought the [same;
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

3 With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude,
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.

4 O what an age of golden days!
O what a choice, peculiar race!
Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed Kings and Priests to God!

5 Where shall I wander now to find
The successors they left behind?
The faithful, whom I seek in vain,
Are 'minish'd from the sons of men.

6 Ye different sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ!" or, "Christ is there!"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.

7 Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love:
Thou only, Lord, thine own canst show;
For sure thou hast a church below.

8 The gates of hell cannot prevail;
The church on earth can never fail:
Ah! join me to thy secret ones!
Ah! gather all thy living stones!

9 Scatter'd o'er all the earth they lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye,
Draw by the music of thy Name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.

10 For this the pleading Spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banish'd ones;
Greatest of gifts, thy love impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

11 Join every soul that looks to thee,
In bonds of perfect charity;
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,
And *all in all* for ever live!

17 L. M.

PART II.

1 JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy church below;
If now thy Spirit moves my breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request!

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own,
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold,
How Christians *lived in days of* old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white!
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show
The glorious, spotless church below!

6 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known;
And, O my God, might I be one!

7 O might my lot be cast with these;
The least of Jesu's witnesses:
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet!

8 This only thing do I require:
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy church to live:

9 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

10 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.

11 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,
"Thy prayer is heard; it shall be so!"
The word hath pass'd thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

18 7s and 6s.

1 MAKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who hast on me bestow'd
An immortal soul, design'd
To be the house of God:
Come, and now reside in me,
Never, never to remove;
Make me just and good, like thee,
And full of power and love.

2 Bid me in thy image rise,
A saint, a creature new;
True, and merciful, and wise,
And pure, and happy too.
This thy primitive design,
That I should in thee be blest;
Should, within the arms divine,
For ever, ever rest.

3 Let thy will on me be done;
Fulfil my heart's desire,
Thee to know and love alone,
And rise in raptures higher:
Thee, descending on a cloud,
When with ravish'd eyes I see,
Then I shall be fill'd with God
To all eternity!

19 10s and 11s.

1 REJOICE evermore With angels above,
In Jesus's power, In Jesus's love:
With glad exultation Your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief In trouble hast been;
Hast saved us from grief, Hast saved us from sin; [free,
The power of thy Spirit Hath set our hearts
And now we inherit All fulness in thee:

3 All fulness of peace, All fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss, That never shall cloy:
To us it is given In Jesus to know
A kingdom of heaven, A heaven below.

4 No longer we join, While sinners invite,
Nor envy the swine Their brutish delight;

Their joy is all sadness, Their mirth is all pain,
Their laughter is madness, Their pleasure is all vain.
5 O might they at last With sorrow return,
The pleasures to taste For which they were born;
Our Jesus receiving, Our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, The heaven of love!

20

6-7s.

1 WEARY souls that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of His: [of God.
Sink into the purple flood: Rise into the life
2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown:
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan: [all in all.
Rise exalted by his fall; Find in Christ your
3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too:
Find on earth the life of heaven;
Live the life of heaven above, All the life
of glorious love.
4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul design'd;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be! Blest to
all eternity!

21

S. M.

1 YE simple souls that stray
Far from the path of peace,
(That lonely unfrequented way
To life and happiness,)
Why will ye folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God?
2 Madness and misery
Ye count our life beneath;
And nothing great or good can see,
Or glorious, in our death:
As only born to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie;
And utterly contemn'd we live,
And unlamented die.
3 So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, impotent and poor,
Above your scorn we rise:
We, through the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things;
For He, whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us priests and kings.
4 Riches unsearchable
In Jesu's love we know;
And pleasures, springing from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow;
The Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power;
And, always strongful, we live
Rejoicing evermore.
5 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways:
And in their watchful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace:
Unto that heavenly bliss
They all our steps attend;
An I God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our Friend.

6 With him we walk in white;
We in his image shine;
Our robes are robes of glorious light,
Our righteousness divine:
On all the kings of earth
With pity we look down;
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.

2. DESCRIBING THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

22

C. M.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!
2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks;
The solid marbles rend.
3 'Tis done! the precious ransom 's paid;
"Receive my soul," he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head, and dies!
4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

23

L. M.

1 EXTENDED on a cursed tree, [blood,
Besmear'd with dust, and sweat, and
See there, the King of Glory see!
Sinks and expires the Son of God!
2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
Who could thy sacred body wound?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in thy lips been found.
3 I, I alone, have done the deed!
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail, and fix'd the thorn.
4 The burden, for me to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid;
To heal me, thou hast borne my pain;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.
5 In the devouring lion's teeth,
Torn, and forsook of all, I lay;
Thou sprang 'st into the jaws of death,
From death to save the helpless prey.
6 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay, the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.
7 Too much to thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for thee;
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be!
8 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O may I learn from thee, my God;
And love, with softest pity join'd,
For those that trample on thy blood!
9 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

24

PART I. L. M.

1 YE that pass by, behold the Man, [you!
The Man of Griefs, condemn'd for
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.
2 See! how his back the scourge tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound!

The ploughers make long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound.

3 Nor can he thus their hate assuage;
His innocence, to death pursued,
Must fully glut their utmost rage:
Hark! how they clamour for his blood.

4 "To us our own Barabbas give!
Away with him," (they loudly cry,)
"Away with him, not fit to live,
The vile seducer crucify!"

5 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood;
His sacred limbs,—exposed and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

6 See there his temples crown'd with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side!

7 Where is the King of Glory now!
The everlasting Son of God!
The' Immortal hangs his languid brow!
The' Almighty faints beneath his load!

8 Beneath my load he faints and dies:
I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown:
I caused these mortal groans and cries,
I kill'd the Father's only Son!

25

PART II. L. M.

1 O THOU dear suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Help me to catch thy precious blood;
Help me to taste thy dying love.

2 Give me to feel thy agonies;
One drop of thy sad cup afford:
I fain with thee would sympathize,
And share the sufferings of my Lord.

3 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convulsed, while her Creator died:
O let mine inmost nature shake,
And die with Jesus crucified!

4 At thy last gasp the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies:
O that my soul might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise!

5 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part:
O rend, with thine expiring breath,
The harder marble of my heart!

6 My stony heart thy voice shall rent;
Thou wilt, I trust, the veil remove:
My inmost bowels shall resent
The yearnings of thy dying love.

26

L. M.

1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there!

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 *How can it be, thou heavenly King,*
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt; our eyes o'erflow:
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

7 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

8 First-born of many brethren Thou!
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow:
To thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die: thine may we live!

27

2-6s and 4-7s.

1 SAVIOUR, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine?
Thou my pain, my curse hast took,
All my sins were laid on thee:
Help me, Lord; to thee I look;
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.

2 'Tis done! my God hath died;
My Love is crucified!
Break, this stony heart of mine;
Pour, mine eyes, a ceaseless flood;
Feel, my soul, the pangs divine;
Catch, my heart, the issuing blood!

3 When, O my God, shall I
For thee submit to die?
How the mighty debt repay?
Rival of thy passion prove?
Lead me in thyself, the way;
Melt my hardness into love.

4 To love is all my wish,
I only live for this:
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
There, by faith, for ever dwell:
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee, to feel.

5 Thy power I pant to prove,
Rooted and fix'd in love;
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine.

6 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy saints below:
Swells my soul to compass thee;
Gasps in thee to live and move;
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immersed and lost in love!

28

6-8s.

1 O LOVE Divine! what hast thou done!
The' immortal God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
The' immortal God for me hath died;
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace!
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus's blood:
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream:

All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

29

7s.

1 COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load;
Jesus calls his wanderers home:
Hasten to your pardoning God!
Come, ye guilty spirits, oppress'd,
Answer to the Saviour's call:
"Come, and I will give you rest:
Come, and I will save you all."
2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We thy kindest word obey:
Faithful let thy mercies prove:
Take our load of guilt away:
Fain we would on thee rely,
Cast on thee our every care;
To thine arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there.
3 Burden'd with a world of grief,
Burden'd with our sinful load,
Burden'd with this unbelief,
Burden'd with the wrath of God;
Lo! we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our groaning souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

30

6-8s.

1 WHERE shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?
2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast show'd?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God,
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven!
3 And shall I slight my Father's love?
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
Shall I, the hallow'd cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness to' impart,
By hiding it within my heart?
4 No: though the ancient Dragon rage,
And call forth all his host to war;
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage;
Them, and their god, alike I dare;
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, proclaim;
Jesus, to sinners still the same.
5 Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves!
He spreads his arms to' embrace you all;
Sinners alone his grace receives:
No need of him the righteous have;
He came the lost to seek and save.
6 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin;
His bleeding heart shall make you room;
His open side shall take you in:
He calls you now, invites you home:
Come, O my guilty brethren, come!
7 For you the purple current flow'd
In pardons from His wounded side:
Languish'd for you the' eternal God;
For you the Prince of Glory died:
Believe, and all your sin's forgiven:
Only believe, and yours is heaven!

31

6-8s.

1 SEE, sinners, in the gospel glass,
The Friend and Saviour of mankind!
Not one of all the' apostate race
But may in him salvation find!
His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,
—His life and death,—that God is love!
2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay!
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God is man with men.
3 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls his wand'ring creatures home:
He all day long spreads out his hands:
"Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!
Ye all may hide you in my breast;
Believe, and I will give you rest.
4 "Ah! do not of my goodness doubt;
My saving grace for all is free;
I will in no wise cast him out
That comes a sinner unto me;
I can to none myself deny:
Why, sinners, will ye perish, why?"

32

6-8s.

1 SINNERS, believe the gospel word:
Jesus is come your souls to save!
Jesus is come, your common Lord;
Pardon ye all through him may have;
May now be saved, whoever will:
This man receiveth sinners still.
2 See where the lame, the halt, the blind,
The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor,
Flock to the Friend of human kind,
And freely all accept their cure:
To whom did he his help deny?
Whom, in his days of flesh, pass by?
3 Did not his word the fiends expel,
The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead?
Did he not all their sickness heal,
And satisfy their every need?
Did he reject his helpless clay,
Or send them sorrowful away?
4 Nay, but his bowels yearn'd to see
The people hungry, scatter'd, faint;
Nay, but he utter'd over thee,
Jerusalem, a true complaint;
Jerusalem, who shedd'st his blood,
That, with his tears, for thee hath flow'd.

33

6-8s.

1 WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
(Sinners, he prays for you and me:)
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive:
They know not that by me they live!"
2 Adam descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quick'ning Spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me!
3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross, and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away!
4 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;

r of thy love repeat
ry drooping sinner's ears;
may hear the quick'ning sound,
ven I, have mercy found.

love my heart constrain,
re for every sinner free;
ry fallen soul of man
ste the grace that found out me;
nankind with me may prove
reign, everlasting love.

4-6s and 2-8s.

earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
lebrate with me
Saviour of mankind;
re the all-atoning Lamb,
ss the sound of Jesu's Name.

, transporting sound!
joy of earth and heaven;
her help is found,
other name is given,
ch we can salvation have;
us came the world to save.

, harmonious Name!
harms the hosts above;
evermore proclaim
l wonder at his love;
their happiness to gaze:
ven to see our Jesu's face.

fame the sinner hears,
l is from sin set free;
usic in his ears,
life and victory:
ngs do now his lips employ,
nces his glad heart for joy.

by the scorpion sin,
poor expiring soul
almy sound drinks in,
l is at once made whole:
e my God upon the tree!
I feel, he died for me.

xampled love!
l-redeeming grace!
swiftly didst thou move
ave a fallen race!
nall I do to make it known
hou for all mankind hast done?

y trumpet-voice,
ll the world to call!
their hearts rejoice
im who died for all!
ny Lord was crucified:
for all my Saviour died!

C. M.

, thou all-redeeming Lord,
blessing we implore:
s door to preach thy word,
eat effectual door.

he outcasts in, and save
sin and Satan's power;
them now acceptance have,
now their gracious hour.

souls! thou know'st to prize
thou hast bought so dear:
en, and in thy people's eyes
ll thy wounds appear.

as when of old confest
ffering Son of God:
hem see thee in thy vest
vy dipt in blood.

5 The hardness from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died;
Show them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree,
To trample down their sin:
Thy hands stretch'd out they all may see,
To take thy murderers in.

7 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.

8 Ready thou art the blood to apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffer'd this for you!"

36 C. M.

1 LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffer'd pain;
Swearers, for you he spilt his blood:
And shall he bleed in vain?

2 Misers, for you his life he paid;
Your basest crime he bore:
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 The God of love, to earth he came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesu's Name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

4 Believe in him that died for thee,
And, sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

37 C. M.

1 JESUS, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his Name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

38 6-8s.

1 O GOD, of good the unfathom'd sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might,
O Jesu, Lover of mankind?
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to thee unite?

2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays:
Before the' insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
Yet, free as air thy bounty streams
On all thy works; thy mercy's beams
Diffusive, as thy sun's, arise.

3 Astonish'd at thy frowning brow, [bow:
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars
Terrible majesty is thine!
Who then can that vast love express,
Which bows thee down to me, who less
Than nothing am, till thou art mine!

4 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly ordersest all that is:
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I, with thee
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

5 Fountain of good, all blessing flows
From thee: no want thy fulness knows:
What but thyself canst thou desire?
Yet, self-sufficient as thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart:
This, only this, dost thou require.

6 Primeval Beauty! in thy sight,
The first-born fairest sons of light
See all their brightest glories fade:
What then to me thine eyes could turn?
In sin conceived, of woman born,
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade!

7 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,
And, trembling, own the' Almighty God,
Sovereign of earth, hell, air, and sky:
But who is this that comes from far,
Whose garments roll'd in blood appear?
'Tis God made man, for man to die.

8 O God, of good the' unfathom'd Sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might,
O Jesu, Lover of mankind?
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to thee unite?

39 L. M.

1 FATHER, whose everlasting Love
Thy only Son for sinners gave;
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent him down the world to save:

2 Help us thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathom'd, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.

3 Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's fallen race:
For all thou hast in Christ prepared
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

4 The world he suffer'd to redeem:
For all he hath the' atonement made:
For those that will not come to him,
The ransom of his life was paid.

5 Why then, thou universal Love,
Should any of thy grace despair?
To all, to all, thy bowels move,
But straiten'd in our own we are.

6 Arise, O God, maintain thy cause!
The fulness of the Gentiles call:
Lift up the standard of thy cross,
And all shall own thou diedst for all.

40 10s and 11s.

1 YE neighbours and friends, To Jesus draw near:
His love condescends, By titles so dear,
To call and invite you His triumph to prove,
And freely delight you In Jesus's love.

2 The Shepherd who died His sheep to redeem,
On every side Are gather'd to him [race;
The weary and burden'd, The reprobate
And wait to be pardon'd Through Jesus's grace.

3 The blind are restored Through Jesus's Name; [Lamb;
They see their dear Lord, And follow the
The halt they are walking, And running their race;
The dumb they are talking Of Jesus's grace.

4 The deaf hear his voice, And comforting word;
It bids them rejoice In Jesus their Lord:
"Thy sins are forgiven, Accepted thou art;" [heart.
They listen, and heaven Springs up in their

5 The lepers from all Their spots are made clean; [sin;
The dead by his call Are raised from their
In Jesu's compassion The sick find a cure;
And gospel salvation Is preach'd to the poor.

6 To us and to them Is publish'd the word:
Then let us proclaim Our life-giving Lord,
Who now is reviving His work in our days,
And mightily striving To save us by grace.

7 O Jesus, ride on, Till all are subdued:
Thy mercy make known, And sprinkle thy blood; [song
Display thy salvation, And teach the new
To every nation, And people, and tongue.

3. DESCRIBING DEATH.

41 C. M.

1 O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone:
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

42 C. M.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,

How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings!

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road!
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

43 S. M.

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
—A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot.

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be:
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful, or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

4 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?
I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell.

5 O thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery!
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe:
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear!

6 Thou art thyself the Way;
Thyself in me reveal:
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will;
So shall I love my God,
Because he first loved me,
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

44 8s and 6s.

1 AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joy, or hellish pains,
To all eternity!

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve
And props the house of clay!
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against the fatal day!

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone:
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The' inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery, or joy;
But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure,
And, when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies!

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray:
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness!
Ah, write the pardon on my heart,
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

45 L. M.

1 SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I too shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my fathers' God to meet.

2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see:
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!

3 O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!

46 L. M.

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

46 P. M.

1 COME, let us anew Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

3 Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown; The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5 O that each in the day Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through; I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do."

6 O that each from his Lord May receive the
glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

47 L. M.

1 PASS a few swiftly-fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal house above;
And, O my God, shall I be there?

48 8s.

1 AH, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare:
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful c'ay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable, thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain:
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again:
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay:
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

4 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more:
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

5 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in their mortal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep;
The fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death:
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become!
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

49 8s.

1 REJOICE for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And free from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to reake the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

50 7s.

1 BLESSING, honour, thanks, and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to thee:
Thou, in thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory;
True and faithful to thy word,
Thou hast glorified thy Son,
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
He for us the fight hath won.

2 Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lighten'd of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gather'd into God!
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

When, lo! the celestial King
Pours out the full light of his face:
The joy neither angel nor saint
Can bear, so ineffably great;
But lo! the whole company faint,
And heaven is found—at his feet.

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4. DESCRIBING JUDGMENT.

54 7s and 6s.

1 HEARKEN to the solemn voice,
The awful midnight cry!
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
And see the Bridegroom nigh:
Lo! he comes to keep his word,
Light and joy his looks impart:
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
And meet him in your heart.

2 Ye who faint beneath the load
Of sin, your heads lift up;
See your great redeeming God;
He comes, and bids you hope:
In the midnight of your grief,
Jesus doth his mourners cheer;
Lo! he brings you sure relief;
Believe, and feel him here.

3 Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth,
Whose lamps are burning bright;
Worthy, in your Saviour's worth,
To walk with him in white:
Jesus bids your hearts be clean,
Bids you all his promise prove:
Jesus comes to cast out sin,
And perfect you in love.

4 Wait we all in patient hope,
Till Christ, the Judge, shall come;
We shall soon be all caught up
To meet the general doom:
In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down,
With all his saints in light.

5 Happy he whom Christ shall find
Watching to see him come;
Him the Judge of all mankind
Shall bear triumphant home:
Who can answer to his word?
Which of you dares meet his day?
"Rise, and come to judgment!"—Lord,
We rise and come away.

55 S. M.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown;
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
To' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the' Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come;
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found,
Obedient to his word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

56 L. M.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge sever
The seventh trumpet speaks him nea
His lightnings flash; his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace;
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout, all the people of the sky!
And all the saints of the Most High:
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

57 L. M.

1 THE great Archangel's trump sh
sound,
(While twice ten thousand thunders ros
Tear up the graves, and cleave the grou
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness,
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fa
And mountains are on mountains hurl
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth, and all the works therein,
Dissolve, by raging flames destroy'd;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruin'd world look down:
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

58 7s and 6s.

1 JESUS, faithful to his word,
Shall with a shout descend;
All heaven's host their glorious Lord
Shall pompously attend:
Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
Lightnings swift, and thunders loud
With the great Archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.

2 First the dead in Christ shall rise;
Then we that yet remain
Shall be caught up to the skies,
And see our Lord again:
We shall meet him in the air,
All rapt up to heaven shall be;
Find, and love, and praise him there,
To all eternity.

3 Who can tell the happiness
This glorious hope affords?
Joy unutter'd we possess
In these reviving words:
Happy while on earth we breathe;
Mightier bliss ordain'd to know;
Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
To the third heaven we go.

59

8s and 6s.

1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awaken'd child of man;
An heir of endless bliss or pain;
A sinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

60

8s and 7s.

1 RIGHTEOUS God! whose vengeful phials
All our fears and thoughts exceed,
Big with woes and fiery trials,
Hanging, bur-ting o'er our head;
While thou visitest the nations,
Thy selected people spare:
Arm our contion'd souls with patience,
Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

2 If thy dreadful controversy
With all flesh is now begun,
In thy *wrath remember mercy;*
Mercy first and last be shown;
Plead thy cause with sword and fire,
Shake us till the curse remove,
Till thou com'st, the world's desire,
Conquering all with sovereign love.

3 Every fresh alarming token
More confirms the faithful word;
Nature (for its Lord hath spoken)
Must be suddenly restored:
From this national confusion,
From this ruin'd earth and skies,
See the times of restitution,
See the new creation rise!

4 Vanish, then, this world of shadows;
Pass the former things away:
Lord, appear! appear to glad us
With the dawn of endless day!
O conclude this mortal story,
Throw this universe aside!
Come, eternal King of Glory,
Now descend, and take thy bride!

61

7s and 6s.

1 STAND the' omnipotent decree:
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan:
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just;
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

2 Rests secure the righteous man!
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to' emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck;
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flame, o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

3 Nothing hath the just to lose
By worlds on worlds destroy'd;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void:
Sees the universe renew'd,
The grand millennial year begun;
Shouts, with all the sons of God,
Around the' eternal throne!

4 Resting in this glorious hope
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague, or sword:
Listening for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

62

8s and 6s.

1 HOW happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian rock,
In all commotions rest!
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesu's breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gather'd into thee,
Before the floods descend:
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begone
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise:
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall but lifts us up,
To meet thee in the skies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confess:
The war proclaims the Prince of Peace;
The earthquake speaks thy power;
The famine all thy fulness brings;
The plague presents thy healing wings,
And Nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call;
A sign of Jesus near:
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
Triumphant Lord, appear!

6 Appear with clouds on Sion's hill,
The word and mystery to fulfil,
Thy confessors to approve,
Thy members on thy throne to place,
And stamp thy name on every face,
In glorious, heavenly love!

63 PART FIRST. C. M.

1 WOE to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the' Almighty's frown;
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgments down!

2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers:
To meet your God prepare!
For, lo! the seventh angel pours
His phial in the air.

3 Lo! from their seats the mountains leap;
The mountains are not found;
Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drown'd.

4 Who then shall live, and face the throne,
And face the Judge severe?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear?

5 Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell our spirits hide:

6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene;
For, lo! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

64 PART SECOND. C. M.

1 BY faith we find the place above,
The rock that rent in twain;
Beneath the shade of dying love,
And in the clefts remain.

2 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee,
We sink into thy side;
Assured that all who trust in thee
Shall evermore abide.

3 Then let the thund'ring trumpet sound;
The latest lightning glare;
The mountains melt; the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air:

4 The huge celestial bodies roll,
Amidst that general fire,
And shrivel as a parchment-scroll,
And all in smoke expire!

5 *Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,*
When nature is destroy'd,
And no created thing remains
Throughout the flaming void.

6 Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks the' almighty word:
His *fiat* is obey'd! 'tis done;
And Paradise restored.

7 So be it! let this system end,
This ruinous earth and skies;
The new Jerusalem descend,
The New Creation rise.

8 Thy power omnipotent assume;
Thy brightest majesty!
And when thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me!

65 4-6s and 2-8s.

1 YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
"Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
Who fit for glory are:
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend:
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face!

4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit lived,
Obedient to his love,
Jesus shall claim you for his bride:
Rejoice with all the sanctified!

5 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above yon angel powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

6 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found;
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found—as, Lord, thou find'st us now

66 P. M.

1 LO! He comes with clouds descending
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah! God appears on earth to rei

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, shall the true Messiah

3 The dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers: [sc
With what rapture gaze we on those glor

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory:
Claim the kingdom for thine own
Jah! Jehovah! everlasting God! con

5. DESCRIBING HEAVEN.

67

2-6s and 4-7s.

1 HOW weak the thoughts, and vain,
Of self-deluding men!
Men, who, fix'd to earth alone,
Think their houses shall endure,
Fondly call their lands their own,
To their distant heirs secure.

2 How happy then are we,
Who build, O Lord, on thee!
What can our foundation shock?
Though the shatter'd earth remove,
Stands our city on a rock,
On the rock of heavenly Love.

3 A house we call our own,
Which cannot be o'erthrown:
In the general ruin sure,
Storms and earthquakes it defies;
Built immovably secure;
Built eternal in the skies.

4 High on Immanuel's land
We see the fabric stand;
From a tottering world remove
To our steadfast mansion there:
Our inheritance above
Cannot pass from heir to heir.

5 Those amaranthine bowers
(Unalienably ours)
Bloom, our infinite reward,
Rise, our permanent abode;
From the founded world prepared;
Purchased by the blood of God.

6 O might we quickly find
The place for us design'd;
See the long-expected day
Of our full redemption here!
Let the shadows flee away,
Let the new-made world appear.

7 High on thy great white throne,
O King of Saints, come down;
In the New Jerusalem
Now triumphantly descend;
Let the final trump proclaim
Joy begun which ne'er shall end.

68

8s and 6s.

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures [mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim,
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesu's name.

5 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness:
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

6 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

7 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

8 I come,—thy servant, Lord, replies,—
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end:
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

69

6-8s.

1 THOU, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end:
I trust thy truth, and love, and power
Shall save me to the latest hour;
And, when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.

2 Jesus, in thy great name I go
To conquer death, my final foe!
And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies.

3 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Christ hath for his saints prepared,
Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
Who sink into perfection's height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

4 Dost thou desire to know and see
What thy mysterious name shall be?
Contending for thy heavenly home,
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome;
Till then thou searchest out in vain,
What only conquest can explain.

70

8s.

1 I LONG to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above,
The King in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode:
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
(For Jesus hath spoken the word,)
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord;
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens, in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive!

71

6-8s.

1 LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us, abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We have no 'biding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find:
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Sion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of Love Divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

72

6-8s.

1 SAVIOUR, on me the grace bestow,
To trample on my mortal foe;
Conqueror of death with thee to rise,
And claim my station in the skies,
Fix'd as the throne which ne'er can move,
A pillar in thy church above.

2 *As beautiful as useful there,*
May I that weight of glory bear,
With all who finally o'ercome,
Supporters of the heavenly dome;
Of perfect holiness possess'd,
For ever in thy presence bless'd.

3 Write upon me the Name divine,
And let thy Father's nature shine,
His image visibly exprest,
His glory pouring from my breast,
O'er all my bright humanity,
Transform'd into the God I see!

4 Inscribing with the city's name,
The heavenly New Jerusalem,
To me the victor's title give,
Among thy glorious saints to live,
And all their happiness to know,
A citizen of heaven below.

5 When thou hadst all thy foes o'ercome,
Returning to thy glorious home,
Thou didst receive the full reward,
That I might share it with my Lord;
And thus thy own new name obtain,
And one with thee for ever reign.

73

8s.

1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home,
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come:
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there!

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here:
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is follow'd by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,
And, lo! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

5 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
In Jesus, in heaven they live;
They reign in the smile of their Lord:
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

74

S. M.

1 WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below
In ruinous decay,
We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm, as our Redeemer's love,
That heavenly fabric stands.

2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure:
O were we enter'd there,
To perfect heaven restored!
O were we all caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord!

3 For this in faith we call,
For this we weep and pray:
O might the tabernacle fall;
O might we 'scape away!
Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallow'd up
Of everlasting life.

4 Absent, alas! from God,
We in the body mourn,
And pine to quit this mean abode,
And languish to return.
Jesus, regard our vows,
And change our faith to sight;
And clothe us with our nobler house
Of empyrean light!

5 O let us put on thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face!
Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And now triumphantly come down,
And take our souls to heaven!

75

7s.

1 LIFT your eyes of faith, and see
Saints and angels join'd in one:
What a countless company
Stand before yon dazzling throne!
Each before his Saviour stands;
All in milk-white robes array'd,
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints begin the endless song,
Cry aloud in heavenly lays,
Glory doth to God belong;
God, the glorious Saviour, praise:
All salvation from him came;
Him, who reigns enthroned on high:
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel-powers the throne surround,
Next the saints in glory they;
Lull'd with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay;
Prostrate on their face before
God and his Messiah fall;
Then in hymns of praise adore,
Shout the Lamb that died for all!

4 Be it so, they all reply,
Him let all our orders praise;
Him thus did for sinners die,
Saviour of the favour'd race!
Render we our God his right,
Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power,
Honour, majesty, and might;
Praise him, praise him evermore!

76

7s.

1 WHAT are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more;
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead:
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

77

8s.

1 THE Church in her militant state
Is weary, and cannot forbear;
The saints in an agony wait
To see him again in the air.
The Spirit invites, in the bride,
Her heavenly Lord to descend,
And place her, enthroned at his side,
In glory that never shall end.

2 The news of his coming I hear,
And join in the catholic cry:
O Jesus, in triumph appear;
Appear in the clouds of the sky!
Whom only I languish to love,
In fulness of majesty come,
And give me a mansion above,
And take to my heavenly home.

78

8s.

1 THE thirsty are call'd to their Lord,
His glorious appearing to see;
And, drawn by the power of his word,
The promise, I know, is for me:
I thirst for the streams of thy grace,
I gasp for the Spirit of Love;
I long for a glimpse of thy face,
And then to behold it above.

2 Thy call I exult to obey,
And come, in the spirit of prayer,
Thy joy in that happiest day,
Thy kingdom of glory, to share;
To drink the pure river of bliss,
With life everlasting o'erflow'd;
Implunged in the crystal abyss,
And lost in the ocean of God.

79

8s.

1 A FOUNTAIN of Life and of Grace
In Christ, our Redeemer, we see:
For us, who his offers embrace,
For all, it is open and free:

Jehovah himself doth invite
To drink of his pleasures unknown;
The streams of immortal delight,
That flow from his heavenly throne.

2 As soon as in him we believe,
By faith of his Spirit we take;
And, freely forgiven, receive
The mercy for Jesus's sake:
We gain a pure drop of his love;
The life of eternity know;
Angelical happiness prove;
And witness a heaven below.

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6. DESCRIBING HELL.

80 C. M.

1 TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
Who may be saved—shall I—
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin, for ever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive:

3 Shall I—amidst a ghastly band,
Dragg'd to the judgment-seat—
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 Ah, no:—I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

5 I will accept his offers now,
From every sin depart,
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

6 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with him in heaven.

SECTION III.—PRAYING FOR A BLESSING.

81 6-8s.

1 FATHER of omnipresent grace!
We seem agreed to seek thy face;
But every soul assembled here
Doth naked in thy sight appear:
Thou know'st who only bows the knee;
And who in heart approaches thee.

2 Thy Spirit hath the difference made
Betwixt the living and the dead;
Thou now dost into some inspire
The pure, benevolent desire:
O that even now thy powerful call
May quicken and convert us all!

3 The sinners suddenly convince,
O'erwhelm'd beneath their load of sins:
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
Awake, and stir them up to pray,
Their dire captivity to own,
And from the iron furnace groan.

4 Then, then acknowledge, and set free
The people bought, O Lord, by thee,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd bled,
For whom we in thy Spirit plead:
Let all in thee redemption find,
And not a soul be left behind.

82 L. M.

1 SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see:
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near;
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Wild as the untaught Indian's brood
The Christian savages remain;
Strangers, yea, enemies to God,
They make thee spill thy blood in vain.

4 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought;
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish, whom thyself hast bought;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

5 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
To swallow up its careless prey:
Why should *they* die, when *thou* hast died,
Hast died to bear their sins away?

6 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed of all thy sufferings these;
O claim them for thy ransom'd ones!

7 Extend to these thy pardoning grace:
To these be thy salvation show'd:
O add them to thy chosen race!
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood!

8 Still let the publicans draw near:
Open the door of faith and heaven;
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.

83 C. M.

1 THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief;
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise!
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

6 Extort the cry, "What must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?

7 "I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to awake;
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake:

8 "I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with thee:
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity."

84 C. M.

1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone!

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn!

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

7 Our desperate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

85 S. M.

1 SPIRIT of Faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood:
'Tis thine the blood to' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith! descend, and show
The virtue of his Name:
The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

4 Inspire the living faith,
Which whoso'er receives,
The witness of himself he hath,
And consciously believes:
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

86 2-6s and 4-7s.

1 SINNERS, your hearts lift up,
Partakers of your hope!
This, the *day of Pentecost*;
Ask, and ye shall all receive:
Surely now the Holy Ghost
God to all that ask shall give.

2 Ye all may freely take
The grace for Jesu's sake:
He for every man hath died;
He for all hath risen again;
Jesus now is glorified;
Gifts he hath received for men.

3 He sends them from the skies
On all his enemies;
By his cross he now hath led
Captive our captivity;
We shall all be free indeed,
Christ, the Son, shall make us free.

4 Blessings on all he pours,
In never-ceasing showers;
All he waters from above;
Offers all his joy and peace,
Settled comfort, perfect love,
Everlasting righteousness.

5 All may from him receive
A power to turn and live;
Grace for every soul is free;
All may hear the' effectual call;
All the Light and Life may see;
All may feel he died for all.

6 Drop down in showers of love,
Ye heavens, from above!
Righteousness, ye skies, pour down!
Open, earth, and take it in!
Claim the Spirit for your own,
Sinners, and be saved from sin!

7 Father, behold, we claim
The gift in Jesu's name!
Him, the promised Comforter,
Into all our spirits pour;
Let him fix his mansion here,
Come, and never leave us more!

Before Reading the Scriptures.

87 C. M.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of Light and Love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, (for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke,)
Unlock the Truth, thyself the Key,
Unseal the sacred Book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night:
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

88 C. M.

1 FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe!)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

89

6-8s.

1 INSPIRER of the ancient seers,
Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same through all succeeding years,
To us, in our degenerate age,
The Spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the life into our heart.

2 While now thine oracles we read,
With earnest prayer and strong desir
O let thy Spirit from thee proceed,
Our souls to' awaken and inspire;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase
And guide us by the light of grace!

3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
The living God through sin forsake,
Our conscience by thy Word reprove,
Convince and bring the wanderers back,
Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restored.

4 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
Transmitted through thy word, repeat;
And train us up in all thy ways,
To make us in thy will complete;
Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.

5 Furnish'd out of thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand
To help the souls redeem'd by thee,
In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love!

90

L. M.

1 THUS saith the Lord of earth and heaven,
The King of Israel and his God,
Who hath for ALL a ransom given,
And bought a guilty world with blood:
"I am *from* all eternity;
To all eternity I am:
There is none other GOD but Me;
JEHOVAH is my glorious Name.

2 "The Rise and End, the First and Last,
The Alpha and Omega I;
Who could, like me, ordain the past,
Or who the things to come descry?
Foolish is all their strife, and vain,
To' invade the property divine;
'Tis mine the work undone to' explain,
To call the future now is mine.

3 "Fear not, my own peculiar race;
I have to thee my counsel show'd,
The word of sure prophetic grace,
And told thee all the mind of God.
Ye are my witnesses, to you
My name and nature are made known;
Ye only can your seal set to,
That I am GOD, and GOD alone."

PART II. CONVINCING.

SECTION I.—DESCRIBING FORMAL RELIGION.

91

C. M.

1 *LONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,*
With unavailing pain;
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.

2 Oft did I with the' assembly join,
And near thine altar drew;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

3 I rested in the outward law;
Nor knew its deep design:
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height, of love divine.

4 To please thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove:
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?

5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made;
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up:
'Tis thou must make it new.

92

C. M.

1 STILL for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait;
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here, in thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn thy will:
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, "Be still!"

3 "Be still! and know that I am God!"—
'Tis all I live to know;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below!

4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve,
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live.

5 I work, and own the labour vain,
And thus from works I cease:
I strive, and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.

6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove:
They cannot change a sinful heart;
They cannot purchase love.

7 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er;
To thee I then the whole resign;
I trust in means no more.

8 I trust in Him who stands between
The Father's wrath and me:
Jesu, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee!

93

S. M.

1 MY gracious, loving Lord,
To thee what shall I say?
Well may I trouble at thy word,
And scarce presume to pray.
Ten thousand wants have I;
Alas! I all things want;
But thou hast bid me always cry,
And never, never faint.

2 Yet, Lord, well might I fear,
Fear even to ask thy grace;
So oft have I, alas! drawn near,
And mock'd thee to thy face:
With all pollutions stain'd,
Thy hallow'd courts I trod:
Thy name and temple I profaned,
And dared to call thee God!
3 Nigh with my lips I drew;
My lips were all unclean:
Thee with my heart I never knew;
My heart was full of sin:
Far from the living Lord,
As far as hell from heaven,
Thy purity I still abhorr'd,
Nor look'd to be forgiven.
4 My nature I obey'd;
My own desires pursued;
And still a den of thieves I made
The hallow'd house of God.
The worship he approves
To him I would not pay;
My selfish ends, and creature-loves,
Had stole my heart away.
5 My sin and nakedness
I studied to disguise,
Spoke to my soul a flattering peace,
And put out my own eyes:
In fig-leaves I appear'd,
Nor with my form would part;
But still retain'd a conscience scar'd,
A hard, deceitful heart.
6 A goodly, formal saint
I long appear'd in sight:
By self and Satan taught to paint
My tomb, my nature, white.
The Pharisee within
Still undisturb'd remain'd;
The strong man, arm'd with guilt of sin,
Safe in his palace reign'd.
7 But O! the jealous God
In my behalf came down;
Jesus himself the stronger show'd,
And claim'd me for his own.
My spirit he alarm'd,
And brought into distress;
He shook and bound the strong man arm'd
In his self-righteousness.
8 Faded my virtuous show,
My form without the power;
The sin-convincing Spirit blew,
And blasted every flower:
My mouth was stopp'd, and shame
Cover'd my guilty face:
I fell on the atoning Lamb,
And I was saved by grace.

94 C. M.

1 THE men who slight thy faithful word,
In their own lies confide,
These are the temple of the Lord,
And Heathens all beside!
2 The temple of the Lord are these,
The only church and true,
Who live in pomp, and wealth, and ease,
And Jesus never knew.
3 O wouldst thou, Lord, reveal their sins,
And turn their joy to grief;
The world, the Christian world, convince
Of damning unbelief!
4 *The formalists confound, convert,*
And to thy people join;
And break, and fill the broken heart
With confidence divine!

SECTION II.—DESCRIBING INWARD RELIGION.

95 L. M.

1 AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame;
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday the same:
2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable:
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.
3 By faith we know thee strong to save:
(Save us, a present Saviour thou!)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.
4 To him that in thy name believes
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.
6 Faith lends its realising light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The' Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

96 S. M.

1 HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?
What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.
2 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied;
Exults our rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.
3 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.
Stronger than death and hell,
The mystic power we prove;
And, conquerors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in Love.
4 We by his Spirit prove
And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestow'd:
His Spirit to us he gave,
And dwells in us, we know:
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.
5 The meek and lowly heart
That in our Saviour was,
To us his Spirit doth impart,
And signs us with his cross:
Our nature's turn'd, our mind
Transform'd, in all its powers;
And both the Witnesses are join'd,
The Spirit of God with ours.
6 Whate'er our pardoning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And, guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue:

His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise, with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

97

8s and 6s.

1 THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
Even from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me, if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the Gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?

5 Whate'er obstructs thy pardoning love,—
Or sin, or righteousness,—remove,
Thy glory to display:
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.

6 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art:
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thine hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart!

98

7s and 6s.

1 UPRIGHT, both in heart and will,
We by our God were made;
But we turn'd from good to ill,
And o'er the creature stray'd;
Multiplied our wandering thought,
Which first was fix'd on God alone;
The bliss we lost in one,
Of fancied happiness,
Draw us to thyself again,
Jesus, speak our souls restored,
Love's divine simplicity;
Re-united to our Lord,
And wholly lost in thee!

PART III.

SECTION I.—PRAYING FOR REPENTANCE.

6-8s.

THER of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy every creature needs;
s goodness, providently nigh,
the young ravens when they cry;
o I look: my heart prepare;
; and hearken to my prayer.

2 Since by thy light
Naked, and poor,
Thy eyes must all
Preventing what
Thou seest my wa
And, ere I speak, t

3 Thou know'st the
Wayward, and imp
Thou know'st how
Averse from good, a
Thou know'st how w
Nor check'd by fear,

4 Fain would I know,
And feel the indigenc
Fain would I all my
And deep beneath the
Abhor the pride that
Detest and loathe mys

5 Ah! give me, Lord, my
My total misery reveal
Ah! give me, Lord, (I s
A heart to mourn, a hea
My business this, my o
My life, my every breat

100

L. M.

1 JESUS, my Advocate al
My Friend before the
If now for me prevails th
If now I find thee pleading
If thou the secret wish con
Hear, and my weak petition
Almighty Advocate, to thin

2 Fain would I know my utm
And groan my nature's weig
To feel the clouds that round
The night that hangs upon n
The darkness of my carnal m
My will perverse, my passion
Scatter'd o'er all the earth ab
Immeasurably far from God!

3 Jesu, my heart's desire obtain
My earnest suit present, and g
My fulness of corruption show,
The knowledge of myself bestow
A deeper displacence at sin,
A sharper sense of hell within,
A stronger struggling to get free,
A keener appetite for thee!

4 O sovereign Love, to thee I cry;
Give me thyself, or else I die;
Save me from death; from hell se
Death, hell, are but the want of th
Quicken'd by thy imparted flame,
Saved, when possess'd of thee, I am
My life, my only heaven, thou art;
O might I feel thee in my heart!

101

6-7s.

1 SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's rac
See me from thy lofty throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften this obdurate stone!
Stone to flesh, O God, convert;
Cast a look, and break my heart,

2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins that crucified my God,
Spilt again thy precious blood

k thy wandering sheep,
me restless to return;
ook on thee, and weep,
y as Peter mourn,
y, by grace restored,
ou know'st I love thee, Lord!"
in thy sight appear,
Publican distrest;
ot daring to draw near;
on my unworthy breast;
e sinner's only plea,
e merciful to me!"
ber me for good,
g through the mortal vale;
s the atoning blood,
my strength and spirit fail;
gasping soul to see
ucified for me!

S. M.

HAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,
y gracious eyes present
ible, contrite heart:
t with grief opprest,
ving grieved my God,
heart that cannot rest,
rinkled with thy blood.
on me bestow
mitent desire;
sincerity of woe
ing breast inspire:
oftening pity look,
elt my hardness down;
h thy love's resistless stroke,
reak this heart of stone!

S. M.

HAT I could revere
fy much-offended God!
ould but stand in fear
afflicting rod!
ey cannot draw,
by thy threatenings move;
an abject soul in awe,
will not yield to love.
me the naked sword,
ding o'er my head:
emble at thy word,
my ways take heed;
acred horror fly
very sinful snare;
in my Judge's eye,
dge's anger dare.
reat tremendous God,
nscious awe impart;
be now on me bestow'd,
nder fleshly heart:
su's sake alone,
ony heart remove;
at last, O melt me down,
e mould of Love!

C. M.

t that tenderness of heart,
ich bows before the Lord,
ledging how just thou art,
embles at thy word!
ee humble, contrite tears,
from repentance flow;
sciousness of guilt, which fears
ng-suspended blow!
to me in pity give
sible distress;

The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace:
Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

105 S. M.

1 O THAT I could repent;
O that I could believe!
Thou by thy voice the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave!
Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart!

2 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
The double grace bestow:
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

3 For thy own mercy's sake,
The cursed thing remove;
And into thy protection take
The prisoner of thy love:
In every trying hour,
Stand by my feeble soul;
And screen me from my nature's power,
Till thou hast made me whole.

4 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be,
Should let my sin this moment go,
This moment turn to thee:
O might I now embrace
Thy all-sufficient power;
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

106 7s and 6s.

1 JESU, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep!
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep:
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown; Turn, &c.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I would myself bemoan, Turn, &c.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die:
Life, and happiness, and love
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down: Turn, &c.

5 Look, as when thine eye pursued
The first apostate man,
Saw him weltering in his blood,
And bade him rise again;

Speak my paradise restored,
Redeem me by thy grace alone; Turn, &c.

6 Look, as when thy pity saw
Thine own, in a strange land,
Forced to' obey the tyrant's law,
And feel his heavy hand:
Speak the soul-redeeming word,
And out of Egypt call thy son; Turn, &c.

7 Look, as when thy grace beheld
The harlot in distress,
Dried her tears, her pardon seal'd,
And bade her go in peace:
Vile, like her, and self-abhorr'd,
I at thy feet for mercy groan; Turn, &c.

8 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was closed, that we might live!
"Father," (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd,) "forgive!"
Surely, with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

107 L. M.

1 THE Spirit of the Lord our God,
(Spirit of power, and health, and love,)
The Father hath on Christ bestow'd,
And sent him from his throne above:

2 Prophet, and Priest, and King of Peace,
Anointed to declare his will,
To minister his pardoning grace,
And every sin-sick soul to heal.

3 Sinners, obey the heavenly call;
Your prison doors stand open wide;
Go forth, for he hath ransom'd all,
For every soul of man hath died.

4 'Tis his the drooping soul to raise,
To rescue all by sin opprest,
To clothe them with the robes of praise,
And give their weary spirits rest:

5 To help their grov'ling unbelief,
Beauty for ashes to confer,
The oil of joy for abject grief,
Triumphant joy for sad despair.

6 To make them trees of righteousness,
The planting of the Lord be ow,
To spread the honour of his grace,
And on to full perfection grow.

SECTION II.—FOR MOURNERS CONVINCED OF SIN.

108 C. M.

1 ENSLAVED to sense, to pleasure prone,
Fond of created good;
Father, our helplessness we own,
And trembling taste our food.

2 Trembling we taste; for, ah! no more
To thee the creatures lead:
Changed, they exert a baneful power,
And poison while they feed.

3 Cursed for the sake of wretched man,
They now engross him whole:
With pleasing force on earth detain,
And sensualise his soul.

4 Grov'ling on earth we still must lie
Till Christ the curse repeal;
Till Christ, descending from on high,
Infected nature heal.

5 Come, then, our heavenly Adam, come
Thy healing influence give:
Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
And bid us eat, and live!

6 The bondage of corruption break;
For this our spirits groan;
Thy only will we fain would seek,
O save us from our own!

7 Turn the full stream of nature's tide;
Let all our actions tend
To thee their Source; thy love the guide
Thy glory be the end.

8 Earth then a scale to heaven shall be;
Sense shall point out the road;
The creatures all shall lead to thee,
And all we taste be God.

109 7s and 6s.

1 WRETCHED, helpless, and distre
Ah! whither shall I fly?
Ever gasping after rest,
I cannot find it nigh:
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
Fast bound in sin and misery,
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all, in thee!

2 I am all unclean, unclean,
Thy purity I want;
My whole heart is sick of sin,
And my whole head is faint:
Full of putrefying sores,
Of bruises, and of wounds, my soul
Looks to Jesus, help implores,
And gasps to be made whole.

3 In the wilderness I stray,
My foolish heart is blind;
Nothing do I know; the way
Of peace I cannot find:
Jesu, Lord, restore my sight
And take, O take, the veil away;
Turn my darkness into light,
My midnight into day.

4 Naked of thine image, Lord,
Forsaken, and alone,
Unrenew'd, and unrestored,
I have not thee put on:
Over me thy mantle spread,
Send down thy likeness from above;
Let thy goodness be display'd,
And wrap me in thy love.

5 Poor, alas! thou know'st I am,
And would be poorer still;
See my nakedness and shame,
And all my vileness feel:
No good thing in me resides,
My soul is all an aching void,
Till thy Spirit here abides,
And I am fill'd with God.

6 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
In thee is all I want;
Be the wanderer's resting-place,
A cordial to the faint:
Make me rich, for I am poor;
In thee may I my Eden find:
To the dying health restore,
And eyesight to the blind!

7 Clothe me with thy holiness,
Thy meek humility;
Put on me my glorious dress,
Endue my soul with thee;
Let thine image be restored,
Thy name and nature let me prove;
With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love.

110 7s and 6s.

1 JESUS, Friend of sinners, hear,
Yet once again I pray:
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have nought to pay:
Speak, O speak, the kind release,
A poor backsliding soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride,
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from thy face;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy, I implore: Love, &c.

3 Though my sins as mountains rise,
And swell and reach to heaven,
Mercy is above the skies,
I may be still forgiven:
Infinite my sins' increase,
But greater is thy mercy's store: Love, &c.

4 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel thy softening power;
Love, &c.

5 From the' oppressive power of sin
My struggling spirit free;
Perfect righteousness bring in,
Unspotted purity:
Speak, and all this war shall cease,
And sin shall give its raging o'er; Love, &c.

6 For this only thing I pray,
And this will I require,
Take the power of sin away,
Fill me with chaste desire.
Perfect me in holiness;
Thine image to my soul restore:
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

111 L. M.

1 THUS saith the Lord! Who seek the Lamb,
Who follow after righteousness:
Look to the Rock from whence ye came,
The father of the faithful race.

2 Children of faithful *Abraham*, these,
Who dare expect salvation here:
The Lord shall give them gospel peace,
And all his hopeless mourners cheer:

3 Shall soon his fallen *Zion* raise,
Her waste and desolate places build;
Pour out the Spirit of his grace,
And make her wilds a fruitful field.

4 The barren souls shall be restored;
The desert *all* renew'd shall rise;
Bloom as the garden of the Lord,
A fair terrestrial paradise.

5 Gladness and joy shall there be found,
Thanksgiving, and the voice of praise;
The voice of melody shall sound,
And every heart be fill'd with grace.

6 A law shall soon from him proceed,
A living, life-infusing word;
The truth that makes you free indeed,
The' eternal Spirit of your Lord.

7 His mercy he will cause to rest,
Where all may see their sins forgiven:
May rise, no more by guilt oppress,
And bless the light that leads to heaven.

112 7s and 6s.

The Good Samaritan. Luke x. 33.

1 WOE is me! what tongue can tell
My sad afflicted state!
Who my anguish can reveal,
Or all my woes relate!
Fallen among thieves I am,
And they have robb'd me of my God;
Turn'd my glory into shame,
And left me in my blood.

2 O thou good Samaritan!
In thee is all my hope;
Only thou canst succour man,
And raise the fallen up:
Hearken to my dying cry;
My wounds compassionately see;
Me, a sinner, pass not by,
Who gasp for help to thee.

3 Still thou journey'st where I am,
And still thy bowels move:
Pity is with thee the same,
And all thy heart is love:
Stoop to a poor sinner, stoop,
And let thy healing grace abound;
Heal my bruises, and bind up
My spirit's every wound.

4 Saviour of my soul, draw nigh,
In mercy haste to me;
At the point of death I lie,
And cannot come to thee;
Now thy kind relief afford,
The wine and oil of grace pour in;
Good Physician, speak the word,
And heal my soul of sin.

5 Pity to my dying cries
Hath drawn thee from above;
Hovering over me, with eyes
Of tenderness and love,
Now, even now, I see thy face;
The balm of Gilead I receive:
Thou hast saved me by thy grace,
And bade the sinner live.

6 Surely now the bitterness
Of second death is past;
O my life, my righteousness!
On thee my soul is cast:
Thou hast brought me to thine inn,
And I am of thy promise sure;
Thou shalt cleanse me from all sin,
And all my sickness cure.

7 Perfect, then, the work begun;
And make the sinner whole;
All thy will on me be done,
My body, spirit, soul:

Still preserve me safe from harms,
And kindly for thy patient care;
Take me, Jesus, to thine arms,
And keep me ever there.

113

6-8s.

1 O THOU, whom fain my soul would love,
Whom I would gladly die to know;
This veil of unbelief remove,
And show me, all thy goodness show:
Jesus, thyself in me reveal,
Tell me thy name, *thy nature tell.*

2 Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long,
Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known?
I claim thee with a faltering tongue;
I pray thee, in a feeble groan,
Tell me, O tell me, who thou art,
And speak thy name into my heart!

3 If now thou talkest by the way
With such an abject worm as me,
Thy mystery of grace display;
Open mine eyes that I may see;
That I may understand thy word,
And now cry out,—"It is the Lord!"

114

6-8s.

1 JESUS, in whom the weary find
Their late, but permanent repose,
Physician of the sin-sick mind,
Relieve my wants, assuage my woes;
And let my soul on thee be cast,
Till life's fierce tyranny be past.

2 Loosed from my God, and far removed,
Long have I wander'd to and fro;
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below:
Back to my God at last I fly,
For, O, the waters still are high!

3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
The things of earth, for thee I leave;
Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace;
Into the ark of love receive!
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast!

4 Fill with inviolable peace,
'Stablish and keep my settled heart;
In thee may all my wanderings cease,
From thee no more may I depart;
Thy utmost goodness call'd to prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

115

7s and 6s.

1 LET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace:
Other title I disclaim;
This, only this, is all my plea,—
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound,
Like *Jordan's* swelling stream,
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him:
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His stars I at a distance see;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 I, like *Gideon's* fleece, am found
Unwater'd still, and dry,
While the dew on all around
Falls plenteous from the sky:
Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
The Saviour's grace for all is free;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

4 Surely he will lift me up,
For I of him have need;
I cannot give up my hope,
Though I am cold and dead:
To bring fire on earth he came;
O that it now might kindled be!
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

5 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live;
I shall feel thy death applied,
I shall thy life receive:
Yet, when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea,—
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

116

6-7s.

1 SAVIOUR, cast a pitying eye,
Bid my sins and sorrows end:
Whither should a sinner fly?
Art not thou the sinner's Friend?
Rest in thee I gasp to find,
Wretched I, and poor, and blind.

2 Didst thou ever see a soul
More in need of help than mine?
Then refuse to make me whole;
Then withhold the balm divine:
But if I do want thee most,
Come, and seek, and save the lost.

3 Haste, O haste, to my relief;
From the iron furnace take;
Rid me of my sin and grief,
For thy love and mercy's sake;
Set my heart at liberty,
Show forth all thy power in me.

4 Me, the vilest of the race,
Most unholy, most unclean;
Me, the farthest from thy face,
Full of misery and sin;
Me with arms of love receive,
Me, of sinners chief, forgive.

5 Jesus, on thine only name
For salvation I depend!
In thy gracious hands I am,
Save me, save me to the end;
Let the utmost grace be given,
Save me quite from hell to heaven.

117

C. M.

1 GOD is in this and every place;
But, O, how dark and void
To me!—'Tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of Him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

3 O thou, who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

5 Now, Jesus, now, the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad;
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God.

118 8s and 6s.

1 AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry,
To thee, who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live:
Open mine eyes to see thy face,
Work in my heart the saving grace,
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove:
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

3 I know the work is only thine,
The gift of faith is all divine;
But, if on thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for all.

4 Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,
Come unto thee, and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find:
Thou bidd'st us ask thy grace, and have:
Thou canst, thou wouldst, this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

5 Be it according to thy word!
Now let me find my pardoning Lord;
Let what I ask be given;
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven!

119 C. M.

Before Private Prayer.

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek thy face;
Encouraged by the Saviour's word
To ask thy pardoning grace.

2 Entering into my closet, I
The busy world exclude;
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.

3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire;
See, thou who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.

4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
The Spirit of love and power;
Blameless before thy face to live,
To live and sin no more.

5 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven;
And do on earth thy perfect will
As angels do in heaven.

6 O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what I require:
For Jesu's sake the gift send down,
And answer me by fire.

7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

120 6-8s

1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort my people, saith your God!
Ye soon shall see his smiling face,
His golden sceptre, not his rod;
And own, when now the cloud 's removed,
He only chasten'd whom he loved.

2 Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap;
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn;
Who now go on their way and weep,
With joy they doubtless shall return,
And bring their sheaves with vast increase,
And have their fruit to holiness.

121 6-8s.

1 EXPAND thy wings, celestial Dove,
And, brooding o'er my nature's night,
Call forth the ray of heavenly love;
Let there in my dark soul be light;
And fill the' illustrated abyss
With glorious beams of endless bliss.

2 "Let there be light," again command,
And light there in our hearts shall be;
We then through faith shall understand
Thy great mysterious Majesty;
And, by the shining of thy grace,
Behold in Christ thy glorious face.

3 Father of everlasting grace,
Be mindful of thy changeless word;
We worship toward that Holy Place,
In which thou dost thy name record,
Dost make thy gracious nature known,
That living Temple of thy Son.

4 Thou dost with sweet complacence see
The temple fill'd with light divine;
And art thou not well pleased with me,
Who, turning to that heavenly shrine,
Through Jesus to thy throne apply,
Through Jesus for acceptance cry?

5 With all who for redemption groan,
Father, in Jesu's name I pray!
And still we cry and wrestle on,
Till mercy take our sins away:
Hear from thy dwelling-place in heaven,
And now pronounce our sins forgiven.

122 8s and 6s.

1 O THOU who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on thee and mourn,
On thee whom we have slain;
Have pierced a thousand, thousand times,
And by reiterated crimes
Renew'd thy mortal pain.

2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
The Man transfix'd on Calvary;
To know thee, who thou art,—
The One Eternal God and True!
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine,
That suffer'd in my stead;

That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quench'd in death those flaming eyes,
And bow'd that sacred head.

4 The veil of unbelief remove,
And by thy manifested love,
And by thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.

5 Now let thy dying love constrain
My soul to love its God again,
Its God to glorify:
And lo! I come thy cross to share,
Echo thy sacrificial prayer,
And with my Saviour die!

123 C. M.

1 LET the redeem'd give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God!
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till wash'd in Jesu's blood:

2 Till, at thy coming from above,
My mountain-sins depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.

3 Prisoner of hope, I still attend
The' appearing of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end,
And speak my soul restored:

4 Restored by reconciling grace;
With present pardon blest;
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.

5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for thine own.

6 My God, in Jesus pacified,
My God, thyself declare,
And draw me to his open side,
And plunge the sinner there!

124 8s and 6s.

1 O THAT I, first of love possess'd,
With my Redeemer's presence bless'd,
Might his salvation see!
Before thou dost my soul require,
Allow me, Lord, my heart's desire,
And show thyself to me.

2 Appear my sanctuary from sin:
Open thine arms, and take me in;
In thy own presence hide;
Hide in the place where Moses stood,
And show me now the face of God,
My Father pacified.

3 What but thy manifested grace
Can guilt, and fear, and sorrow chase,
The cause of grief destroy?
Thy mercy makes salvation sure,
Makes all my heart and nature pure,
And fills with hallow'd joy.

4 Come quickly, Lord, the veil remove!
Pass as a God of pardoning love
Before my ravish'd eyes:
And when I in thy person see
Jehovah's glorious majesty,
I find my Paradise.

125 C. M.

1 O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life, that I might live
A life conceal'd in him!

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more!

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
Even now, my sins remove;
And set my soul at liberty,
By thy victorious love.

5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God, descend!
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end!

6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

126 L. M.

1 TOO strong I was to conquer sin,
When 'gainst it first I turn'd my face;
Nor knew my want of power within,
Nor knew the' omnipotence of grace.

2 In nature's strength I sought in vain
For what my God refused to give:
I could not then the mastery gain,
Or lord of all my passions live.

3 But, for the glory of thy Name,
Vouchsafe me now the victory:
Weakness itself thou know'st I am,
And cannot share the praise with thee.

4 Because I now can nothing do,
Jesus, do all the work alone;
And bring my soul triumphant through,
To wave its palm before thy throne.

5 Great God, unknown, invisible,
Appear, my confidence to' abase;
To make me all my vileness feel,
And blush at my own righteousness.

6 Thy glorious face in Christ display,
That, silenced by thy mercy's power
My mouth I in the dust may lay,
And never boast or murmur more.

127 L. M.

1 WHEREWITH, O God, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favour buy,
Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,
Must take the path thy word hath
Justice pursue, and mercy love, [show'd;
And humbly walk by faith with God.

5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

6 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallow'd up in shame.

7 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place;
'Tis just;—but, O, thy Son hath died!

8 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled;
He bore our sins upon the tree;
Beneath our curse he bow'd his head;
'Tis finish'd! he hath died for me!

9 See where before the throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer!
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there!

10 He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with him may reign:
Amen to what my Lord doth say!
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

128 C. M.

1 WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of Grief and Love!
And speak it to my heart!

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design:
What meant the suffering Son of Man,
The streaming blood divine?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Come, then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace;
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigured face!

6 Before my eyes of faith confest,
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.

7 Jehovah in thy person show,
Jehovah crucified!
And then the pardoning God I know,
And feel the blood applied.

8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

129 L. M.

1 ADAM, descended from above,
Federal Head of all mankind;
The covenant of redeeming love
In thee let every sinner find.

2 Its Surety, thou alone hast paid
The debt we to thy Father owed;
For the whole world atonement made,
And seal'd the pardon with thy blood.

3 Thee, the Paternal Grace Divine
A universal blessing gave;
A Light in every heart to shine,
A Saviour every soul to save.

4 Light of the Gentile world, appear,
Command the blind thy rays to see;
Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer
And set the plaintive prisoner free.

5 Me, me, who still in darkness sit,
Shut up in sin and unbelief,
Bring forth out of this hellish pit,
This dungeon of despairing grief.

6 Open mine eyes the Lamb to know,
Who bears the general sin away;
And to my ransom'd spirit show
The glories of eternal day.

130 6-8s.

1 THOU God unsearchable, unknown,
Who still conceal'st thyself from me;
Hear an apostate spirit groan,
Broke off, and banish'd far from thee;
But conscious of my fall I mourn,
And fain I would to thee return.

2 Send forth one ray of heavenly light,
Of gospel hope, of humble fear,
To guide me through the gulf of night,
My poor desponding soul to cheer,
Till thou my unbelief remove,
And show me all thy glorious love.

3 A hidden God indeed thou art:
Thy absence I this moment feel:
Yet must I own it from my heart,
Conceal'd, thou art a Saviour still;
And though thy face I cannot see,
I know thine eye is fix'd on me.

4 My Saviour thou, not yet reveal'd,
Yet will I thee my Saviour call;
Adore thy hand, from sin withheld;
Thy hand shall save me from my fall:
Now, Lord, throughout my darkness shine,
And show thyself for ever mine.

131 L. M.

1 LORD, I despair myself to heal:
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the' obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal,—is thine.

3 With simple faith on thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart!

132 L. M.

1 JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost, and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin:
Open thine arms, and take me in!

2 Pity, and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole:
Fallen, till in me thine image shine,
And cursed I am, till thou art mine.

3 Awake, the Woman's conquering Seed,
Awake, and bruise the serpent's head!
Tread down thy foes, with power control
The beast and devil in my soul.

4 The mansion for thyself prepare:
Dispose my heart by entering there!
'Tis this alone can make me clean;
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.

5 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here then to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

6 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
"Lord, I am damn'd, but thou hast died."

133

L. M.

1 JESU, whose glory's streaming rays,
Though duteous to thy high command,
Not seraphs view with open face,
But veil'd before thy presence stand!

2 How shall weak eyes of flesh, weigh'd down
With sin, and dim with error's night,
Dare to behold thy unapproached light?
Or view thy unapproached throne,

3 Restore my sight: let thy free grace
An entrance to the holiest give!
Open mine eyes of faith:—thy face
So shall I see; yet seeing live.

4 Thy golden sceptre from above
Reach forth: In my whole heart I bow:
Say to my soul, "Thou art my love:
My chosen 'midst ten thousand, thou."

5 O Jesus, full of grace! the sighs
Of a sick heart with pity view!
Hark! how my silence speaks, and cries,
"Mercy, thou God of mercy, show!"

6 I know thou canst not but be good!
How shouldst thou, Lord, thy grace restrain?
Thou, Lord, whose blood so freely flow'd,
To save me from all guilt and pain.

134

6-8s.

JESUS, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:
To me be all thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest;
And lo! for thee I ever mourn:
cannot,—no, I will not rest,
Till thou, my only Rest, return;
ll thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
nd I receive the Comforter.

here is the blessedness, bestow'd
n all that hunger after thee?
unger now, I thirst for God:
ee the poor fainting sinner, see,
satisfy with endless peace,
ill me with thy righteousness!

4 Ah, Lord, if thou art in that s
Then hear thyself within me
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's c
Mark what my labouring soul
Answer the deep, unutter'd groa
And show that thou and I are o

5 Shine on thy work, disperse the
Light in thy light I then shall
Say to my soul, "Thy light is com
Glory divine is risen on thee;
Thy warfare 's past; thy mourning
Look up, for thou shalt weep no m

6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay;
Into thine hands my all resign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

135

C. M.

PART I.

1 JESU, if still thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy Name.

2 If still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders show'd.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou will, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

5 Thou seest me deaf to thy command;
Open, O Lord, my ear:
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hand,
And lift it up in prayer.

6 Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long,)
My voice I cannot raise:
But, O! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

7 Lame at the pool I still am found;
Give, and my strength employ:
Light as a hart I then shall bound;
The lame shall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within:
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.

9 But thou, they say, art passing by:
O let me find thee near!
Jesu, in mercy hear my cry;
Thou Son of David, hear!

10 Behold me waiting in the way
For thee, the heavenly Light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight!"

136

C. M.

PART II.

1 WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quickening Spirit give:
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice, and live.

2 While, full of anguish and disease,
My weak distemper'd soul

ompassionately sees,
nake me whole!

hy foes, and let them still
s Name submit:
h thy righteousness, and heal,
ce me at thy feet.

Name if all things now
ding homage pay;
tubborn spirit bow,
neck'd will obey!

dumb, and deaf, and blind,
t, and poor I am;
remedy to find
n Jesu's Name.

thee all fulness dwells,
for wretched man:
want my spirit feels,
ak off every chain!

part thyself to me,
good I need:
e Son, shalt make me free,
e free indeed.

est, till in thy blood
emption have:
through whom I come to God,
the utmost save.

the guilt, the power, the pain,
lt redeem my soul:
lieve, and not in vain;
shall make me whole.

h thee, shall walk in white;
thy saints shall prove,
elength, and breadth, and height,
th of perfect love.

S. M.

EN-shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
ll my soul return again
eternal rest?

hat avails my strife,
ndering to and fro?
the words of endless life:
hither should I go?

ndescending grace
did freely move;
still to seek thy face,
oops to ask my love.

at thy feet I fall;
to be set free;
ld now obey the call,
ive up all for thee.

ue me from woe,
lidst with all things part
a suffering life below,
n my worthless heart.

rthless heart to gain,
od of all that breathe
in fashion as a man,
ied a cursed death.

an I yet delay
tle all to give?
soul from earth away,
sus to receive?

ut I yield, I yield;
old out no more:
dying love compell'd,
en thee conqueror.

9 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

10 Come, and possess me whole;
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

11 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

12 My Life, my Portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My Hope, my heavenly Treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

138 C. M.

PART I.

1 O THAT thou wouldst the heavens rent,
In majesty come down;
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own!

2 Descend, and let thy lightning burn
The stubble of thy foe;
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow!

3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will!
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

4 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load?
The things impossible to men
Are possible to God.

5 Is there a thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all;
Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall?

6 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence?
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence?

7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail:
Nearer to save thou art;
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

8 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eyes;
Thy promised aid I claim:
Father of mercies, glorify
Thy favourite Jesu's Name.

9 Salvation in that Name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A medicine for my every wound,
All, all I want is there.

139 C. M.

PART II.

1 JESU! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.

2 Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty;
Shed forth the virtue of thy Name,
And Jesus prove to me!

3 Faith to be heal'd thou know'st, I have
For thou that faith hast given:
Thou canst, thou will the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.

4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine;
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

5 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
Unconquerable sin;
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.

6 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call,
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all.

7 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice;
The blind his sight receive;
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice;
The heart of stone believe.

8 The Æthiop then shall change his skin;
The dead shall feel thy power;
The loathsome leper shall be clean,
And I shall sin no more.

140

6-8s.

WRESTLING JACOB.—PART I.

1 COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou struggles to get free,
I never will unloose my hold!
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell:
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

141

6-8s.

PART II.

1 YIELD to me now, for I am weak;
But confident in self-despair:
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak:
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy Name is Love.

2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me:
I hear thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

3 *My prayer hath power with God: the grace*
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face:
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

5 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in his wings:
Wither'd my nature's strength, from ti
My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

6 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

7 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercom
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

142

7s.

1 DROOPING soul, shake off thy fear
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;
Tarry till the Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold!
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not set thy God a time:
Calmly for his coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong;
Wait the leisure of thy Lord:
Though it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his word!
On his word my soul I cast;
(He cannot himself deny;)
Surely it shall speak at last:
It shall speak, and shall not lie.

3 Every one that seeks shall find:
Every one that asks shall have;
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able, all to save;
I shall his salvation see;
I in faith on Jesus call;
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.

4 Lord, my time is in thine hand;
Weak and helpless as I am,
Surely thou canst make me stand;
I believe in Jesu's Name:
Saviour in temptation thou,
Thou hast saved me heretofore;
Thou from sin dost save me now;
Thou shalt save me evermore.

143

7s.

1 JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

144

8s and 6s.

1 THEE, Jesu, thee, the Sinner's Friend,
I follow on to apprehend,
Renew the glorious strife;
Divinely confident and bold,
With faith's strong arm on thee lay hold,
Thee, my eternal life.

2 Thy heart, I know, thy tender heart
Doth in my sorrows feel its part,
And at my tears relent!
My powerful sighs thou canst not bear,
Nor stand the violence of my prayer,
My prayer omnipotent.

3 Give me the grace, the love I claim:
Thy Spirit now demands thy Name!
Thou know'st the Spirit's will:
He helps my soul's infirmity,
And strongly intercedes for me
With groans unspeakable.

4 Answer, O Lord, thy Spirit's groan!
O make to me thy Nature known,
Thy hidden Name impart!
(Thy Name and Nature is the same:)
Tell me thy Nature, and thy Name,
And write it on my heart.

5 Prisoner of hope, to thee I turn,
And, calmly confident, I mourn,
And pray, and weep for thee:
Tell me thy love, thy secret tell;
Thy mystic Name in me reveal,
Reveal thyself in me.

6 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,
O Lord of Hosts, thy glorious Name,—
The Lord, the gracious Lord,
Long-suffering, merciful, and kind,
The God who always bears in mind
His everlasting word.

7 Plenteous he is in truth and grace;
He wills that all the fallen race
Should turn, repent, and live;
His pardoning *grace* for all is free;
Transgression, sin, iniquity,
He freely doth forgive.

8 Mercy he doth for thousands keep;
He goes and seeks the one lost sheep,
And brings his wanderer home:
And every soul that sheep might be:
Come, then, my Lord, and gather me,
My Jesus, quickly come.

9 Take me into thy people's rest;
O come, and with my sole request,
My one desire, comply:
Make me partaker of my hope;
Then bid me get me quickly up,
And on thy bosom die.

145

8s and 6s.

1 O JESUS, let me bless thy name!
All sin, alas! thou know st I am,
But thou all pity art:
Turn into flesh my heart of stone;
Such power belongs to thee alone;
Turn into flesh my heart.

2 A poor, unloving wretch, to thee
For help against myself I flee!
Thou only canst remove
The hind'rances out of the way,
And soften my unyielding clay,
And mould it into love.

3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad
The love, the perfect love of God,
In this cold heart of mine:
O might he now descend, and rest,
And dwell for ever in my breast,
And make it all divine.

4 What shall I do my suit to gain?
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
I plead what thou hast done!
Didst thou not die the death for me?
Jesus, remember Calvary,
And break my heart of stone.

5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood,
My Friend and Advocate with God,
My Ransom and my Peace;
Surety, who all my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,
The Lord my Righteousness.

146

8s and 6s.

1 STILL, Lord, I languish for thy grace;
Reveal the beauties of thy face,
The middle wall remove:
Appear, and banish my complaint;
Come, and supply my only want,
Fill all my soul with love!

2 O! conquer this rebellious will:
Willing thou art, and ready still,
Thy help is always nigh:
The stony from my heart remove,
And give me, Lord, O give me love,
Or at thy feet I die.

3 To thee I lift my mournful eye:
Why am I thus?—O, tell me why
I cannot love my God?
The hind'rance must be all in me;
It cannot in my Saviour be;
Witness that streaming blood!

4 It cost thy blood my heart to win,
To buy me from the power of sin,
And make me love again:
Come, then, my Lord, thy right assert,
Take to thyself my ransom'd heart;
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

147 8s and 6s.

1 O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit
With *Mary* at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

148 6-8s.

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, the Just,
My Friend and Advocate with thee,
Pity a soul that fain would trust
In him who lived and died for me:
But only thou canst make him known,
And in my heart reveal thy Son.

2 If, drawn by thine alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel,
Show me in Christ thy smiling face:
What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal,
Thy co-eternal Son, display,
And call my darkness into day.

3 The gift unspeakable impart;
Command the light of faith to shine,
To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine:
Now bid the new creation be;
O God, let there be faith in me!

149 L. M.

1 THUS saith the Lord,—'tis God commands,
Workers with God, the charge obey,
Remove whate'er his work withstands,
Prepare, prepare his people's way.
Lift up, for all mankind to see,
The standard of their dying God,
And point them to the shameful tree,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood.

2 The Lord hath glorified his grace;
Throughout the earth proclaim his Son:
Say ye to all the sinful race,
He died for all your sins to atone.
Sion, thy suffering God behold,
Thy Saviour and Salvation too:
He comes, he comes, so long foretold,
Clothed in a vest of bloody hue.

3 *Himself prepares his people's hearts,*
Breaks and binds up, and wounds and heals;
A mystic death and life imparts,
Empties the full, the emptied fills:
He fills whom first he hath prepared;
With him the perfect grace is given;
Himself is here their great reward,
Their future and their present heaven.

150 C. M.

1 THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyself declare,
God inaccessible, unknown,
Regard a sinner's prayer!
A sinner weltering in his blood,
Unpurged and unforgiven;
Far distant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.

2 An unregenerate child of man,
To thee for faith I call;
Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
And raise me from my fall.
The darkness, which through thee I
Thou only canst remove;
Thy own eternal power reveal,
Thy Deity of love.

3 Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
That grace may let me go;
In hope believing against hope,
I wait the truth to know.
Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
Thou wilt thy light afford:
Bound and oppress'd, yet thine I am
The prisoner of the Lord.

4 I would not to thy foe submit;
I hate the tyrant's chain;
Send forth the prisoner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain!
Show me the blood that bought my p
The covenant blood apply,
And all my griefs at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die.

5 Now, Lord, if thou art power, descen
The mountain sin remove:
My unbelief and troubles end,
If thou art Truth and Love:
Speak, Jesu, speak into my heart
What thou for me hast done:
One grain of living faith impart,
And God is all my own!

151 2-8s and 4-7s.

1 OUT of the deep I cry,
Just at the point to die
Hastening to infernal pain,
Jesus, Lord, I cry to thee;
Help a feeble child of man;
Show forth all thy power in me

2 On thee I ever call,
Saviour and Friend of all;
Well thou know'st my desperate case
Thou my curse and sin remove;
Save me by thy richest grace,
Save me by thy pardoning love.

3 How shall a sinner find
The Saviour of mankind?
Canst thou not accept my prayer?
Not bestow the grace I claim?
Where are thy old mercies? Where
All the powers of Jesu's Name?

4 What shall I say to move
The bowels of thy love?
Are they not already stirr'd?
Have I in thy death no part?
Ask thy own compassions, Lord!
Ask the yearnings of thy heart!

5 I will not let thee go,
Till I thy mercy know:

Let me hear the welcome sound!
Speak, if still thou canst forgive;
Speak, and let the lost be found;
Speak, and let the dying live.

6 Thy love is all my plea;
Thy passion speaks for me:
By thy pangs and bloody sweat,
By thy depth of grief unknown,
Save me, gasping at thy feet;
Save, O save, thy ransom'd one!

7 What hast thou done for me!
O think on Calvary!
By thy mortal groans and sighs,
By thy precious death, I pray,
Hear my dying spirit's cries,
Take, O take, my sins away!

152 S. M.

1 AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint;
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

3 Jesus, thy hind'rance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of thee:
Searcher of Hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe, in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou would'st fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only Love.

153 S. M.

1 LO! in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove;
My Potter, stamp on me, thy clay,
Thy only stamp of love!
Be this my whole desire;
I know that it is thine;
Then kindle in my soul a fire,
Which shall for ever shine.

2 Thy gracious readiness
To save mankind assert;
Thy image, love—thy name impress,
Thy nature on my heart.
Bowels of mercy, hear!
Into my soul come down!
Let it throughout my life appear,
That I have Christ put on.

3 O plant in me thy mind;
O fix in me thy home;
So shall I cry to all mankind,
Come, to the waters come!
Jesus is full of grace;
To all his bowels move;
Behold in me, ye fallen race,
That God is only Love.

154 6-8s.

1 FAIN would I leave the world below,
Of pain and sin the dark abode;
Where shadowy joy, or solid woe,
Allures, or tears me from my God!
Doubtful and insecure of bliss,
Since faith alone confirms me his.

2 Till then, to sorrow born, I sigh,
And gasp, and languish after home!
Upward I send my streaming eye,
Expecting, till the Bridegroom come:
Come quickly, Lord! thy face receive;
Now let me see thy face, and live.

3 Absent from thee, my exiled soul
Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans:
Around me clouds of darkness roll,
And labouring silence speaks my moans:
Come quickly, Lord! thy face display,
And look my darkness into day.

4 Sorrow, and sin, and death are o'er,
If thou reverse the creature's doom;
Sad *Rachel* weeps her loss no more,
If thou, the God, the Saviour come;
Of thee possess'd, in thee we prove
The light, the life, the heaven of love.

155 L. M.

1 GOD of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sin to mourn;
To love my God I only live.

2 To thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthen'd days;
While, mark'd with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

3 Be all my added life employ'd
Thine image in my soul to see:
Fill with thyself the mighty void:
Enlarge my heart to compass thee.

4 O give me, Saviour, give me more:
Thy mercies to my soul reveal:
Alas! I *see* their endless store;
But, O! I cannot, cannot *feel*.

5 The blessing of thy love bestow:
For this my cries shall never fail;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
I will not, till my suit prevail.

6 I'll weary thee with my complaint;
Here at thy feet for ever lie,
With longing, sick; with groaning, faint;
O give me love, or else I die!

7 Come then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home:
Be mindful of thy gracious word;
Thou, with thy promised Father, come.

8 Prepare, and then possess, my heart;
O take me, seize me from above:
Thee may I love; for God thou art;
Thee may I feel; for God is love.

156 6-7s.

1 O DISCLOSE thy lovely face;
Quicken all my drooping powers:
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers:
Haste, my Lord, no more delay;
Come, my Saviour, come away.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee:
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

157 L. M.

1 MY sufferings all to thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me;
Regard my grief, regard thy own;
Jesus, remember Calvary!

2 O call to mind thy earnest prayers,
Thy agony, and sweat of blood,
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears,
Thy mortal groan, "My God! my God!"

3 For whom didst thou the cross endure?
Who nail'd thy body to the tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
O let thy bowels answer me!

4 Art thou not touch'd with human woe?
Hath pity left the Son of Man?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain?

5 Have I not heard, have I not known,
That thou, the everlasting Lord,
Whom heaven and earth their Maker own,
Art always faithful to thy word?

6 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

7 The day of small and feeble things
I know thou never wilt despise;
I know, with healing in his wings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.

8 With labour faint, thou wilt not fail,
Or, wearied, give the sinner o'er,
Till in this earth thy judgments dwell,
And, born of God, I sin no more.

158 7s.

1 O MY God, what must I do?
Thou alone the way canst show;
Thou canst save me in this hour;
I have neither will nor power:
God if over all thou art,
Greater than my sinful heart,
All thy power on me be shown,
Take away the heart of stone.

2 Take away my darling sin,
Make me willing to be clean:
Make me willing to receive
All thy goodness waits to give:
Force me, Lord, with all to part;
Tear these idols from my heart;
Now thy love almighty show,
Make even me a creature new.

3 Jesus, mighty to renew,
Work in me to will and do;
Turn my nature's rapid tide,
Stem the torrent of my pride;
Stop the whirlwind of my will;
Speak, and bid the sun stand still;
Now thy love almighty show,
Make even me a creature new.

4 Arm of God, thy strength put on;
Bow the heavens, and come down;
All my unbelief o'erthrow;
Lay the aspiring mountain low:
Conquer thy worst foe in me,
Get thyself the victory;
Save the vilest of the race;
Force me to be saved by grace.

159 6-8s.

1 LAY to thy hand, O God of Grace!
O God, the work is worthy thee;
See at thy feet, of all the race
The chief, the vilest sinner see;
And let me all thy mercy prove,
Thine utmost miracle of love.

2 Speak, and a holy thing and clean
Shall strangely be brought out of me;
My Ethiop-soul shall change her skin,
Redeem'd from all iniquity;
I, even I, shall then proclaim
The wonders wrought by Jesu's Name.

3 Thee I shall then for ever praise,
In spirit and in truth adore;
While all I am declares thy grace,
And, born of God, I sin no more;
Thy pure and heavenly nature share,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

160 10s and 12s.

1 O JESUS, my hope, For me offer'd up,
Who with clamour pursued thee to Calvary's top; [plead,
The blood thou hast shed, For me let it
And declare thou hast died in thy murderer's stead.

2 Come then from above, The stony remove,
And vanquish my heart with the sense of thy love.
Thy love on the tree Display unto me,
And the servant of sin in a moment is free.

3 Neither passion nor pride Thy cross can abide, [thy side:
But melt in the fountain that streams from
Let thy life-giving blood Remove all my load, [me to God.
And purge my foul conscience, and bring

4 Now, now let me know Its virtue below!
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow; [convert,
Let it hallow my heart, And throughly
And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

5 Each moment applied, My weakness to hide,
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide;
My advocate prove With the Father above,
And speak me at last to the throne of thy love.

161 L. M.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such de-
Nor cast the sinner quite away, [spite,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only woe I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate;
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Up-raise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

162 S. M.

1 O MY offended God,
If now at last I see
That I have trampled on thy blood,
And done despite to thee;
If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly sleep;—
Into thy arms of mercy take,
And there for ever keep.

2 No other right have I
Than what the world may claim;
All, all may to their God draw nigh,
Through faith in Jesu's name:
Thou all the debt hast paid;
This is my only plea;
The covenant, God in thee hath made
With all mankind, and me.

3 Thou hast obtain'd the grace
That all may turn and live;
And lo! thy offer I embrace,
Thy mercy I receive.
Whene'er the wicked man
Turns from his sin to thee,
His late repentance is not vain,
He shall accepted be.

4 Thy death hath bought the power
For every sinful soul,
That all may know the gracious hour,
And be by faith made whole:
Thou hast for sinners died,
That all might come to God;
The covenant thou hast ratified,
And seal'd it with thy blood.

5 He that believes in thee,
And doth till death endure,
He shall be saved eternally;
The covenant is sure:
The mountains shall give place,
Thy covenant cannot move,
The covenant of thy general grace,
Thy all-redeeming love.

163 L. M.

1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove;
The seal of thine eternal Love?

2 A poor, blind child, I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near!
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amid the blaze of gospel day!

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 Whom man forsakes, thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcast to receive;
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.

5 Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt!
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.

6 Lord, I am sick,—my sickness cure;
I want,—do thou enrich the poor;
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,—
O lift the abject sinner up!

7 Lord, I am blind,—be thou my sight;
Lord, I am weak,—be thou my might;
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee!

164 7s and 6s.

The Woman of Canaan. Matt. xv. 22-28.

1 LORD, regard my earnest cry;
A potsherd of the earth,
A poor guilty worm am I,
A Canaanite by birth:
Save me from this tyranny,
From all the power of Satan save;
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, have!

2 To the sheep of Israel's fold
Thou in thy flesh wast sent;
Yet the Gentiles now behold
In thee their Covenant:
See me then, with pity see,
A sinner whom thou cam'st to save!
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, have!

3 Still I cannot part with thee;
I will not let thee go:
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, show!
Vilest of the sinful race,
On thee, importunate, I call:
Help me, Jesus, show thy grace;
Thy grace is free for all.

4 Nothing am I in thy sight;
Nothing have I to plead;
Unto dogs it is not right
To cast the children's bread:
Yet the dogs the crumbs may eat,
That from the master's table fall:
Let the fragments be my meat;
Thy grace is free for all.

5 Give me, Lord, the victory,
My heart's desire fulfil:
Let it now be done to me
According to my will!

Give me living bread to eat,
And say, in answer to my call,
"Canaanite, thy faith is great!
My grace is free for all."

6 If thy grace for all is free,
Thy call now let me hear;
Show this token upon me,
And bring salvation near:
Now the gracious word repeat,
The word of healing to my soul:
"Canaanite, thy faith is great!
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

165

8s.

1 COME, holy, celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast,
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest!
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load;
The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.

2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
And strangely withheld from my sin,
And tried, by the lure of thy love,
My worthless affections to win,—
The work of thy mercy revive;
Thy uttermost mercy exert;
And kindly continue to strive,
And hold, till I yield thee my heart.

3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sigh'd from myself to get free,
And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in thee,—
Fulfil the imperfect desire;
Thy peace to my conscience reveal;
The sense of thy favour inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel!

4 If when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd,—
Most pitiful Spirit of Grace,
Relieve me again, and restore;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more!

5 If now I lament after God,
And gasp for a drop of thy love,
If Jesus hath bought thee with blood,
For me to receive from above,—
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True Witness of mercy divine,
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine!

166

7s and 6s.

The Pool of Bethesda. John v. 2-9.

1 JESUS, take my sins away,
And make me know thy name!
Thou art now as yesterday,
And evermore the same:
Thou my true *Bethesda* be;
I know within thine arms is room:
All the world may unto thee
Their House of Mercy, come.

2 *See me lying at the pool,*
And waiting for thy grace;
O come down into my soul,
Disclose thy angel-face!
If to me thy bowels move,
If now thou dost my sickness feel,
Let the Spirit of thy love
The helpless sinner heal.

3 Persons thou dost not respect;
Whoe'er for mercy call,
Thou in no wise wilt reject;
Thy mercy is for all:
Thou wouldst freely all restore,
Would all the gracious season find,
Fill with goodness, love, and power,
And with a healthful mind.

4 Mercy then there is for ME,
(Away my doubts and fears!)
Plagued with an infirmity
For many tedious years.
Jesus, cast a pitying eye!
Thou long hast known my desperate case:
Poor and helpless here I lie,
And wait the healing grace.

5 Long hath thy good Spirit strove
With my distemper'd soul;
But I still refused thy love,
And would not be made whole:
Hardly now at last I yield,
I yield with all my sins to part;
Let my soul be fully heal'd,
And thoroughly cleansed my heart.

6 Pain, and sickness, at thy word,
And sin, and sorrow flies:
Speak to me, Almighty Lord,
And bid my spirit rise;
Bid me bear the hallow'd cross,
Which thou, my Lord, hast borne before;
Walk in all thy righteous laws,
And go and sin no more.

167

7s and 6s.

1 LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I feebly pray:
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away!
From this bondage, Lord, release
No longer let me be oppress:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee?
No, my God, I cannot doubt,
Thy mercy is for me:
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradise possest.
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

3 Worldly good I do not want,
Be that to others given;
Only for thy love I pant,
My all in earth and heaven:
This the crown I fain would seize,
The good wherewith I would be blest:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

4 This delight I fain would prove,
And then resign my breath:
Join the happy few whose love
Was mightier than death!
Let it not my Lord displease,
That I would die to be thy guest!
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

SECTION III.—FOR PERSONS CONVINCED OF BACKSLIDING.

168

7s.

1 DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
2 I have spilt his precious blood,
Trampled on the Son of God;
Fill'd with pangs unspeakable!
I, who yet am not in hell!
Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above;
See the cause in Jesu's face,
Now before the throne of grace.
3 Lo! I cumber still the ground:
Lo! an Advocate is found!
"Hasten not to cut him down;
Let this barren soul alone:"
Jesus speaks, and pleads his blood:
He disarms the wrath of God!
Now my Father's bowels move;
Justice lingers into love.
4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!
5 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?
If I rightly read thy heart,
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow!
Pardon and accept me now.
6 Pity from thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall;
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.
Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

169

C. M.

1 JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah, when shall I wake up?
2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way:
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.
3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me thy only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.
4 Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.
5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

170

6-8s.

1 O 'TIS enough, my God, my God!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er;
No longer trample on thy blood,
And grieve thy gentleness no more;
No more thy lingering anger move,
Or sin against thy light and love.
2 O Lord, if mercy is with thee,
Now let it all on me be shown;
On me the chief of sinners, me,
Who humbly for thy mercy groan:
Me to thy Father's grace restore;
Nor let me ever grieve thee more!
3 Fountain of unexhausted love,
Of infinite compassions, hear!
My Saviour and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear;
Repentance, faith, and pardon give;
O let me turn again and live!

171

6-8s.

1 O GOD, if thou art love indeed,
Let it once more be proved in me,
That I thy mercy's praise may spread,
For every child of Adam free;
O let me now the gift embrace!
O let me now be saved by grace!
2 If all long-suffering thou hast shown
On me, that others may believe,
Now make thy loving-kindness known,
Now the all-conquering Spirit give,
Spirit of victory and power,
That I may never grieve thee more.
3 Grant my importunate request;
It is not my desire, but thine;
Since thou wouldst have the sinner blest,
Now let me in thine image shine,
Nor ever from thy footsteps move,
But more than conquer through thy love.
4 Be it according to thy will!
Set my imprison'd spirit free;
The counsel of thy grace fulfil;
Into thy glorious liberty
My spirit, soul, and flesh restore,
And I shall never grieve thee more.

172

S. M.

1 O UNEXHAUSTED grace!
O love unspeakable!
I am not gone to my own place;
I am not yet in hell!
Earth doth not open yet,
My soul to swallow up;
And, hanging o'er the burning pit,
I still am forced to hope.
2 I hope at last to find
The kingdom from above;
The settled peace, the constant mind,
The everlasting love;
The sanctifying grace,
That makes me meet for home:
I hope to see thy glorious face
Where sin can never come.
3 What shall I do to keep
The blessed hope I feel?
Still let me pray, and watch, and weep
And serve thy pleasure still:
O may I never grieve
My kind, long-suffering Lord,
But steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
And answer all his word.

4 Lord, if thou hast bestow'd
On me the gracious fear,
This horror of offending God,
O keep it always here!
And that I never more
May from thy ways depart,
Enter with all thy mercy's power,
And dwell within my heart.

173

6.7s.

1 JESUS, I believe thee near:
Now my fallen soul restore;
Now my guilty conscience clear;
Give me back my peace and power:
Stone to flesh again convert;
Write forgiveness on my heart.
2 I believe thy pardoning grace,
As at the beginning, free;
Open are thy arms to embrace
Me, the worst of rebels, me:
In me all the hindrance lies;
Call'd,—I still refuse to rise.
3 Yet, for thy own mercy's sake,
Patience with thy rebel have;
Me, thy mercy's witness make,
Witness of thy power to save:
Make me willing to be free,
Restless to be saved by thee.
4 Now the gracious work begin;
Now for good some token give;
Give me new to feel my sin,
Give me now my sin to leave!
Bid me look on thee and mourn,
Bid me to thy arms return.
5 Take this heart of stone away;
Melt me into gracious tears;
Grant me power to watch and pray,
Till thy lovely face appears,
Till thy favour I retrieve,
Till by faith again I live.

174

8s.

1 HOW shall a lost sinner in pain
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release?
Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare such a rebel as me?
And O! can I possibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee?
2 O Jesus! of thee I inquire,
If still thou art able to save,
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave?
The help of thy Spirit restore,
And show me the life-giving blood,
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.
3 O Jesus! in pity draw near,
Come quickly to help a lost soul;
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor Lazarus whole!
The balm of thy mercy apply;
(Thou seest the sore anguish I feel;)
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die!
O save, or I sink into hell!
4 I sink, if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to show;
Come quickly, and kindly display
The power of thy passion below!
By all thou hast done for my sake,
One drop of thy blood I implore!
Now, now let it touch me, and make
The sinner—a sinner no more!

175

7s and 6s.

1 GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe!
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive.
Full of sin, alas! I am;
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye!
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy grace is always nigh:
Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor.
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to gain thy grace;
Pardon I accept unbought;
Thy proffer I embrace:
Coming, as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
5 Saviour, from thy wounded side
I never will depart;
Here will I my spirit hide,
When I am pure in heart.
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea,—
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

176

6-8s.

1 O GOD, thy righteousness we own:
Judgment is at thy house begun!
With humble awe thy rod we hear,
And guilty in thy sight appear:
We cannot in thy judgment stand,
But sink beneath thy mighty hand.
2 Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
And still for mercy, mercy, pray:
Unworthy to behold thy face,
Unfaithful stewards of thy grace,
Our sin and wickedness we own,
And deeply for acceptance groan.
3 We have not, Lord, thy gifts improved,
But basely from thy statutes roved,
And done thy loving Spirit despite,
And sinn'd against the clearest light,
Brought back thy agonizing pain,
And nail'd thee to thy cross again.
4 Yet do not drive us from thy face,
A stiff neck'd and hard-hearted race;
But, O! in tender mercy break
The iron sinew in our neck;
The softening power of love impart,
And melt the marble of our heart.

177 6-8s.

1 JESUS, thou know'st my sinfulness,
My faults are not conceal'd from thee
A sinner in my last distress,
To thy dear wounds I fain would flee,
And never, never thence depart,
Close shelter'd in thy loving heart.

2 How shall I find the living way,
Lost, and confused, and dark, and blind?
Ah, Lord, my soul is gone astray:
Ah, Shepherd, seek my soul, and find,
And in thy arms of mercy take,
And bring the weary wanderer back.

3 Weary and sick of sin I am;
I hate it, Lord, and yet I love!
When wilt thou rid me of my shame?
When wilt thou all my load remove?
Destroy the fiend that lurks within,
And speak the word of power, "Be clean!"

4 O Lord, if I at last discern
That I am sin, and thou art love,
If now o'er me thy bowels yearn,
Give me a token from above;
And conquer my rebellious will,
And bid my murmuring heart be still.

5 Sin only let me not commit,
(Sin never can advance thy praise,)
And, low! I lay me at thy feet,
And wait unwearied all my days,
Till my appointed time shall come,
And thou shalt call thine exile home.

178 6-8s.

1 YES, from this instant now, I will
To my offended Father cry;
My base ingratitude I feel,
Vilest of all thy children, I,
Not worthy to be call'd thy son;
Yet will I thee my Father own.

2 Guide of my life hast thou not been,
And rescued me from passion's power?
Ten thousand times preserved from sin,
Nor let the greedy grave devour?
And wilt thou now thy wrath retain,
Nor ever love thy child again?

3 Ah, canst thou find it in thy heart
To give me up, so long pursued?
Ah, canst thou finally depart,
And leave thy creature in his blood?
Leave me,—out of thy presence cast,
To perish in my sins at last?

4 If thou hast will'd me to return,
If weeping at thy feet I fall,
The prodigal thou wilt not spurn,
But pity, and forgive me all,
In answer to my Friend above,
In honour of his bleeding love!

179 7s and 6s.

1 FATHER, if thou must reprove
For all that I have done,
Not in anger, but in love
Chastise thine humbled son:
Use the rod, and not the sword;
Correct with kind *severity*:
Bring me not to nothing, Lord!
But bring me home to thee.

2 True and faithful as thou art,
To all thy Church and me,
Give a new, believing heart,
That knows and cleaves to thee;
Freely our backslidings heal;
And, by thy balmy blood restored,
Grant that every soul may feel,
"Thou art my pardoning Lord!"

3 Might we now with pure desire
Thine only love request;
Now, with willing heart entire,
Return to Christ our rest!
When we our whole hearts resign,
O Jesus, to be fill'd with thee,
Thou art ours, and we are thine,
Through all eternity.

180 L. M.

1 SAVIOUR, I now with shame confess
My thirst for creature happiness;
By base desires I wrong'd thy love,
And forced thy mercy to remove.

2 Yet would I not regard thy stroke;
But when thou didst thy grace revoke,
And when thou didst thy face conceal,
Thy absence I refused to feel.

3 I knew not that the Lord was gone,
In my own froward will went on,
And lived to the desires of men,
And thou hast all my wanderings seen.

4 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

5 For this I at thy footstool wait,
Till thou my peace again create;
Fruit of thy gracious lips, restore
My peace, and bid me sin no more!

6 Far off, yet at thy feet, I lie,
Till thou again thy blood apply;
Till thou repeat my sins forgiven,
As far from God as hell from heaven.

7 But, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
My comfort thou wilt give me back;
And lead me on from grace to grace,
In all the paths of righteousness:

8 Till, throughly saved, my new-born soul,
And perfectly by faith made whole,
Doth bright in thy full image rise,
To share thy glory in the skies.

181 L. M.

1 THOU Man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget,
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat:

2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load!
Thy feeble flesh abhorr'd to bear
The wrath of an almighty God!

3 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire!
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire!

4 I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To thee my last distress I bring;
The heighten'd fear of death I find:
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind!

6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee!
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

SECTION IV.—FOR BACKSLIDERS RECOVERED.

182 7s and 6s.

1 I WILL hearken what the Lord
Will say concerning me!
Hast thou not a gracious word
For one who waits on thee?
Speak it to my soul, that I
May in thee have peace and power;
Never from my Saviour fly,
And never grieve thee more.

2 How have I thy Spirit grieved,
Since first with me he strove!
Obstinately disbelieved,
And trampled on thy love!
I have sinn'd against the light;
I have broke from thy embrace;
No, I would not, when I might,
Be freely saved by grace.

3 After all that I have done
To drive thee from my heart,
Still thou wilt not leave thine own,
Thou wilt not yet depart;
Wilt not give the sinner o'er;
Ready art thou now to save;
Bidd'st me come, as heretofore,
That I thy life may have.

4 O thou meek and gentle Lamb!
Fury is not in thee;
Thou continuest still the same,
And still thy grace is free;
Still thine arms are open wide,
Wretched sinners to receive;
Thou hast once for sinners died,
That all may turn and live.

5 Lo! I take thee at thy word;
My foolishness I mourn;
Unto thee, my bleeding Lord,
However late, I turn:
Yes, I yield, I yield at last,
Listen to thy speaking blood;
Me, with all my sins, I cast
On my atoning God!

183 6-7s.

1 JESU, Shepherd of the sheep,
Pity my unsettled soul!
Guide, and nourish me, and keep,
Till thy love shall make me whole:
Give me perfect soundness, give,
Make me steadfastly believe.

2 *I am never at one stay,*
Changing every hour I am;
But thou art as yesterday,
Now and evermore the same:
Constancy to me impart,
Stablish with thy grace my heart.

3 Lay thy weighty cross on me;
All my unbelief control;
Till the rebel cease to be,
Keep him down within my soul:
That I never more may move,
Root and ground me fast in love.

4 Give me faith to hold me up,
Walking over life's rough sea:
Holy, purifying hope
Still my soul's sure anchor be:
That I may be always thine,
Perfect me in love divine.

184 C. M.

1 MY God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art!
Whisper within, thou Love Divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Tell me again my peace is made,
And bid the sinner live:
The debt 's discharged, the ransom 's pa
My Father must forgive.

5 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open'd wide:
For me the blood of sprinkling plead
And speaks me justified.

6 O why did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove!
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love!

7 I forced thee first to disappear;
I turn'd thy face aside:
Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been he
Thy servant had not died.

8 But, O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.

9 O could I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!

10 My humbled soul, when thou art nea
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

11 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be *All in All.*

185 7s.

1 AFTER all that I have done,
Saviour, art thou pacific!?
Whither shall my vileness run?
Hide me, earth, the sinner hide!
Let me sink into the dust,
Full of holy shame, adore!
Jesus Christ, the Good, the Just
Bids me go, and sin no more.

2 O confirm the gracious word,
Jesus, Son of God and man!
Let me never grieve thee, Lord,
Never turn to sin again:
Till my all in all thou art,
Till thou bring thy nature in,
Keep this feeble, trembling heart!
Save me, save me, Lord, from sin!

186 6-8s.

1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod:
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of Love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 The stone to flesh again convert;
The veil of sin again remove:
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by thy dying love!
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft, and make it new.

5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now;
Fill my whole soul with filial fears;
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow;
Bend by thy grace, O bend or break,
The iron sinew in my neck!

6 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the' approach of sin:
A godly fear of sin impart;
Implant, and root it deep within;
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare to' offend thee more.

187 7s and 6s.

1 SON of God, if thy free grace
Again hath raised me up,
Call'd me still to seek thy face,
And given me back my hope;
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindness show:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

2 By me, O my Saviour, stand,
In sore temptation's hour;
Save me with thine outstretch'd hand,
And show forth all thy power:
O be mindful of thy word;
Thy all-sufficient grace bestow:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart;
That I may from evil near
With timely care depart;
Sin be more than hell abhorr'd:
Till thou destroy the tyrant foe,
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

4 Never let me leave thy breast,
From thee, my Saviour, stray:
Thou art my Support and Rest,
My true and living Way;
My exceeding great Reward,
In heaven above, and earth below:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

188 7s and 6s.

1 LORD, and is thine anger gone?
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Infinite thy mercies are;
Beneath the weight I cannot move:
O! 'tis more than I can bear,
The sense of pardoning love.

2 Let it still my heart constrain,
And all my passions sway;
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way:
Force my violence to be still,
And captivate my every thought;
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.

3 If I have begun once more
Thy sweet return to feel,
If even now I find thy power
Present my soul to heal,—
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle out of thine embrace;
Never more resist or fly
From thy pursuing grace.

4 To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom let me never find
From thee, my Lord, to move;
That I never, never more
May with my much-loved Master part,
To the posts of mercy's door
O nail my willing heart!

5 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own:
More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find:
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep:
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven,
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

PART IV. FOR BELIEVERS.

SECTION I.—REJOICING.

189 6-8s.

1 NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!

4 With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that 's written there.

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies:
Father, thy mercy never dies.

6 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

190 L. M.

1 JESUS, thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me, to atone,
Now f r my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

6 *When from the dust of death* I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then, this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died, for me.

7 Thus *Abraham*, the friend of God,
Thus all heaven's armies bought wi
blood,
Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

8 Jesus, be endless praise to thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

9 Ah! give to all thy servants, Lord,
With power to speak thy gracious wor
That all who to thy wounds will flee,
May find eternal life in thee.

10 Thou God of power, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove!
Now let thy word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

191 2-6s and 4-7s.

1 THEE, O my God and King,
My Father, thee I sing!
Hear, well-pleased, the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receiv
Lost—I now in Christ am found,
Dead—by faith in Christ I live.

2 Father, behold thy son,
In Christ I am thy own:
Stranger long to thee, and rest,
See the prodigal is come:
Open wide thine arms and breast,
Take the weary wanderer home.

3 Thine eye observed from far,
Thy pity look'd me near;
Me thy bowels yearn'd to see;
Me thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4 Thou on my neck didst fall,
Thy kiss forgave me all:
Still thy gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine
"Haste, for him the robe prepare;
His be righteousness divine!"

192 7s and 6s.

1 OFT I in my heart have said,
Who shall ascend on high,
Mount to Christ, my glorious Head,
And bring him from the sky?
Borne on contemplation's wing,
Surely I shall find him there,
Where the angels praise their King,
And gain the Morning Star.

2 Oft I in my heart have said,
Who to the deep shall stoop,
Sink with Christ among the dead,
From thence to bring him up?
Could I but my heart prepare,
By unfeign'd humility,
Christ would quickly enter there,
And ever dwell with me.

3 But the righteousness of faith
Hath taught me better things:
"Inward turn thine eyes," it sai
(While Christ to me it brings,

"Christ is ready to impart
Life to all, for life who sigh:
In thy mouth, and in thy heart,
The word is ever nigh."

193

2-6s and 4-7s.

1 O FILIAL Deity,
Accept my new-born cry;
See the travail of my soul,
Saviour, and be satisfied;
Take me now, possess me whole,
Who for me, for me, hast died.

2 Of life thou art the Tree;
My immortality!
Feed this tender branch of thine,
Ceaseless influence derive:
Thou the true, the heavenly Vine,
Grafted into thee I live.

3 Of life the Fountain thou;
I know,—I feel it now!
Faint and dead no more I droop;
Thou art in me; thy supplies,
Every moment springing up,
Into life eternal rise.

4 Thou the Good Shepherd art;
From thee I ne'er shall part:
Thou my Keeper and my Guide,
Make me still thy tender care;
Gently lead me by thy side,
Sweetly in thy bosom bear.

5 Thou art my daily Bread;
O Christ, thou art my Head!
Motion, virtue, strength, to me,
Me thy living member, flow:
Nourish'd I, and fed, by thee,
Up to thee in all things grow.

6 Prophet, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect will:
Never mortal spake like thee,
Human Prophet like divine;
Loud and strong their voices be,
Small, and still, and inward thine!

7 On thee, my Priest, I call;
Thy blood atoned for all:
Still the Lamb as slain appears,
Still thou stand'st before the throne,
Ever offering up my prayers,
These presenting with thine own.

8 Jesus, thou art my King;
From thee my strength I bring:
Shadow'd by thy mighty hand,
Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?
Faith supports; by faith I stand,
Strong in thy omnipotence.

194

2-6s and 4-7s.

PART I.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Thy Saviour's Sacrifice!
All the names that love could find,
All the forms that love could take,
Jesus in himself hath join'd,
Thee, my soul, his own to make.

2 Equal with God Most High,
He laid his glory by;
He, the eternal God, was born,
Man with men he deign'd to' appear,
Object of his creatures' scorn,
Pleased a servant's form to wear.

3 *Hail! everlasting* Lord,
Divine, incarnate Word!
Thee let all my powers confess;
Thee my latest breath proclaim;
Help, ye angel-choirs, to bless,
Shout the loved Immanuel's name!

4 Fruit of a virgin's womb,
The promised Blessing's come;
Christ, the fathers' hope of old,
Christ, the woman's conquering Seed,
Christ, the Saviour long foretold,
Born to bruise the serpent's head.

5 Jesus, to thee I bow!
The' Almighty's Fellow thou!
Thou, the Father's only Son;
Pleased he ever is in thee;
Just and holy thou alone,
Full of grace and truth for me.

195

2-6s and 4-7s.

PART II.

1 HIGH above every name,
Jesus, the great I AM!
Bows to Jesus every knee,
Things in heaven, and earth, and hell;
Saints adore him, demons flee,
Fiends, and men, and angels feel!

2 He left his throne above,
Emptied of all but love:
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
God, vouchsafed a worm to' appear,
Lord of Glory, Son of Man,
Poor, and vile, and abject here.

3 His own on earth he sought,
His own received him not;
Him a sign by all blasphemed,
Outcast and despised of men,
Him they all a madman deem'd,
Bold to scoff the Nazarene.

4 Hail, Galilean King!
Thy humble state I sing,
Never shall my triumphs end;
Hail, derided Majesty!
Jesus, hail! the sinner's Friend,
Friend of Publicans,—and me.

196

L. M.

1 INTO thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace;
O King of Glory, hear my call;
O raise me, heal me, by thy grace!
Now righteous through thy wounds I am;
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in thy name,
Alive in thee, my living Head.

2 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take thy light from me away;
Still with me let thy grace abide,
That I from thee may never stray:
Let thy word richly in me dwell;
Thy peace and love my portion be;
My joy to' endure and do thy will,
Till perfect I am found in thee.

3 Arm me with thy whole armour, Lord!
Support my weakness with thy might;
Gird on my thigh thy conquering sword,
And shield me in the Christian fight:
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in thy strength shall I go on,
Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

197

7s.

1 HAPPY soul, who sees the day,
The glad day of gospel grace!
Thee, my Lord (thou then will say,)
Thee will I for ever praise:
Though thy wrath against me burn'd,
Thou dost comfort me again;
All thy wrath aside is turn'd,
Thou hast blotted out my sin.

2 Me, behold! thy mercy spares;
Jesus my salvation is:
Hence my doubts; away my fears;
Jesus is become my peace:
JAH, JEHOVAH, is my Lord,
Ever merciful and just;
I will lean upon his word;
I will on his promise trust.

3 Strong I am, for he is strong;
Just in righteousness divine
He is my triumphal song;
All he has, and is, is mine;
Mine,—and *yours*, whoe'er believe;
On his name whoe'er shall call,
Freely shall his grace receive;
He is full of grace for all.

4 Therefore shall ye draw with joy
Water from Salvation's well:
Praise shall your glad tongues employ,
While his streaming grace ye feel.
Each to each ye then shall say,
"Sinners, call upon his Name;
O rejoice to see his day;
See it, and his praise proclaim!"

5 Glory to his Name belongs,
Great, and marvellous, and high;
Sing unto the Lord your songs,
Cry to every nation, cry!
Wondrous things the Lord hath done,
Excellent his Name we find;
This to all mankind is known,
Be it known to all mankind!

6 Sion, shout thy Lord and King,
Israel's HOLY ONE is He!
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing,
Great is He, and dwells in thee.
O the grace unsearchable!
While eternal ages roll,
God delights in man to dwell,
Soul of each believing soul!

198

10s and 11s.

1 O WHAT shall I do My Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace,
So strong to deliver, So good to redeem,
The weakest believer That hangs upon him!

2 How happy the man Whose heart is set free,
The people that can Be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in The light of thy face;
And still they are talking Of Jesus's grace.

3 Their daily delight Shall be in thy Name;
They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim: [by thy blood,
Thy righteousness wearing, And cleansed
Bold shall they appear in The presence of God.

4 For thou art their boast, Their glory and power;
And I also trust To see the glad hour.
My soul's new creation, A life from the dead,
The day of salvation, That lifts up my head.

5 For Jesus, my Lord, Is now my d
I trust in his word, None plucks thence;
Since I have found favour, He a will do:
My King and my Saviour Shall

6 Yes, Lord, I shall see The bliss of t
Thy secret to me Shall soon be mad
For sorrow and sadness I joy shal
And share in the gladness Of all tha

199

10s and 11s.

1 O HEAVENLY King, Look d above;
Assist us to sing Thy mercy and
So sweetly o'erflowing, So plent store,
Thou still art bestowing, And

2 O God of our life, We hallow thy
Our business and strife Is thee to
Accept our thanksgiving For grace;
The living, the living Shall show

3 Our Father and Lord, Almighty
Preserved by thy word, We wor now,
The bountiful Donor Of all we en
Our tongues to thine honour, And employ.

4 But O! above all, Thy kindness
From sin and from thrall Which lost race;
Thy Son thou hast given The wo deem,
And bring us to heaven, Whose

5 Wherefore of thy love We sing an
With angels above We lift up our
Thy love each believer Shall glad
For ever and ever, When time is

200

10s and 11s.

1 MY Father, my God, I long for
O shed it abroad; Send Ch above!
My heart, ever fainting, He only
And all things are wanting, Till here.

2 O when shall my tongue Be fill'd
While all the day long I publish
Thy honour and glory To sinners
Till sinners adore thee, And own true.

3 Thy strength and thy power I now
Preserved every hour Thro' Jesus
For thou art still by me, And h hand;
No ill can come nigh me, By faith

4 My God is my Guide: Thy mercies
On every side They compass me
Thou savest me from sickness,
dost retrieve, [me
And strengthen'st my weakness, A

5 Thou holdest my soul In spiritual
My foes dost control, And quiet the
Thou rulest my passion, My pride will: ["stan
To see thy salvation, Thou hid

6 I stand, and admire Thine outs arm;
I walk through the fire, And
Assaulted by evil, I scorn to subm
The world and the devil Fall under

7 I wrestle not now, But trample on sin,
For with me art thou, And shalt be within;
While stronger and stronger In Jesus's power,
I go on to conquer, Till sin is no more.

201 6-8s.

1 AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis mystery all! The' Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born Seraph tries
To sound the depths of Love Divine!
'Tis mercy all; let earth adore,
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out *me!*

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread:
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

202 4-6s and 2-8s.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears:
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!"

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry!

203 L. M.

1 GLORY to God, whose sovereign grace
Hath animated senseless stones;
Call'd us to stand before his face,
And raised us into Abraham's sons!

2 The people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel day,
In Jesu's lovely face display'd.

3 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bared thine arm in all our sight;
Hast made the reprobates thine own,
And claim'd the outcasts as thy right.

4 Thy single arm, Almighty Lord,
To us the great salvation brought,—
Thy Word, thy all-creating Word,
That spake at first the world from nought.

5 For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to thee is given;
For this the hosts above rejoice,—
We raise the happiness of heaven.

6 For this, (no longer sons of night,)
To thee our thankful hearts we give;
To thee, who call'dst us into light,
To thee we die, to thee we live.

7 Suffice that for the season past
Hell's horrid language fill'd our tongues;
We all thy words behind us cast,
And lewdly sang the drunkard's songs.

8 But, O the power of grace divine!
In hymns we now our voices raise,
Loudly in strange hosannas join,
And blasphemies are turn'd to praise!

204 8s and 6s.

I will sing with the Spirit, &c. 1 Cor. xiv. 15.

1 JESUS, thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert;
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim,
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart.

2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,—
Thy glory, not our own:
Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,
O let it never more steal in,
To' offend thy glorious eyes;
To desecrate our hallow'd strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice.

4 To magnify thy awful name,
To spread the honours of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raise;
Our souls' and bodies' powers unite,
Regardless of our own delight,
And dead to human praise.

5 Still let us on our guard be found,
And watch against the power of sound,
With sacred jealousy;
Lest, haply, sense should damp our zeal,
And music's charms bewitch and steal
Our hearts away from thee.

6 That hurrying strife far off remove,
That noisy burst of selfish love,
Which swells the formal song;
The joy from out our hearts arise,
And speak and sparkle in our eyes,
And vibrate on our tongue.

7 Then let us praise, our common Lord,
And sweetly join with one record
Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonising name.

8 With calmly-reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love;
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above!

205 P. M.

1 MY God, I am thine, What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb Thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of his Name.

2 True pleasures abound In the rapturous sound;
And whoever hath found it hath paradise found:
My Jesus to know, And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste To the heavenly feast:
That, that is the fulness; but this is the taste!
And this I shall prove, Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

206 C-8s.

1 WHAT am I, O thou glorious God!
And what my father's house to thee,
That thou such mercies hast bestow'd
on me, the vilest reptile, me!
I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at thy boundless love.

2 Me in my blood thy love pass'd by,
And stopp'd, my ruin to retrieve;
Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye:
Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded, "Live!"
Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
And pardon in thy mercy found.

3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,
I render to my pardoning God;
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving Name abroad;
That only Name to sinners given,
Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.

4 Jesus, I bless thy gracious power,
And all within me shouts thy Name;
Thy Name let every soul adore,
Thy power let every tongue proclaim;
Thy grace let every sinner know,
And find with me their heaven below.

207 7s.

1 JESUS is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is:
By his death to life restored,
Misery we exchange for bliss;
Bliss to carnal minds unknown:
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Only to believers shown,
Glorious and unspeakable!

2 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
Shows us his eternal love:
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above.
Let us walk with him in white,
For our bridal day prepare,
For our partnership in light,
For our glorious meeting there!

208 C. M.

1 COME, let us, who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise:
To him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

209 6-8s.

1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine:
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy Name.

2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with thy dear Name, are given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil; my ease in pain;
The med'cine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death; my heaven in hell.

210 6-8s.

1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain!
Ashamed, I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I stray'd;
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved;
Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread;
Thy creatures more than thee I loved;
And now it more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun, [shined;
That thy bright beams on me have
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.
6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Or smile,—thy sceptre, or thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day!

211 10s and 11s.

1 LET all men rejoice, By Jesus restored:
We lift up our voice, And call him
our Lord: [thrall;
His joy is to bless us, And free us from
From all that oppress us, He rescues us all.
2 Him Prophet, and King, And Priest we
proclaim;
We triumph and sing Of Jesus's Name:
Poor idiots he teaches To show forth his
praise,
And tell of the riches Of Jesus's grace.
3 No matter how dull The scholar whom He
Takes into his school, And gives him to see;
A wonderful fashion Of teaching he hath,
And wise to salvation He makes us through
faith. [not stray,
4 The wayfaring men, Though fools, shall
His method so plain, So easy the way:
The simplest believer His promise may
prove,
And drink of the river Of Jesus's love.
5 Poor outcasts of men, Whose souls were
despised,
And left with disdain, By Jesus are prized;
His gracious creation In us he makes
known, [own.
And brings us salvation, And calls us his

212 10s and 11s.

1 MY brethren beloved, Your calling ye
see; [we;
In Jesus approved, No goodness have
No riches or merit, No wisdom or might:
But all things inherit Through Jesus' sight.
2 Yet not many wise His summons obey;
And great ones despise So vulgar a way;
And strong ones will never Their helpless-
ness own, [alone.
Or stoop to find favour Through mercy
3 And therefore our God The outcasts hath
chose, [us:
His righteousness show'd To heathens like
When wise ones rejected His offers of grace,
His goodness elected The foolish and base.
4 To baffle the wise, And noble, and strong,
He bade us arise, An impotent throng;
Poor ignorant wretches, We gladly embrace
A Prophet who teaches Salvation by grace.
5 The things that were not, His mercy bids
live;
His mercy unbought We freely receive;
His gracious compassion We thankfully
prove,
And all our salvation Ascribe to his love.

213 C. M.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!
2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.
4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.
5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

214 C. M.

1 TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.
2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.
3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.
4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.
5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

215 7s and 6s.

1 GLORIOUS Saviour of my soul,
I lift it up to thee;
Thou hast made the sinner whole,
Hast set the captive free!
Thou my debt of death hast paid;
Thou hast raised me from my fall;
Thou hast full atonement made:
My Saviour died for all.
2 What could my Redeemer move
To leave his Father's breast?
Pity drew him from above,
And would not let him rest:
Swift to succour sinking man,
Sinking into endless woe,
Jesus to our rescue ran,
And God appear'd below.
3 God, in this dark vale of tears,
A man of griefs was seen;
Here for three and thirty years
He dwelt with sinful men.
Did they know the Deity?
Did they own him, who he was?
See the Friend of sinners, see!
He hangs on yonder cross!

4 Yet thy wrath I cannot fear,
Thou gentle, bleeding Lamb!
By thy judgment I am clear;
Heal'd by thy stripes I am:
Thou for me a curse wast made,
That I might in thee be blest;
Thou hast my full ransom paid,
And in thy wounds I rest.

216 C. M.

1 INFINITE, unexhausted Love!
(Jesus and love are one:)
If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrain'd to none.

2 What shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace?

3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.

4 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity!
So wide, it never pass'd by one,
Or it had pass'd by me.

5 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise!

6 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel-tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

7 Deeper than hell, it pluck'd me thence;
Deeper than inbred sin,
Jesus's love my heart shall cleanse,
When Jesus enters in.

8 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne!

9 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above;
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

217 C. M.

1 JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid:
Oppress'd by sins, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:
On thee alone my constant mind
Is every moment stay'd.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim:
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my Rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summon'd to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

218 7s.

1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze:
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strong-holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath open'd wide:
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesu's word is glorified:
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love!

219 5s and 11s.

1 ALL thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the least of his servants, his savour of grace.
Who the victory gave,
The praise let him have,
For the work he hath done:
All honour and glory to Jesus alone!

2 Our conquering Lord
Hath prosper'd his word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.
His arm he hath bared,
And a people prepared
His glory to show,
And witness the power of his passion below.

3 He hath open'd a door
To the penitent poor,
And rescued from sin,
And admitted the harlots and publicans in.
They have heard the glad sound;
They have liberty found,
Through the blood of the Lamb,
And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.

4 And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King?
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to thee:
Thou, Jesus, hast bless'd,
And believers increased,
Who thankfully own,
We are freely forgiven through mercy alone.

5 His Spirit revives
His work in our lives,
His wonders of grace,
So mightily wrought in the primitive days.
O that all men might know
His tokens below,
Our Saviour confess,
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace!

6 Thou Saviour of all,
Effectually call

The sinners that stray;
And, O, let a nation be born in a day!
Thy sign let them see,
And flow unto thee
For the oil and the wine,
For the blissful assurance of favour divine.

7 Our heathenish land
Beneath thy command
In mercy receive;
And make us a pattern to all that believe:
Then, then let it spread
Thy knowledge and dread,
Till the earth is o'erflow'd, [God.
And the universe fill'd with the glory of

220 8s.

1 ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored:
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledged thy birth;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was open'd on earth:
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of peace.

3 O wouldst thou again be made known,
Again in thy Spirit descend,
And set up, in each of thine own,
A kingdom that never shall end!
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

4 Come then to thy servants again,
Who long thy appearing to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below:
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er;
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarum of war
Shall break our eternal repose;
No sound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows:
Appeased by the charms of thy grace,
We all shall in amity join;
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a passion like thine.

221 7s and 6s.

1 MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace:
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine!

2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease:
Angels and archangels all
Praise the mystic Three in One;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelm'd before thy throne!

3 Vying with that happy choir,
Who chant thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love:
Thee *they* sing with glory crown'd;
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given;
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

222 8s and 6s.

1 HOW happy, gracious Lord! are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude:
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,
No period lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimproved below:
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise:
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers,
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy Name on high,
And, "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
(A bright harmonious throng!)
We long thy praises to repeat,
And restless sing, around thy seat,
The new, eternal song.

223 6-8s.

1 WHEN Israel out of Egypt came,
And left the proud oppressor's land,
Supported by the great I AM,
Safe in the hollow of his hand,
The Lord in Israel reign'd alone,
And Judah was his favourite throne.

2 The sea beheld his power, and fled,
Disparted by the wondrous rod;
Jordan ran backward to its head,
And Sinai felt the' incumbent God:
The mountains skipp'd like frighted rams,
The hills leap'd after them as lambs!

3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea?
What horror turn'd the river back?
Was nature's God displeased with thee?
And why should hills or mountains shake? [rams?
Ye mountains huge, that skipp'd like
Ye hills, that leaped as frighted lambs?

4 Earth! tremble on, with all thy sons,
In presence of thy awful Lord,
Whose power inverted nature owns,
Her only law his sovereign word:

He shakes the centre with his rod,
And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.

5 Creation, varied by his hand,
The' omnipotent Jehovah knows;
The sea is turn'd to solid land,
The rock into a fountain flows;
And all things, as they change, proclaim
The Lord eternally the same.

224 6-8s.

1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves the' oppress, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

225 L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Sing to the Lord; exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky:
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn:
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

6 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

226 C. M.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom! Thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings: [seas,
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 *Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,*
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 There thou has bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run:
There the pale planet rules the night;
The day obeys the sun.

4 If down I turn my wondering eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.

5 The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

6 There, like a trumpet, loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy host.

7 On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around;
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

8 Lo! here thy wondrous skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green;
A thousand herbs thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between.

9 There the rough mountains of the deep
Obey thy strong command:
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

10 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondering sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

11 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through thy works abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

12 But the mild glories of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesu's face
We see, adore, and love!

227 L. M.

1 HOW do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led:
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep:
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the' Almighty's shade:
My grief's expire, my troubles cease:
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own then lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity:
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

228 8s.

1 THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart;
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God:
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

229 4-6s and 2-8s.

1 GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise!
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings, came;
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live!
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give!
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My soul, and all its powers,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven;
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven,
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.

6 Then, when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Receive thy favour'd son,
In death's triumphant hour;
Like Moses to thyself convey,
And kiss my raptured soul away.

230 6-8s.

1 FOUNTAIN of life and all my joy;
Jesus, thy mercies I embrace;
The breath thou giv'st, for thee employ,
And wait to taste thy perfect grace;
No more forsaken and forlorn,
I bless the day that I was born.

2 Preserved, through faith, by power divine,
A miracle of grace I stand!
I prove the strength of Jesus mine!
Jesus, upheld by thy right hand,
Though in the flesh I feel the thorn,
I bless the day that I was born.

3 Weary of life, through inbred sin,
I was, but now defy its power;
When as a flood the foe comes in,
My soul is more than conqueror;
I tread him down with holy scorn,
And bless the day that I was born.

4 Come, Lord, and make me pure within,
And let me now be fill'd with God!
Live to declare I'm saved from sin:
And if I seal the truth with blood,
My soul, from out the body torn,
Shall bless the day that I was born.

231 P. M.

1 AWAY with our fears! The glad morning appears,
When an heir of salvation was born!
From Jehovah I came, For his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.

2 Thee, Jesus, alone. The fountain I own,
Of my life and felicity here; [King,
And cheerfully sing My Redeemer and
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice In thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below;
If of parents I came Who honour'd thy name,
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace, From my earliest days
Ever near to allure and defend; [sin,
Hitherto thou hast been My preserver from
And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares, And temptations, and snares,
Thy hand hath conducted me through!
O the blessings bestow'd By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new!

6 What a mercy is this, What a heaven of bliss,
How unspeakably happy am I! [Gather'd into the fold, With thy people enroll'd,
With thy people to live and to die!

7 O the goodness of God, Employing a clod
His tribute of glory to raise! [declare
His standard to bear, And with triumph
His unspeakable riches of grace!

8 O the fathomless love, That has deign'd to approve
And prosper the work of my hands!
With my pastoral crook I went over the brook,
And, behold, I am spread into bands!

9 Who, I ask in amaze, Hath begotten me these? [came?
And inquire, from what quarter they
My full heart it replies, They are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

10 All honour and praise To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son, I return! [life
The business pursue He hath made the
And rejoice that I ever was born.

11 In a rapture of joy My life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim; [bliss
'Tis worth living for this, To administer
And salvation in Jesus's name.

12 My remnant of days I spend in his praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem:
He they many or few, My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him.

232

4-6s and 2-8s.

1 YOUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky;
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name!
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
All excellencies meet,
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall for ever sit:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs;
Glory to God be given,
Above the noblest songs
Of all in earth or heaven:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

233

7s.

1 HAPPY man whom God doth aid!
God our souls and bodies made;
God on us, in gracious showers,
Blessings every moment pours;
Compasses with angel-bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands;
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestow'd;
Life, and all, descend from God.

2 He this flowery carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread;
God refreshes in the air;
Covers with the clothes we wear;
Feeds us with the food we eat;
Cheers us by his light and heat;
Makes his sun on us to shine;
All our blessings are divine!

3 Give him then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive!
Man we for his kindness love;
How much more our God above!
Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honour'd and adored:
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise!

234

L. M.

1 LET all that breathe Jehovah praise,
Almighty, all-creating Lord!
Let earth and heaven his power confess
Brought out of nothing by his Word.

2 *He spake the word, and it was done!*
The universe his Word obey'd;
His Word is his eternal Son,
And Christ the whole creation made.

3 Jesus, the Lord and God most high,
Maker of all mankind and me!
Me thou hast made to glorify,
To know, and love, and live to thee.

4 Wherefore to thee my heart I give,
(But thou must first bestow the power)
And if for thee on earth I live,
Thee I shall soon in heaven adore.

235

L. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

FIRST PART.

1 FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Call'd forth this universal frame!
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same:
Thou by thy word upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is show'd;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

2 In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse beneath thee spread;
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid!
Wisdom, and might, and love are thine;
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.

3 Thee sovereign Lord, let all confess,
That moves in earth, or air, or sky;
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
Tremble before thy piercing eye:
All ye, who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ:
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth;
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

236

L. M.

SECOND PART.

1 SON of thy Sire's eternal love,
Take to thyself thy mighty power,
Let all earth's sons thy mercy prove,
Let all thy bleeding grace adore:
The triumphs of thy love display;
In every heart reign thou alone,
Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
And glory ends what grace begun.

2 Spirit of grace, and health, and power,
Fountain of light and love below;
Abroad thy healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow:
Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth, to do thy will.

3 Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry:
On thee we cast our care; we live
Through thee, who know'st our every need:
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread!

237

L. M.

THIRD PART.

1 ETERNAL, spotless Lamb of God,
Before the world's foundation slain!
Sprinkle us ever with thy blood;
O cleanse, and keep us ever clean!

To every soul (all praise to thee!)
Our bowels of compassion move;
And all mankind by this may see
God is in us; for God is love.

2 Giver and Lord of life, whose power
And guardian care for all are free,
To thee, in fierce temptation's hour,
From sin and Satan let us flee:
Thine, Lord, we are, and ours thou art,
In us be all thy goodness show'd;
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart
With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.

3 Blessing and honour, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In earth below, and heaven above,
By all thy works, be paid to thee!
Thrice holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

238 7s.

1 MEET and right it is to praise
God, the Giver of all grace,
God, whose mercies are bestow'd
On the evil and the good:
He prevents his creatures' call,
Kind and merciful to all;
Makes his sun on sinners rise;
Showers his blessings from the skies.

2 Least of all thy creatures, we
Daily thy salvation see;
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led;
Through a wilderness of cares;
Through ten thousand thousand snares,
More than now our hearts conceive,
More than we could know, and live!

3 By our bosom foe beset,
Taken in the fowler's net,
Passion's unresisting prey,
Oft within the toils we lay:
Sleeping on the brink of sin,
Tophet gaped to take us in;
Mercy to our rescue flew,
Broke the snare, and brought us through.

4 Here, as in the lion's den,
Undevour'd we still remain;
Pass secure the watery flood,
Hanging on the arm of God;
Here we raise our voices higher,
Shout in the refiner's fire;
Clap our hands amidst the flame,
Glory give to Jesu's name.

239 C. M.

1 HAIL! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, in Persons Three!
Of Thee we make our joyful boast,
Our songs we make of Thee.

2 Thou neither canst be felt nor seen;
Thou art a Spirit pure:
Thou from eternity hast been,
And always shalt endure.

3 *Present alike* in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore;
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Thou dwell'st for evermore.

4 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.

5 Whate'er thou wilt, in earth below
Thou dost, in heaven above:
But chiefly we rejoice to know
The' almighty God of Love.

6 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made;
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters display'd
Throughout our universe.

7 Mercy, with love, and endless grace,
O'er all thy works doth reign;
But mostly thou delight'st to bless
Thy favourite creature Man.

8 Wherefore, let every creature give
To thee the praise design'd:
But, chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts of all mankind.

240 L. M.

On the Attributes of God.

FIRST PART.

1 O GOD, thou bottomless abyss,
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! What words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?
Unfathomable depths thou art;
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart;
With love embrace and cover me!
While thee, all-infinite, I set
By faith before my ravish'd eye,
My weakness bends beneath the weight;
O'erpower'd I sink, I faint, I die!

2 Eternity thy fountain was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast ere time began his race,
Ere glow'd with stars the' ethereal blue.
Greatness unspeakable is thine,
Greatness, whose undiminish'd ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,
When earth and heaven are fled away.
Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is from thee!

3 Thy parent-hand, thy forming skill,
Firm fix'd this universal chain;
Else empty barren darkness still
Had held his unmolested reign.
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns or meets the wandering thought,
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
By thee was to perfection brought!
High is thy power above all height!
Whate'er thy will decrees is done:
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known!

4 Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway
Vain man! thy wisdom fully own,
Lest in thy reason's feeble ray.

What our dim eye could never see,
Is plain and naked to thy sight;
What thickest darkness veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.
In light thou dwell'st; light that no shade,
No variation, ever knew;
Heaven, earth, and hell, stand all display'd,
And open to thy piercing view.

241 L. M.

SECOND PART.

1 THOU, true and only God, lead'st forth
The' immortal armies of the sky;
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth:
Thou thunderest, and amazed they fly!
With downcast eye the' angelic choir
Appear before thy awful face;
Trembling they strike the golden lyre,
And through heaven's vault resound thy praise.
In earth, in heaven, in all thou art;
The conscious creature feels thy nod,
Whose forming hand on every part
Impress'd the image of its God.

2 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone!
Justice and truth before thee stand:
Yet, nearer to thy sacred throne,
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.
Each evening shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;
Thy waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace!
To thy benign indulgent ears,
Father, this light, this breath we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of Being, flow.

3 Parent of Good, thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings down distils,
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.
All things in thee live, move, and are;
Thy power infused doth all sustain;
Even those thy daily favours share,
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.
Thy sun thou bidd'st his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour;
To all, who hate or bless thy sway,
Thou bidd'st descend the fruitful shower.

4 Yet while, at length, who scorn'd thy might
Shall feel thee a consuming fire,
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
Of those who to thy love aspire!
All creatures, praise the' eternal Name!
Ye hosts that to his court belong,
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,
Awake the everlasting song!
Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

242 7s and 6s.

1 *GLORIOUS God, accept a heart*
That pants to sing thy praise:
Thou without beginning art,
And without end of days;
Thou, a Spirit invisible,
Dost to none thy fulness show;

None thy majesty e
Or all thy Godhea

2 All thine attributes
Thy wisdom, powe
Happy in thyself alo
In goodness infini
Thou thy goodness l
On thine every wo
Lov'st whate'er thy
But man thou lov

3 Willing thou that a
Thy saving truth,
Dost to each, or bli
With strictest jus
Thou with perfect r
Renderest every r
Faithful in thy pro
And in thy threat

4 Thou art merciful t
Who truly turn t
Hear me then for p
And show thy gra
Me, through mercy
Me, for Jesu's sak
Me receive, thy fav
To sing thy praise

243 7s and

1 THOU, my God,
And infinite i
Thee let all in earth
Continually ador
Give me thy conve
That I may obedi
Serve my Maker al
And my Redeem

2 For my life, and cl
And every comfo
Thee, my most ind
I thank, with he
For the blessings n
Which thou hast
For my smallest sp
And for my hope

3 Gracious God, my
And thy good Sp
Then I shall in the
With all my lovi
Always unto Jesus
Him in heavenly
Who my cause hat
And ever prays f

4 Grace, in answer t
And every grace
That I may with
Perform thy wil
Rooted in humility
Still in every sta
Plant, almighty L
A meek and low

5 Poor and vile in
With self-abs
Still I would r
And magnif

Thee let every creature bless;
Praise to God alone be given:
God alone deserves the praise
Of all in earth and heaven.

244 7s and 6s.

1 THOU, the great, eternal God,
Art high above our thought!
Worthy to be fear'd, adored,
By all thy hands have wrought:
None can with thyself compare;
Thy glory fills both earth and sky;
We, and all thy creatures, are
As nothing in thine eye.

2 Of thy great unbounded power
To thee the praise we give,—
Infinitely great, and more
Than heart can e'er conceive:
When thou wilt to work proceed,
Thy purpose firm none can withstand,
Frustrate the determined deed,
Or stay the' Almighty Hand.

3 Thou, O God, art wise alone;
Thy counsel doth excel;
Wonderful thy works we own,
Thy ways unsearchable:
Who can sound the mystery,
Thy judgments' deep abyss explain,
Thine, whose eyes in darkness see,
And search the heart of man!

245 7s and 6s.

1 GOOD thou art, and good thou dost;
Thy mercies reach to all,
Chiefly those who on thee trust,
And for thy mercy call:
New they every morning are;
As fathers when their children cry,
Us thou dost in pity spare,
And all our wants supply.

2 Mercy o'er thy works presides;
Thy providence display'd
Still preserves, and still provides
For all thy hands have made:
Keeps, with most distinguish'd care,
The man who on thy love depends;
Watches every number'd hair,
And all his steps attends.

3 Who can sound the depths unknown
Of thy redeeming grace?
Grace, that gave thine only Son
To save a ruin'd race!
Millions of transgressors poor
Thou hast for Jesu's sake forgiven;
Made them of thy favour sure,
And snatch'd from hell to heaven.

4 Millions more thou ready art
To save, and to forgive!
Every soul and every heart
Of man thou wouldst receive:
Father, now accept of mine,
Which now, through Christ, I offer thee;
Tell me now, in love divine,
That thou hast pardon'd me!

246 L. M.

1 MY soul, through my Redeemer's care,
Saved from the second death I feel,
My eyes from tears of dark despair,
My feet from falling into hell.

2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run;
My eyes on his perfections gaze;
My soul shall live for God alone;
And all within me shout his praise.

247 L. M.

1 HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none!
Thy holiness is all thy own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare;
And, humbled into nothing, own,
Holy and pure is God alone!

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored!
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty;—

4 Thy power unparallel'd confess,
Established on the Rock of Peace;
The Rock that never shall remove,
The Rock of pure, almighty Love!

248 C. M.

1 BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King!
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

2 By thee the victory is given;
The majesty divine,
And strength, and might, and earth, and heaven,
And all therein, are thine.

3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain,
And, high on thine eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.

4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
Thou dost, and honour, give;
And kings their power and dignity
Out of thy hand receive.

5 Thou hast on us the grace bestow'd
Thy greatness to proclaim;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious name.

6 Thy glorious name and nature's powers
Thou dost to us make known;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through thy incarnate Son.

249 C. M.

1 GREAT God! to me the sight afford,
To him of old allow'd;
And let my faith behold its Lord
Descending in a cloud.

2 In that revealing Spirit come down,
Thine attributes proclaim,
And to my inmost soul make known
The glories of thy name.

3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be!
Fountain of being, and of power,
And great in majesty.

4 The Lord, the mighty God, thou art;
But let me rather prove
That name in-spoken to my heart,
That favourite name of Love.

5 Merciful God, thyself proclaim
In this polluted breast;
Mercy is thy distinguish'd name,
Which suits a sinner best.

6 Our misery doth for pity call,
Our sin implores thy grace;
And thou art merciful to all
Our lost apostate race.

250 C. M.

1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are!
A Rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodness must endure.

251 C. M.

1 FATHER of me, and all mankind
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love:

2 To know thy nature, and thy name,
One God in Persons Three;
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.

3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man;
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign.

4 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin,
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in:

5 The kingdom of establish'd peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of Godliness,
The' omnipotence of Love.

252 C. M.

1 *COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,*
One God in Persons Three,
Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favour, and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light in thy light O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived, and cheered, and bless'd by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled!

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven!

253 S. M.

1 FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.

2 Let all the angel-throng
Give thanks to God on high;
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.

3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

4 The grace to sinners show'd,
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!"

5 Spirit of Holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thine heart-renewing power.

6 Not angel-tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight.

7 Eternal, Triune Lord!
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record
And dwell upon thy love.

8 When heaven and earth are fled
Before thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints thy love hath made
Thine everlasting praise!

254 L. M.

1 THE day of Christ, the day of God,
We humbly hope with joy to see,
Wash'd in the sanctifying blood
Of an expiring Deity.

2 Who did for us his life resign,
There is no other God but One
For all the plenitude divine
Resides in the eternal Son.

3 Spotless, sincere, without offence,
O may we to his day remain,
Who trust the blood of God to cleanse
Our souls from every sinful stain.

4 Lord, we believe the promise sure;
The purchased Comforter impart;
Apply thy blood to make us pure,
To keep us pure, in life and heart!

5 Then let us see that day supreme,
When none thy Godhead shall deny,
Thy Sovereign Majesty blaspheme,
Or count thee less than the Most High:

6 When all who on their God believe,
Who here thy last appearing love,
Shall thy consummate joy receive,
And see thy glorious face above.

255 6-8s.

1 SPIRIT of truth, essential God,
Who didst thy ancient saints inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their hallow'd lips with fire;
Our God from all eternity,
World without end, we worship thee.

2 Still we believe, Almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
The meaning of the written word
Is by thy inspiration given:
Thou only dost thyself explain
The secret mind of God to man.

3 Come, then, Divine Interpreter,
The Scriptures to our hearts apply;
And, taught by thee, we God revere,
Him in Three Persons magnify;
In each the Triune God adore,
Who was, and is for evermore.

256 C. M.

1 HAIL! Father, Son, and Spirit great,
Before the birth of time
Enthroned in everlasting state,
JEHOVAH, ELOHIM!

2 A mystical plurality
We in the Godhead own,
Adoring One in Persons Three,
And Three in Nature One.

3 From thee our being we receive,
The creatures of thy grace;
And, raised out of the earth, we live
To sing our Maker's praise.

4 Thy powerful, wise, and loving mind
Did our creation plan;
And all the glorious Persons join'd
To form thy favourite, Man.

5 Again thou didst, in council met,
Thy ruin'd work restore,
Establish'd in our first estate,
To forfeit it no more.

6 *And when we rise* in love renew'd,
Our souls resemble thee,
An image of the Triune God,
To all eternity.

257 7s.

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky:
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad, thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
God of power, and God of love.

4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou!
Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away!

6 Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou!

7 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone
Art with thy great Father one;
One the Holy Ghost with thee;
One supreme, eternal THREE.

258 C. M.

1 JEHOVAH, God the Father, bless,
And thy own work defend!
With mercy's outstretch'd arms embrace,
And keep us to the end!

2 Preserve the creatures of thy love;
By providential care
Conducted to the realms above,
To sing thy goodness there.

3 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of thy face;
And all thy pardon'd people fill
With plenitude of grace!

4 Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in thee alone;
And lift us up, thy face to see
On thy eternal throne.

5 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to show!
With bliss ineffable, divine,
Our ravish'd hearts o'erflow.

6 Sure earnest of that happiness,
Which human hope transcends,
Be thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends!

259 C. M.

1 HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom One in Three we know;
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, Holy Father, we confess;
Thee, Holy Son, adore;
Thee, Spirit of Truth and Holiness,
We worship evermore.

4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God! receive,
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied, give.

5 Three Persons equally divine
We magnify and love;
And both the choirs ere long shall join,
To sing thy praise above.

6 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be,)
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

260 7s.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father, and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessings more than we can give;
Mix'd with those beyond the sky,
Chanters to the Lord Most High,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.

2 One, inexplicably Three,
One, in simplest Unity,
God, incline thy gracious ear,
Us, thy lisping creatures, hear!
Thee while man, the earth-born, sings,
Angels shrink within their wings;
Prostrate seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.

3 Happy they who never rest,
With thy heavenly presence blest!
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity!
Fain with them our souls would vie;
Sink as low, and mount as high;
Fall o'erwhelm'd with love, or soar;
Shout, or silently adore!

261 6-8s.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whom one all-perfect God we own,
Restorer of thine image lost,
Thy various offices make known;
Display, our fallen souls to raise,
Thy whole economy of grace.

2 Jehovah in Three Persons, come,
And draw, and sprinkle us, and seal,
Poor, guilty, dying worms, in whom
Thou dost eternal life reveal;
The knowledge of thyself bestow,
And all thy glorious goodness show.

3 Soon as our pardon'd hearts believe
That thou art pure, essential love,
The proof we in ourselves receive
Of the Three Witnesses above;
Sure, as the saints around thy throne,
That Father, Word, and Spirit, are One.

4 O that we now, in love renew'd,
Might blameless in thy sight appear:
Wake we in thy similitude,
Stamp'd with the Triune character:
Flesh, spirit, soul, to thee resign;
And live and die entirely thine!

262 C. M.

1 A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite;
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright:

2 To praise a Trinity adored
By all the hosts above;
And one thrice-holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

3 Triumphant host! they never ce
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of Holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky:

4 Whose glory to this earth extends
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

5 By faith the upper choir we meet
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah, on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.

6 But God made flesh is wholly our
And asks our nobler strain;
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earth-born man!

7 Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,
With rapturous amaze
On us, poor ransom'd worms, look
For heaven's superior praise.

8 The King, whose glorious face ye
For us his crown resign'd;
That fulness of the Deity,
He died for all mankind!

263 C. M.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory al
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by the
signs,
By thousands through the skies

2 Those mighty arbs proclaim thy p
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of thy hand
Or impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy strange de
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion
In their divinest forms;

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest sho
The justice, or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains!
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's
And try their choicest strains.

7 O! may I bear some humble pa
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my
And love command my ton

264 S. M.

1 O ALL-CREATING God!
At whose supreme decree
Our body rose, a breathing clod,
Our souls sprang forth from thee;
2 For this thou hast design'd,
And form'd us man for this,
To know and love thyself, and find
In thee our endless bliss.

SECTION II.—FOR BELIEVERS FIGHTING.

265 S. M.

1 O MAY thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord
And take it as by storm!
2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven!

266 PART I. S. M.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts pass'd,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.
3 Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array:
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day:
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design.
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.
4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace
And fortify the whole:
Indissoluably join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

267 PART II. S. M.

1 BUT, above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield:
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued:
Repell'd his every fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesu's blood.
2 *Jesus hath died for you!*
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns;
All power to him is given:
Believe, till freed from sin's remains;
Believe yourselves to heaven!
3 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.
Ready for all alarms,
Steadfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
And use your every grace.
4 Pray, without ceasing pray;
Your Captain gives the word;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing pray!

268 PART III. S. M.

1 IN fellowship, alone,
To God with faith draw near:
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the powers of prayer:
Go to his temple, go,
Nor from his altar move;
Let every house his worship know,
And every heart his love.
2 To God your spirits dart;
Your souls in words declare;
Or groan, to him who reads the heart,
The' unutterable prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.
3 Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees;
And spread your heart and hands abroad,
And pray for Sion's peace:
Your guides and brethren bear
For ever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
In grasping all mankind.
4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry
In all his soldiers, "Come;"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

269 6-8s.

1 SURROUNDED by a host of foes,
Storm'd by a host of foes within,
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to oppose,
Single, against hell, earth, and sin
Single, yet undismay'd, I am;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.
2 What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake?
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back;
Portray'd it bears a bleeding Lamb;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.
3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sins, and loose my bonds,
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God from heaven he came:
I dare believe in Jesu's name.
4 Salvation in his name there is;
Salvation from sin, death, and he

Salvation into glorious bliss;
How great salvation, who can tell?
But all he hath for mine I claim;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

270 S. M.

1 EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright;
Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

2 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb! which was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity:
With calm and temper'd zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

3 O do not let me trust
In any arm but thine!
Humble, O humble to the dust,
This stubborn soul of mine!
A feeble thing of nought,
With lowly shame I own,
The help which upon earth is wrought,
Thou dost it all alone.

4 O may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.
O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

271 7s and 6s.

1 O ALMIGHTY God of Love,
Thy holy arm display;
Send me succour from above,
In this my evil day:
Arm my weakness with thy power,
Woman's Seed, appear within;
Be my Safeguard and my Tower
Against the face of sin.

2 Could I of thy strength take hold,
And always feel thee near,
Confident, divinely bold,
My soul would scorn to fear:
Nothing should my firmness shock;
Though the gates of hell assail,
Were I built upon the Rock,
They never could prevail.

3 Rock of my salvation, haste,
Extend thy ample shade;
Let it over me be cast,
And screen my naked head:
Save me from the trying hour;
Thou my sure protection be;
Shelter me from Satan's power,
Till I am fix'd on Thee.

4 *Set upon thyself my feet,*
And make me surely stand;
From temptation's rage and heat
Cover me with thy hand:
Let me in the cleft be placed,
Never from my fence remove;
In thine arms of love embraced,
Of everlasting love.

272 6-8s

1 PEACE! doubting h
Who form'd me n
The Lord hath call'd
The Lord protects,
His blood for me did
And still he loves and

2 When passing throug
I ask in faith his p
The waves an awful
And shrink from n
Fearless their violenc
They cannot harm, f

3 To him mine eye of f
And through the fl
The fire forgets its p
The lambent flame
I own his power, acc
And shout to prove t

4 Still nigh me, O my
And guard in feroc
Hide in the hollow o
Show forth in me t
Still be thy arms my
Nor earth nor hell sh

5 Since thou hast bid n
(Good as thou art, a
I'll walk o'er life's t
Upborne by the m
Dauntless, though ro
And yawning whirlp

6 When darkness inter
And sorrow's wave
When high the storm
And half o'erwhelm
My soul a sudden cal
And hear a whisper,

7 Though in affliction's
Unhurt on snares a
Though sin assail, an
Pour all its flames
Like Moses' bush, I
And flourish, uncons

273 10s and

1 OMNIPOTENT L
King,
Thy succour afford,
Thy promises bind
have:
Now, now let me fi

2 Rejoicing in hope, A
To thee I look up For
I fear no denial, No
Nor start from the t

3 I every hour In jeope
But thou art my pov
While yet I am callin
It saves me from fa
from hell.

4 O who can explain T
This travail and pain
strife!
Plague, earthquake,
The wonderful comin

5 For every fight Is dre
The warrior's deligh
blood,
His foes overturnin
But this is with bu

6 Yet God is above,
My Jesus's love T
So terribly glorio
His love all-victo

7 He all shall break through; His truth and his grace
Shall bring me into The plentiful place,
Through much tribulation, Through water and fire, [of desire.
Through floods of temptation, And flames
8 On Jesus, my power, Till then I rely;
All evil before His presence shall fly:
When I have my Saviour, My sin shall depart,
And Jesus for ever Shall reign in my heart.

274 7s and 6s.

1 O MY old, my bosom foe,
Rejoice not over me!
Oft-times thou hast laid me low,
And wounded mortally:
Yet thy prey thou couldst not keep;
Jesus, when I lowest fell,
Heard me cry out of the deep,
And brought me up from hell.
2 Foolish world, thy shouts forbear,
Till thou hast won the day;
Could thy wisdom keep me there,
When in thy hands I lay?
If my heart to thee incline,
Christ again shall set it free!
I am his, and he is mine
To all eternity.
3 Satan, cease thy empty boast,
And give thy triumphs o'er;
Still thou seest I am not lost,
While Jesus can restore:
Though through thy deceit I fall,
Surely I shall rise again:
Christ my King is over all,
And I with him shall reign.
4 O my threefold enemy!
To whom I long did bow,
See your lawful captive, see,
No more your captive now!
Now before my face ye fly;
More than conqueror now I am;
Sin, the world, and hell defy,
In Jesu's powerful name.

275 C. M.

1 THE Lord unto my Lord hath said,
"Sit thou, in glory sit,
Till I thine enemies have made
To bow beneath thy feet."
2 Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
What can my hopes withstand,
While thee my Advocate I have,
Enthroned at God's right hand?
3 Nature is subject to thy word;
All power to thee is given,
The uncontroll'd, almighty Lord
Of hell, and earth, and heaven.
4 And shall my sins thy will oppose?
Master, thy right maintain!
O let not thy usurping foes
In me thy servant reign!
5 Come, then, and claim me for thine own;
Saviour, thy right assert!
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart!
6 *So shall I bless thy pleasing sway;*
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.
7 *So shall I do thy will below,*
As angels do above;
The virtue of thy passion show,
The triumphs of thy love.
8 Thy love the conquest more than gains;
To all I shall proclaim,
"Jesus, the King, the Conqueror, reigns;
Bow down to Jesu's Name."
9 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And every foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

*276 P. M.

1 WORSHIP, and thanks, and blessing,
And strength ascribe to Jesus!
Jesus alone Defends his own,
When earth and hell oppress us.
Jesus with joy we witness
Almighty to deliver;
Our seals set to, That God is true,
And reigns a King for ever.
2 Omnipotent Redeemer,
Our ransom'd souls adore thee:
Our Saviour thou, We find it now,
And give thee all the glory.
We sing thine arm unshorten'd,
Brought through our sore temptation;
With heart and voice In thee rejoice,
The God of our salvation.
3 Thine arm hath safely brought us
A way no more expected,
Than when thy sheep Pass'd through the deep,
By crystal walls protected.
Thy glory was our rear-ward,
Thine hand our lives did cover,
And we, even we, Have pass'd the sea,
And march'd triumphant over.
4 The world's and Satan's malice
Thou, Jesus, hast confounded;
And, by thy grace, With songs of praise
Our happy souls resounded.
Accepting our deliv'rance,
We triumph in thy favour,
And for the love Which now we prove,
Shall praise thy name for ever.

277 S. M.

1 JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength array'd,
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesu's mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.
2 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.
3 The bloody banner see,
And in your Captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow-soldiers, fight;
In mighty phalanx join'd,
To battle all proceed;
Arm'd with the unconquerable mind
Which was in Christ your Head.

4 Urge on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
'Tis seized by violent hands:
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies!
Satan, the world, and sin, trend down,
And take the glorious prize!

5 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain;
Yet, O disdain to fear!
"Courage!" your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew;
"Toil ye shall have; yet all despise,
I have o'ercome for you."

6 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war:
This is our victory!
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all.

278 7s and 6s.

David and Goliath. 1 Sam. xvii.

1 WHO is this gigantic foe
That proudly stalks along,
Overlooks the crowd below,
In brazen armour strong?
Loudly of its strength he boasts,
On his sword and spear relies;
Meets the God of Israel's hosts,
And all their force defies.

2 Tallest of the earth-born race,
They tremble at his power,
Flee before the monster's face,
And own him conqueror.—
Who this mighty champion is,
Nature answers from within
He is my own wickedness,
My own besetting sin.

3 In the strength of Jesu's name,
I with the monster fight;
Feeble and unarm'd I am,
But Jesus is my might:
Mindful of his mercies past,
Still I trust the same to prove;
Still my helpless soul I cast
On his redeeming love.

4 With my sling and stone I go
To fight the Philistine;
God hath said it shall be so,
And I shall conquer sin:
On his promise I rely,
Trust in an almighty Lord;
Sure to win the victory,
For he hath spoke the word.

5 In the strength of God I rise,
I run to meet my foe;
Faith the word of power applies,
And lays the giant low:
Faith in Jesu's conquering name
Slings the sin-destroying stone;
Points the word's unerring aim,
And brings the monster down.

6 *Rise, ye men of Israel, rise,*
Your routed foe pursue:
Shout his praises to the skies,
Who conquers sin for you:
Jesus doth for you appear,
He his conquering grace affords;
Saves you, not with sword and spear,
The battle is the Lord's.

7 Every day the Lord of Hosts
His mighty power displays:
Stills the proud Philistine's boast,
The threat'ning Gittite slays:
Israel's God let all below
Conqueror over sin proclaim;
O that all the earth might know
The power of Jesu's name!

279 L. M.

1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?—
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe the' unholy throng,
Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, endured, my God, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yes, let men rage, since thou will spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

6 Saviour of men, thy searching eye
Doth all my inmost thoughts descry!
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

7 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

8 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach! and welc me, pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

9 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name adored!

10 Give me thy strength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fix'd; I can do all through thee!

280 L. M.

1 THE Lord is King, and earth submits,
How'er impatient, to his sway;
Between the cherubim he sits,
And makes his restless foes obey.

2 All power is to our Jesus given;
O'er earth's rebellious sons he reigns;
He mildly rules the hosts of heaven;
And holds the powers of hell in chains.

3 In vain doth Satan rage his hour,
Beyond his chain he cannot go;
Our Jesus shall stir up his power,
And soon avenge us of our foe.

4 Jesus shall his great arm reveal;
Jesus, the woman's conquering Seed,
(Though now the Serpent bruise his heel,)
Jesus shall bruise the Serpent's head.

5 The enemy his fares hath sown,
But Christ shall shortly root them up,
Shall cast the dire Accu-er down,
And disappoint his children's hope:

6 Shall still the proud Philistine's noise,
Baffle the sons of unbelief;
Nor long permit them to rejoice,
But turn their triumph into grief.

7 Come, glorious Lord, the rebels spurn;
Scatter thy foes, victorious King:
And Gath and Askelon shall mourn,
And all the sons of God shall sing:

8 Shall magnify the sovereign grace
Of him that sits upon the throne;
And earth and heaven conspire to praise
Jehovah, and his conquering Son.

281

PART I. 8s and 6s.

1 ARE there not in the labourer's day
Twelve hours, in which he safely may
His calling's work pursue?
Though sin and Satan still are near,
Nor sin nor Satan can I fear,
With Jesus in my view.

2 Not all the powers of hell can fright
A soul that walks with Christ in light:
He walks, and cannot fall;
Clearly he sees, and wins his way,
Shining unto the perfect day,
And more than conquers all.

3 Light of the world! thy beams I bless!
On thee, bright Sun of Righteousness,
My faith hath fix'd its eye;
Guided by thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For thou art always nigh.

4 Ten thousand snares my paths beset;
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete,
Which thou to me hast given;
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.

5 Still will I strive, and labour still,
With humble zeal to do thy will,
And trust in thy defence:
My soul into thy hands I give;
And, if he can obtain thy leave,
Let Satan pluck me thence!

282

PART II. 8s and 6s.

1 BUT can it be, that I should prove
For ever faithful to thy love,
From sin for ever cease?
I thank thee for the blessed hope;
It lifts my drooping spirits up,
It gives me back my peace.

2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Mighty, and merciful, and just;
Thy sacred word is past;
And I, who dare thy word receive,
Without committing sin shall live,
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in thine almighty power;
The name of Jesus is a tower,
That hides my life above:
Thou canst, thou wilt my Helper
My confidence is all in thee,
The faithful God of Love.

4 While still to thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,
Thou canst not let me sin;
And thou shalt give me power to pray,
Till all my sins are purged away,
And all thy mind brought in.

5 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to thy continual care
I faithfully commend!
Assured that thou through life shalt save,
And show thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.

283

6-8s.

1 O GOD, my hope, my heavenly rest,
My all of happiness below,
Grant my importunate request,
To me, to me, thy goodness show:
Thy beatific face display,
The brightness of eternal day.

2 Before my faith's enlighten'd eyes
Make all thy gracious goodness pass;
Thy goodness is the sight I prize:
O may I see thy smiling face!
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
Reveal thy love, thy glorious name!

3 There, in the place beside thy throne,
Where all that find acceptance stand,
Receive me up into thy Son;
Cover me with thy mighty hand;
Set me upon the Rock, and hide
My soul in Jesus's wounded side.

4 O put me in the cleft; empower
My soul the glorious sight to bear!
Descend in this accepted hour;
Pass by me, and thy name declare;
Thy wrath withdraw, thy hand remove,
And show thyself the God of Love.

284

6-8s.

1 TO thee, great God of Love! I bow,
And prostrate in thy sight adore:
By faith I see thee passing now;
I have, but still I ask for more;
A glimpse of love cannot suffice:
My soul for all thy presence cries.

2 The fulness of my vast reward
A blest eternity shall be:
But hast thou not on earth prepared
Some better thing than this for me?
What,—but one drop!—one transient ray!
I want a sun,—a sea of light!

3 *Moses* thy backward parts might view,
But not a perfect sight obtain;
The Gospel doth thy fulness show
To us, by the commandment slain:
The dead to sin shall find the grace;
The pure in heart shall see thy face.

4 More favour'd than the saints of old,
Who now by faith approach to thee,
Shall all with open face behold
In Christ the glorious Deity;
Shall see and put the Godhead on,
The nature of thy sinless Son!

5 This, this is our high calling's prize!
Thine image in thy Son I claim;
And still to higher glories rise,
Till, all transform'd, I know thy name,
And glide to all my heaven above,
My highest heaven in Jesu's love.

285 L. M.

1 COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above!
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu!

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

7 Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With pure delight and inward bliss:
To know thou tak'st me for thine own,
O what a happiness is this!

8 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

286 L. M.

1 ABRAHAM, when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience show'd;
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 *His son the father offer'd up,*
Son of his age, his only son,
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less beloved than God alone.

3 O for a faith like
The bright exam
May gladly give u
To whom our m

4 Now, Lord, to the
Our willing soul
Pleasure, and wea
Freedom, and li

5 Is there a thing t
A thing from w
We can; we now
The idol from o

6 Jesus, accept our
All things for t
Lo! at thy word
Dies on the alta

7 For what to thee,
A hundredfold
And soon with th
And loss shall b

287 7

1 OMNIPRESEN
No one ever
Be this night abo
Every evil thou
Lay thy hand up
God of my unig
All my enemies c
Hell, and earth,

2 O thou jealous G
God of spotless
Claim, and seize
Consecrate my
Under thy protec
Songs in the nig
Let me sleep to th
Let me die to th

3 Only tell me I am
And thou wilt
Answer me in dre
Dreams and vis
Bid me even in sl
Restlessly my G
Mourn for God in
God in every th

4 Loose me from th
Set me from the
Draw with strong
My unfetter'd s
In me, Lord, thy
Fill me with a
Let me thee, whe
Let me in thy

288 8s a

1 O GOD, thy fa
My present
My great T
Haste to my al
And rescue th
I claim th

2 Where is the way? Ah, show me where,
That I thy mercy may declare,
The power that sets me free:
How can I my destruction shun?
How can I from my nature run?
Answer, O God, for me!

3 One only way the erring mind
Of man, short-sighted man, can find,
From inbred sin to fly:
Stronger than love, I fondly thought,
Death, only death, can cut the knot,
Which love cannot untie.

4 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace;
Thy love can find a thousand ways
To foolish man unknown:
My soul upon thy love I cast;
I rest me, till the storm is past,
Upon thy love alone.

5 Thy faithful, wise, and mighty love
Shall every stumbling-block remove,
And make an open way:
Thy love shall burst the shades of death,
And bear me from the gulf beneath,
To everlasting day.

289 L. M.

1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Oft hath the sea confess'd thy power,
And given me back at thy command;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.

4 Oft from the margin of the grave
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;
Sudden, I found thee near to save:
The fever own'd thy touch, and fled.

5 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

6 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my Wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known:
Bring me, where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

8 *Enlarge my heart to make thee room;*
Enter, and in me ever stay;
The crooked then shall straight become;
The darkness shall be lost in day.

290 L. M.

1 MY God, if I may call thee mine,
From heaven and thee removed so far;
Draw nigh; thy pitying ear incline,
And cast not out my languid prayer.

2 Gently the weak thou lov'st to lead,
Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee;
O break not then a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax in me!

3 Buried in sin, thy voice I hear,
And burst the barriers of my tomb,
In all the marks of death appear,—
Forth at thy call, though bound, I come.

4 Give me, O give me, fully, Lord,
Thy resurrection's power to know;
Free me indeed, repeat the word,
And loose my bands, and let me go.

5 Fain would I go to thee, my God,
Thy mercies and my wants to tell;
To feel my pardon seal'd in blood,
Saviour, thy love I wait to feel.

6 Freed from the power of cancell'd sin,
When shall my soul triumphant prove?
Why breaks not out the fire within
In flames of joy, and praise, and love?

7 Jesus, to thee my soul aspires;
Jesus, to thee I plight my vows;
Keep me from earthly, base desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse.

8 Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,
Thou art the good I seek below:
Fulness of joy in thee there is;
Without,—'tis misery all, and woe.

291 L. M.

1 FONDLY my foolish heart essays
To augment the source of perfect bliss,
Love's all-sufficient sea to raise
With drops of creature happiness.

2 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast given:
My portion Thou, my treasure, art,
And life, and happiness, and heaven.

3 Would aught on earth my wishes share,
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'd tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.

4 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all for thee resign;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

292 7s and 6s.

1 TO the haven of thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly!
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O the storm is high!
Save me from the tempestuous blast;
A covert from the tempest be!
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place,
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace.

O'er a parch'd and weary land
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succour been,
In my utter helplessness
Restraining me from sin:
O how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

4 First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun:
Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
Till thou the' abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

5 Never shall I want it less,
When thou the gift hast given,
Fill'd me with thy righteousness,
And seal'd the heir of heaven:
I shall hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see;
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall speak me up to thee.

293 L. M.

1 JESUS, my King, to thee I bow,
Enlisted under thy command;
Captain of my salvation, thou
Shalt lead me to the promised land.

2 Thou hast a great deliverance wrought,
The staff from off my shoulder broke;
Out of the house of bondage brought,
And freed me from the' Egyptian yoke.

3 O'er the vast howling wilderness,
To Canaan's bounds thou hast me led,
Thou bidd'st me now the land possess,
And on thy milk and honey feed.

4 I see an open door of hope;
Legions of sin in vain oppose;
Bold I with thee, my Head, march up,
And triumph o'er a world of foes.

5 Gigantic lusts come forth to fight,
I mark, disdain, and all break through;
I tread them down in Jesu's might,
Through Jesus I can all things do.

6 Lo! the tall sons of *Anak* rise!
Who can the sons of *Anak* meet?
Captain, to thee I lift mine eyes,
And, lo! they fall beneath my feet.

7 Passion, and appetite, and pride,
(Pride, my old, dreadful, tyrant-foe,)
I see cast down on every side,
And, conquering, I to conquer go.

8 My Lord in my behalf appears;
Captain, thy strength-inspiring eye
Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,
And makes the host of aliens fly.

9 *Who can before my* Captain stand?
Who is so great a King as mine?
High over all is thy right hand,
And might and majesty are thine!

SECTION III.—
PRA

294 6-

1 JESUS, thou Sov
The same thro
Attend thy feeble
And O instruct u
Pour out the suppl
And stir us up to s

2 We cannot think a
We cannot feel a
Till thou, who call'd
The power into o
And then we in th
And then we give

3 Jesus, regard the j
Of all thy tempt
And now supply t
And send us dow
The spirit of cease
And fix thy Agent

4 To help our soul's i
To heal thy sin-s
To urge our God-c
And make our h
The promised Inte
And let us now th

5 Come in thy plead
To us who for th
Of all thy gifts we
We ask the cons
Indulge us, Lord,
Thou canst not the

295 7s

Luke

1 COME, ye fo
In Jesu's
Jesus gives th
The ordinan
Let us his com
And ask and ha
Pray we, every
And never, r

2 Place no longe
To the old T
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While Satan
Stand we in th
And here with G
Pray we, every
And never, r

3 Be it wearines
To slothful f
Yet we will th
And bless th
All our griefs
And humbly po
Pray we, every
And never,

4 Let us patient
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Till we see
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Pray we, e
And nev

5 Pray we on when all renew'd,
And perfected in love;
Till we see the Saviour God
Descending from above,
All his heavenly charms survey,
Beyond what angel minds can paint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

296 S. M.

1 THE praying Spirit breathe,
The waching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart:
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts opprest;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.
2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thy own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

297 C. M.

1 SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day:
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.
2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.
3 The Spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.
4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go.
5 "I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.
6 "Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
And prayer in endless praise."

298 6-8s.

1 O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer,
What tongue can tell the' almighty grace!
God's hands or bound or open are,
As *Moses* or *Elijah* prays:
Let *Moses* in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out, "Let me alone!
2 "Let me alone, that all my wrath
May rise the wicked to consume!
While justice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the sinner's doom:
My Son is in my servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces me to spare."
3 O blessed word of gospel grace!
Which now we for our Israel plead;
A faithless and backsliding race,
Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed:
O do not then in wrath chastise,
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise.
4 Father, we ask in Jesu's name;
In Jesu's power and spirit pray!
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim;
O turn thy threat'ning wrath away
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pardoning love.
5 Father, regard thy pleading Son!
Accept his all-availing prayer;
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honour of our Spokesman there;
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

299 7s and 6s.

1 JESUS, thou hast bid us pray,
Pray always, and not faint;
With the word a power convey
To utter our complaint:
Quiet shalt thou never know,
Till we from sin are fully freed;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head
2 We have now begun to cry,
And we will never end,
Till we find salvation nigh,
And grasp the Sinner's Friend
Day and night we'll speak our woe,
With thee importunately plead:
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!
3 Speak the word, and we shall be
From all our bands released;
Only thou canst set us free,
By Satan long oppress'd:
Now thy power almighty show;
Arise, the woman's conquering Seed!
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!
4 To destroy his work of sin,
Thyself in us reveal;
Manifest thyself within
Our flesh, and fully dwell
With us, in us, here below;
Enter, and make us free indeed:
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!
5 Stronger than the strong man, thou
His fury canst control:
Cast him out, by entering now,
And keep our ransom'd soul;
Satan's kingdom overthrow,
On all the powers of darkness tread;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!
6 To the never-ceasing cries
Of thine elect, attend;
Send deliverance from the skies,
The mighty Spirit send:
Though to man thou seemest slow,
Our cries thou seemest not to heed;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!
7 Come, O come, all-glorious Lord!
No longer now delay;
With thy Spirit's two-edged sword
The crooked Serpent slay!
Bare thine arm, and give the blow,
Root out and kill the hellish seed;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

8 Jesus, hear thy Spirit's call,
Thy Bride, who bids thee come;
Come, thou righteous Judge of all,
Pronounce the Tempter's doom;
Doom him to infernal woe,
For him and for his angels made—
Now avenge us of our foe,
For ever bruise his head!

300 S. M.

1 JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me,
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

2 In me thy Spirit dwell!
In me thy bowels move!
So shall the fervour of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

301 S. M.

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind;
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the Tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings loss.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
(Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,)
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify, thy grace.

6 *I rest upon thy word;*
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

302

1 LORD, that I
Give me t
Wean my soul,
Willing thee al

2 Let me cast m
All that feeds
Not to man, b
Lay my reason

3 Of my boasted
Docile, helpless
Only seeing in
Only walking

4 Then infuse th
Spirit of truth
Knowledge, lo
Life eternal, to

303

1 AH, when
From
The slumber fr
And rise to
Awake, no
But stand w
Looking for Go
And watchi

2 O could I al
And never,
But simply to
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My soul to

3 I feel thee
A sinful wo
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4 Here will I
And tell the
And, Father, A
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5 Messiah, Pr
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6 Let us in pa
Till faith ab
Till thou shalt
In each be
Who can
Speak, a
Thou shalt
And pe

304

8s and 6s.

The Beatitudes. Matt. v. 1—12.

1 SAVIOUR, on me the want bestow,
Which all that feel shall surely know
Their sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.

2 Meeken my soul, thou heavenly Lamb,
That I in the new earth may claim
My hundredfold reward;
My rich inheritance possess,
Co-heir with the great Prince of Peace,
Co-partner with my Lord.

3 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire;
And feast my hungry heart:
Less than thyself cannot suffice:
My soul for all thy fulness cries,
For all thou hast, and art.

4 Mercy who show shall mercy find;
Thy pitiful and tender mind
Be, Lord, on me bestow'd;
So shall I still the blessing gain,
And to eternal life retain
The mercy of my God.

5 Jesus, the crowning grace impart;
Bless me with purity of heart,
That, now beholding thee,
I soon may view thy open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God for ever see!

6 Not for my fault or folly's sake,
The name, or mode, or form, I take,—
But for true holiness,
Let me be wrong'd, reviled, abhorr'd;
And thee, my sanctifying Lord,
In life and death confess.

7 Call'd to sustain the hallow'd cross,
And suffer for thy righteous cause,
Pronounce me doubly blest;
And let thy glorious Spirit, Lord,
Assure me of my great reward,
In heaven's eternal feast.

SECTION IV.—FOR BELIEVERS WATCHING.

305

S. M.

1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now, "Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole."
Lay to thy mighty hand;
Alarm me in this hour;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power!

2 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.
For each assault prepared
And ready may I be;
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

3 O do thou always warn
My soul of evil near!
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear:
"Come back! this is the way;
Come back, and walk herein!"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin!

4 Thou seest my feebleness;
Jesus, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.
Give me to trust in thee;
Be thou my sure abode;
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour, and my God.

5 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep:
My soul to thee alone
Now therefore I commend;
Thou, Jesus, love me as thy own,
And love me to the end.

306

6-8s.

1 FATHER, to thee I lift mine eyes,
My longing eyes, and restless heart:
Before the morning watch I rise,
And wait to taste how good thou art,
To obtain the grace I humbly claim,
The saving power of Jesu's name.

2 This slumber from my soul, O shake!
Warn by thy Spirit's inward call;
Let me to righteousness awake,
And pray that I no more may fall,
Or give to sin or Satan place,
But walk in all thy righteous ways.

3 O wouldst thou, Lord, thy servant guard,
'Gainst every known or secret foe;
A mind for all assaults prepared,
A sober, vigilant mind bestow,
Ever apprized of danger nigh,
And when to fight, and when to fly.

4 O never suffer me to sleep
Secure within the verge of hell;
But still my watchful spirit keep
In lowly awe and loving zeal;
And bless me with a godly fear,
And plant that guardian-angel here!

5 Attended by the sacred dread,
And wise from evil to depart,
Let me from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to purity of heart;
Through all the paths of duty move,
From humble faith to perfect love.

307

C. M.

1 GOD of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good!
If I have mercy found with thee,
Through the atoning blood;
The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear lest I should ever grieve
The gracious Spirit Divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove;
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
Or sin against thy love:
This choicest fruit of faith bestow
On a poor sojourner;
And let me pass my days below
In humbleness and fear.

3 Rather I would in darkness mourn
The absence of thy peace,
Than e'er by light irreverence turn
Thy grace to wantonness:
Rather I would, in painful awe,
Beneath thine anger move,
Than sin against the gospel law
Of liberty and love.

4 But, O! thou wouldst not have me live
In bondage, grief, or pain;
Thou dost not take delight to grieve
The helpless sons of men:
Thy will is my salvation, Lord;
And let it now take place!
And let me tremble at the word
Of reconciling grace.

5 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict Observer see;
And thou by reverent love unite
My child-like heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesu's feet abide;
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

308 C. M.

1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole!

309 8s and 6s.

1 HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by,
Throughout the evil day:
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armour arm;
In each approach of sin alarm,
And show the danger near;
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.

3 *Whene'er my careless hands hang down,*
O let me see thy gathering frown,
And feel thy warning eye;
And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,
O save me, or I die!

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart!
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance, which [broke
Unfaithful *Peter's* heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me like thyself below,
Unblamable in grace;
Ready prepared, and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, to' appear
Before thy glorious face.

310 C. M.

1 INTO a world of ruffians sent,
I walk on hostile ground;
While human bears on slaughter bent,
And ravening wolves, surround.

2 The lion seeks my soul to slay,
In some unguarded hour;
And waits to tear his sleeping prey,
And watches to devour.

3 But worse than all my foes I find
The enemy within,
The evil heart, the carnal mind,
Mine own insidious sin.

4 My nature every moment waits
To render me secure,
And all my paths with ease besets,
To make my ruin sure.

5 But thou hast given a loud alarm;
And thou shalt still prepare
My soul for all assaults, and arm
With never-ceasing prayer.

6 O do not suffer me to sleep,
Who on thy love depend;
But still thy faithful servant keep
And save me to the end!

311 S. M.

1 BID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed;
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.
O may I calmly wait
Thy succours from above;
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love!

2 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join;
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,
In panoply divine:
O may I set my face
His onsets to repel;
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell!

3 But, above all, afraid
Of my own bosom-foe,
Still let me seek to thee for aid,
To thee my weakness show;
Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

4 Give me a sober mind,
A quick discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.
Still may I cleave to thee,
And never more depart,
But watch with godly jealousy
Over my evil heart.

5 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath;
In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with thee to reign!

312 L. M.

1 JESU, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend;
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And hovering hides me in his wings;

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear:
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way;
Fly back to Christ; for sin is near."

5 His sacred unction from above
Be still my comforter and guide;
Till all the stony he remove,
And in my loving heart reside.

6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call:
Only by faith in thee I stand.

313 L. M.

1 PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear:
My utter helplessness reveal!
Satan and sin are always near;
Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire,
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire!

3 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorr'd approach of ill;
Quick, as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel!

Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

314 PART I. S. M.

1 HARK, how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound!
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround:
Who bow to Christ's commaind,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

2 See, in the mountain-top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesu's name I lift it up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh!
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven
Are all in Jesu's name.

4 Only have faith in God;
In faith your foes assail;
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell:
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule the lower world.

315 PART II. S. M.

1 ANGELS your march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible:
With rage that never ends,
Their hellish arts they try;
Legions of dire, malicious fiends,
And spirits enthroned on high.

2 On earth the' usurpers reign,
Exert their baneful power;
O'er the poor fallen sons of men
They tyrannize their hour:
But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their power defy?

3 Jesu's tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight:
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A Lion is in fight.
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And conquering them, through Jesu's blood,
We still to conquer go.

4 Our Captain leads us on:
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize:
"Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory;
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath
And thou shalt reign with me."

316 L. M.

1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But, O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes, our words be few!
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

317 L. M.

1 AH, Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace;
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more.

2 Lest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee;
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

318 S. M.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give:
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

319 6-8s.

1 WATCH'D by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame;
As servants of the Lord Most High,
As zealous for his glorious name,
We ought in all his paths to move,
With holy fear and humble love.

2 *That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,*
From every evil to depart;
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

320 8s and 6s.

1 BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given;
And let me through thy Spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

SECTION V.—FOR BELIEVERS WORKING.

321 C. M.

1 SUMMON'D my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in thy name my work I do,
And with a single heart.

2 End of my every action thou,
In all things thee I see:
Accept my hallow'd labour now;
I do it unto thee.

3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,
He views with gracious eyes;
Jesus, this mean oblation join
To thy great Sacrifice.

4 Stamp'd with an infinite desert,
My work he then shall own;
Well pleased with me, when mine the
And I his favour'd son. [ar

322 C. M.

1 SERVANT of all, to toil for man
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employ'd for us!

2 Thy bright example I pursue,
To thee in all things rise;
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.

3 Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with thee.

323 S. M.

1 GOD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face:
Through Jesus Christ the Just,
My faint desires receive;
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My offerings all be offer'd through
The ever-blessed Name!
Jesus, my single eye
Be fix'd on thee alone:
Thy name be praised on earth, on h
Thy will by all be done!

3 Spirit of faith, inspire
My consecrated heart;
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
With all thou hast, and art:
My feeble mind transform,
And, perfectly renew'd,
Into a saint exalt a worm,
A worm exalt to God!

324 L. M.

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom hath assign'd,
O let me cheerfully fulfil!
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy acceptable will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

5 For thee delightfully employ [given;
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

325 7s and 6s.

1 LO! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part;
Serve with careful *Martha's* hands,
And loving *Mary's* heart.

2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesu's name,
Supported by his smile:
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear!
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there!
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
'Midst busy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
Till all thy will be done.

4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
Before I hence remove!
Now my treasure and my heart
Are all laid up above:
Far above all earthly things,
While yet my hands are here employ'd,
Sees my soul the King of kings,
And freely talks with God.

5 O that all the art might know
Of living thus to thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
'Till they gain their full reward,
And see thy glorious face!

326 6-8s.

1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love:
Our strength, thy grace; our rule, thy
Our end, the glory of the Lord. [word;

2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

327 L. M.

1 O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me:

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

328 6-8s.

1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still;
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be:
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me;
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast!
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

SECTION VI.—FOR BELIEVERS SUFFERING.

329 C. M.

1 THEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thee, Saviour, we adore;
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,
And magnify thy power.

2 Thy power, in human weakness shown,
Shall make us all entire;
We now thy guardian presence own,
And walk unburn'd in fire.

3 Thee, Son of Man, by faith we see,
And glory in our Guide:
Surrounded and upheld by thee,
The fiery test abide.

4 The fire our graces shall refine,
Till, moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,
The stamp of perfect love.

330 6-8s.

1 SAVIOUR of all, what hast thou done,
What hast thou suffer'd on the tree?
Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,
Obedient unto death for me?
The mystery of thy passion show,
The end of all thy griefs below.

2 Thy soul, for sin an offering made,
Hath clear'd this guilty soul of mine;
Thou hast for me a ransom paid,
To change my human to divine,
To cleanse from all iniquity,
And make the sinner all like thee.

3 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
My bleeding SACRIFICE expired;
But didst thou not my PATTERN die,
That, by thy glorious Spirit fired,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make the crown by suffering sure?

4 Thou didst the meek example leave,
That I might in thy footsteps tread;
Might, like the Man of Sorrows, grieve,
And groan and bow with thee my head;
Thy dying in my body bear,
And all thy state of suffering share.

5 Thy every suffering servant, Lord,
Shall as his perfect Master be;
To all thy inward life restored,
And outwardly conform'd to thee,
Out of thy grave the saint shall rise,
And grasp, through death, the glorious prize.

6 This is the strait and royal way,
That leads us to the courts above;
Here let me ever, ever stay,
Till, on the wings of perfect love,
I take my last triumphant flight,
From Calvary's to Sion's height.

331 C. M.

1 THOU, Lord, hast blest my going out;
O bless my coming in!
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

2 Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

3 To thee for refuge may I run
From sin's alluring snare;
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er,
By giving thee my heart.

5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

332 6-8s.

1 MASTER, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be;
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
Where'er thou go'st, to follow thee;
Myself in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,
For thee I cheerfully forego;
My covetous and vain desires,
My hopes of happiness below;
My senses' and my passions' food,
And all my thirst for creature-good.

3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray:
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only thee, resolved to obey;
My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but thine.

4 All power is thine in earth and heaven;
All fulness dwells in thee alone;
Whate'er I have was freely given;
Nothing but sin I call my own;
Other propriety disclaim;
Thou only art the great I AM.

5 Wherefore to thee I all resign;
Being thou art, and Love, and Power;
Thy only will be done, not mine!
Thee, Lord, let heaven and earth adore!
Flow back the rivers to the sea,
And let our all be lost in thee!

333 8s and 6s.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
A while forgot your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight [praise,
Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

6 The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And, lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God is All in All!

334 8s and 6s.

2 *Sam.* xvi.

LORD, I adore thy gracious will;
Through every instrument of ill
My Father's goodness see;
Accept the complicated wrong
Of Shimei's hand and Shimei's tongue,
As kind rebukes from thee!

335 7s and 6s.

1 CAST on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I shall his salvation see,
According to his word:
Credence to his word I give:
My Saviour in distresses past
Will not now his servant leave,
But bring me through at last.

2 Better than my boding fears,
To me thou oft hast proved;
Oft observed my silent tears,
And challenged thy beloved:
Mercy to my rescue flew,
And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey;
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jesus, on thy Word and Name
I steadfastly rely;
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promised joy I soon shall have;
Saved again, to sinners tell
Thy power and will to save.

4 To thy blessed will resign'd,
And stay'd on that alone,
I thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own:
Compass'd round with songs of praise,
My all to my Redeemer give;
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And to thy glory live.

336 7s and 6s.

1 FATHER, in the Name I pray
Of thy Incarnate Love;
Humbly ask, that as my day
My suffering strength may prove:
When my sorrows most increase,
Let thy strongest joys be given:
Jesus, come with my distress,
And agony is heaven!

2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For good remember me!
Me, whom thou hast caused to trust
For more than life on thee:
With me in the fire remain,
Till like burnish'd gold I shine,
Meet, through consecrated pain,
To see the Face Divine.

337 L. M.

1 ETERNAL Beam of Light Divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine
Through earth beneath, and heaven above:

2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill,
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh! [gone;
So shall each murmuring thought be
And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace!"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still!"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

6 O death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

338 L. M.

1 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace;
O make me in thy likeness shine!

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone thou hast the winepress trod:
In me thy strength' ning grace be shown,
O may I conquer through thy blood!

6 So, when on Sion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories sing.

339 L. M.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean!

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee!
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

SECTION VII.—SEEKING FOR FULL REDEMPTION.

340 S. M.

1 THE thing my God doth hate
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew:
My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart:
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove;
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.
Soul of my soul remain!
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

341 L. M.

1 O JESUS, let thy dying cry
Pierce to the bottom of my heart,
Its evils cure, its wants supply,
And bid my unbelief depart.

2 Slay the dire root a
Prepare for thee
Then, O essential I
And fill thy hou

3 Let me, according
A tender, contrit
Which grieves at h
And never can f

4 A heart thy joys a
A heart that can
A heart where Chr
All praise, all in

342 C

1 GOD of eternal
Thy faithfu
Thy word, thy o
In us, even us,

2 Let us, to perfect
Thy image her
And in the prese
The life of ang

3 That mighty fai
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4 Till thou into m
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5 But is it possible
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Lord, if on thee
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6 On me that fait
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343

1 O FOR a hea
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2 A heart resign'd
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3 An humble, lov
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Which neither
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4 A heart in ever
And full of lo
Perfect, and ri
A copy, Lord

5 Thy tender hea
And melts at
Jesus, for thee
I want thy lo

6 My heart, thou
Till thou cre
Till, of my Ed
From every

7 Fruit of thy
Bestow th
The hidden
Of life, a

8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

344 6-8s.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fix'd, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee;
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

5 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live:
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee!

6 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may, "Abba, Father," cry!

7 Ah no! ne'er will I backward turn;
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am:
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame!
O help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love.

8 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

345 4-6s and 2-8s.

1 YE ransom'd sinners, hear,
The prisoners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 *Let others hug their chains,*
For sin and Satan plead,
And say, from sin's remains
They never can be freed:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful he is, and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near:
Again I say, Rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Who Jesu's sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

6 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

7 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise;
Let us give thanks, and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

346 C. M.

1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

347 C. M.

1 JESUS, my life! thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with thy rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive!

3 More of thy life, and more, I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

348

7s. *Isaiah* XXXV.

PART I.

1 HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Ever faithful to thy word,
Humbly we our seal set to,
Testify that thou art true.
Lo! for us the wilds are glad,
All in cheerful green array'd;
Opening sweets they all disclose,
Bud and blossom as the rose.

2 Hark! the wastes have found a voice;
Lonely deserts now rejoice,
Gladsome hallelujahs sing,
All around with praises ring.
Lo! abundantly they bloom;
Lebanon is hither come;
Carmel's stores the heavens dispense,
Sharon's fertile excellence.

3 See, these barren souls of ours
Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers,
Flowers of Eden, fruits of grace,
Peace, and joy, and righteousness.
We behold (the objects, we!)
Christ, the' incarnate Deity,
Christ, in whom thy glories shine,
Excellence of strength divine.

4 Ye that tremble at his frown,
He shall lift your hands cast down;
Christ, who all your weakness sees,
He shall prop your feeble knees.
Ye of fearful hearts, be strong;
Jesus will not tarry long;
Fear not lest his truth should fail:
Jesus is unchangeable.

5 God, your God, shall surely come,
Quell your foes, and seal their doom;
He shall come and save you too:
We, O Lord, have found thee true!
Blind we were, but now we see;
Deaf, we hearken now to thee;
Dumb, for thee our tongues employ;
Lame, and, lo! we leap for joy.

6 Faint we were, and parch'd with drought,
Water at thy word gush'd out:
Streams of grace our thirst repress,
Starting from the wilderness.
Still we gasp thy grace to know;
Here for ever let it flow;
Make the thirsty land a pool;
Fix the Spirit in our soul.

349

PART II. 7s.

1 WHERE the ancient Dragon lay,
Open for thyself a way!
There let holy tempers rise,
All the fruits of Paradise.
Lead me in the way of peace,
In the path of righteousness,
Never by the sinner trod,
Till he feels the cleansing blood.

2 There the simple cannot stray;
Babes, though blind, may find the way,
Find, nor ever thence depart,
Safe in lowliness of heart:
Far from fear, from danger far;
No devouring beast is there;
There the humble walk secure,
God hath made their footsteps sure.

3 Jesus, mighty to redeem,
Let our lot be cast with them;
Far from earth our souls remove,
Ransom'd by thy dying love.
Leave us not below to mourn;
Fain we would to thee return,
Crown'd with righteousness, arise
Far above these nether skies.

4 Come, and all our sorrows chase,
Wipe the tears from every face;
Gladness let us now obtain,
Partners of thine endless reign.
Death, the latest foe, destroy;
Sorrow then shall yield to joy;
Gloomy grief shall flee away,
Swallow'd up in endless day.

350

7s.

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be!

2 Jesu, see my panting breast!
See I pant in thee to rest!
Gladly would I now be clean:
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind;
To thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God!
Take the purchase of thy blood!

5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He the' atonement now receives;
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.

6 See, ye sinners, see! the flame,
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb,
Marks the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.

7 Jesus, when this light we see,
All our soul's athirst for thee;
When thy quick'ning power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.

8 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven!

351

6-8s, *second metre.*

1 COME, Holy Ghost, all quick'ning fire
Come, and my hallow'd heart inspir
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:
Now to my soul thyself reveal;
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.

2 Thy witness with my spirit bear,
That God, my God, inhabits there,
Thou, with the Father, and the Son,
Eternal life's co-eval beam;—
Be Christ in me, and I in him,
Till perfect we are made in one.

3 When wilt thou my whole heart subd
Come, Lord, and form my soul anew
Emptied of pride, and wrath, and

Less than the least of all thy store
Of mercies, I myself abhor:
All, all my vileness may I feel.

4 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
In love create thou all things new.

5 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified,
To thee with my whole soul aspire;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire!

6 Be thou my joy, be thou my dread;
In battle cover thou my head:
Nor earth nor hell I then shall fear;
I then shall turn my steady face,—
Want, pain defy,—enjoy disgrace,—
Glory in dissolution near.

7 My will be swallow'd up in thee;
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face;
Call'd the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallow'd heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

8 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire!
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
Still to my soul thyself reveal;
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

352

2-6s and 4-7s.

1 JESUS, thou art our King!
To me thy succour bring;
Christ, the mighty One, art thou;
Help for all on thee is laid;
This the word; I claim it now;
Send me now the promised aid.

2 High on thy Father's throne,
O look with pity down!
Help, O help, attend my call,
Captive lead captivity:
King of glory, Lord of all,
Christ, be Lord, be King to me!

3 I pant to feel thy sway
And only thee to' obey;
Thee my spirit gasps to meet;
This my one, my ceaseless prayer,—
Make, O make my heart thy seat,
O set up thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory;
Hell, and death, and sin control,
Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
All subdue; through all my soul
Conquering, and to conquer go.

353

6-8s, *second metre.*

1 O JESU, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man nor angel knows;
Fairest among ten thousand fair!
Even those whom death's sad fetters [round,
bound,
Whom thickest darkness compass'd
Find light and life, if thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the Light Divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course began;
Thou, when the' appointed hour was come,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
But, God with God, wast man with man.

3 The world, sin, death, oppose in vain;
Thou, by thy dying, death hast slain,
My great Deliverer, and my God!
In vain does the old Dragon rage,
In vain all hail its powers engage:
None can withstand thy conquering blood.

4 Lord over all, sent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,
To thy dread sceptre will I bow:
With duteous reverence at thy feet,
Like humble Mary, lo! I sit;
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth now.

5 Renew thine image, Lord, in me;
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but these to thee are dear:
No anger may'st thou ever find,
No pride, in my unruffled mind, [there!
But faith, and heaven-born peace, be

6 A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call,
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to' adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All!

354

7s and 6s.

1 EVER fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call;
Thee I restlessly require;
I want my God, my All!
Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
Lamenting all my days?
Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not the light afford,
The darkness from my soul remove
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
The second gift impart;
With the' indwelling Spirit give
A new, a contrite heart;
If with love thy heart is stored,
If now o'er me thy bowels move,
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

4 Let me gain my calling's hope;
O make the sinner clean!
Dry corruption's fountain up,
Cut off the entail of sin:
Take me into thee, my Lord,
And I shall then no longer rove:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

5 Thou, my Life, my Treasure be,
My portion here below;
Nothing would I seek but thee,
Thee only would I know,
My exceeding great Reward,
My Heaven on earth, my Heaven above!
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

6 Grant me now the bliss to feel
Of those that are in thee;
Son of God, thyself reveal,
Engrave thy name on me;
As in heaven be here adored,
And let me now the promise prove;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

355 7s.

Phil. ii. 5.

1 JESU, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee?
Never by thy work abide,
Never in thy wounds reside?

2 O how wavering is my mind,
Toss'd about with every wind!
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart!

3 Jesu, let my nature feel,
Thou art God unchangeable:
JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
Speak into my soul thy Name.

4 Grant that every moment I
May believe, and feel thee nigh;
Steadfastly behold thy face,
'Stablish'd with abiding grace.

5 Plant, and root, and fix in me
All the mind that was in thee:
Settled peace I then shall find;
Jesu's is a *quiet* mind.

6 Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still,
Meekly on my God reclined;
Jesu's is a *gentle* mind.

7 I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in all alike resign'd;
Jesu's is a *patient* mind.

8 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind;
Jesu's is a *noble* mind.

9 When I feel it fix'd within,
I shall have no power to sin;
How shall sin an entrance find?
Jesu's is a *spotless* mind.

10 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified;
Perfectly to him be join'd;
Jesu's is a *loving* mind.

11 I shall triumph evermore,
Gratefully my God adore,—
God so good, so true, so kind:
Jesu's is a thankful mind.

12 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure;
Be no more to sin inclined;
Jesu's is a constant mind.

13 I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord;
Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesu's is a *perfect* mind.

356 C. M.

1 LORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise, true;
And, lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
A while show forth thy praise;
Jesu, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name;
Let him who raised thee from the dead
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

5 Spare me till I my strength of soul,
Till I thy love retrieve;
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.

6 Faith to be heal'd thou know'st I have,
From sin to be made clean;
Able thou art from sin to save,
From all indwelling sin.

7 Surely thou canst, I do not doubt,
Thou wilt, thyself impart;
The bond-woman's base son cast out,
And take up all my heart.

8 I shall my ancient strength renew:
The excellence divine
(If thou art good, if thou art true)
Throughout my soul shall shine.

9 I shall, a weak and helpless worm
Through Jesus strengthening me,
Impossibilities perform,
And live from sinning free.

10 For this in steadfast hope I wait;
Now, Lord, my soul restore;
Now the new heavens and earth create,
And I shall sin no more.

357 C. M.

Matt. vi. 10.

1 JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the choirs above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels, who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner I
Shall serve thee without fear;
My heart no longer gives the lie
To my deceitful prayer.

5 When thou the work of faith hast
I shall be pure within, [wrought,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought;
For angels never sin.

6 From thee no more shall I depart,
No more unfaithful prove,
But love thee with a constant heart;
For angels always love.

7 I all thy holy will shall prove:
I, a weak, sinful worm,
When thee with all my heart I love,
Shall all thy law perform.

8 The graces of my second birth
To me shall all be given;
And I shall do thy will on earth,
As angels do in heaven.

358 7s and 6s.

1 OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.

2 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

3 Thou didst undertake for me,
For me to death wast sold;
Wisdom in a mystery
Of bleeding love unfold:
Teach the lesson of thy cross,
Let me die with thee to reign;
All things let me count but loss,
So I may thee regain.

4 Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within:
Take me, whom thyself hast bought;
Bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought,
That would not stoop to thee.

5 Lord, my time is in thy hand,
My soul to thee convert:
Thou canst make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart:
Thine in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the praise is thine;
Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love,
And all thou art is mine.

359 7s and 6s.

Daniel iii.

1 GOD of Israel's faithful Three,
Who braved a tyrant's ire,
Nobly scorn'd to bow the knee,
And walk'd unhurt in fire;
Breathe their faith into my breast;
Arm me in this fiery hour;
Stand, O Son of Man, confest
In all thy saving power!

2 For while thou, my Lord, art nigh,
My soul disdains to fear;
Sin and Satan I defy,
Still impotently near;
Earth and hell their wars may wage;
Calm I mark their vain design,
Smile to see them idly rage
Against a child of thine.

3 Unto thee, my Help, my Hope,
My Safeguard, and my Tower,
Confident I still look up,
And still receive thy power:
All the alien's hosts I chase,
Blast and scatter with mine eyes
Satan comes; I turn my face,
And, lo! the tempter flies.

4 Sin in me, the inbred foe,
Awhile subsists in chains;
But thou all thy power shalt show,
And slay its last remains:
Thou hast conquer'd my desire,
Thou shalt quench it with thy blood,
Fill me with a purer fire,
And make me all like God.

360 C. M.

Rom. iv. 18, &c.

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour, and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised him from the dead.

2 Thou know'st for my offence he died,
And rose again for me,
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to thee.

3 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus given;
And all who seek, in him shall find
The happiness of heaven.

4 O God! thy record I believe,
In Abraham's footsteps tread;
And wait, expecting to receive,
The Christ, the promised Seed.

5 Faith in thy power thou seest I have,
For thou this faith hast wrought;
Dead souls thou callest from their grave,
And speakest worlds from nought.

6 Things that are not, as though they
Thou callest by their name; [were,
Present with thee the future are,
With thee, the great I AM.

7 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe;
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up,
Thou shalt thy Spirit give.

8 The thing surpasses all my thought;
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I staggered not
For God hath spoke the word.

9 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

10 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, in that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

11 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

361 C. M.

1 MY God! I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 When shall I see the welcome hour,
That plants my God in me!
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty!

4 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

5 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
(Mine own unconquerable sin,)
And form my soul anew.

6 Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
The stone to flesh convert,
Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break
An adamantine heart.

7 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

8 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come!

9 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

10 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

11 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

362 C. M.

1 *BE it according to thy word;*
This moment let it be!
O that I now, my gracious Lord,
Might lose my life for thee!

2 Now, Jesus, let thy powerful death
Into my being come;
Slay the old Adam with thy breath;
The man of sin consume.

3 Withhold whate'er my flesh requires;
Poison my pleasant food;
Spoil my delights, my vain desires,
My all of creature-good.

4 My old affections mortify;
Nail to the cross my will;
Daily and hourly bid me die,
Or altogether kill.

5 Jesus, my life, appear within,
And bruise the serpent's head;
Enter my soul, extirpate sin,
Cast out the cursed seed.

6 Hast thou not made me willing, Lord?
Would I not die this hour?
Then speak the killing, quick'ning word;
Slay, raise me, by thy power.

7 Slay me, and I in thee shall trust,
With thy dead men arise;
Awake, and sing out of the dust,
Soon as this nature dies.

8 O let it now make haste to die,
The mortal wound receive!
So shall I live; and yet not I,
But Christ in me shall live.

9 Be it according to thy word!
This moment let it be!
The life I lose for thee, my Lord,
I find again in thee.

363 L. M.

1 WHAT! never speak one evil word.
Or rash, or idle, or unkind!
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find?

2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart;
And all my spotless life shall tell
The' abundance of a loving heart.

3 Saviour, I long to testify
The fulness of thy saving grace;
O might thy Spirit the blood apply,
Which bought for me the sacred peace!

4 Forgive, and make my nature whole;
My inbred malady remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

364 6-8s.

1 JESUS, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I ask of thee;
That living water now bestow—
Thy Spirit and thyself, on me:
Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art;
Now let me find thee in my heart.

2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness;
Spring up, O Well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure perennial peace,
In joy that none can take away,
In life which shall for ever stay.

3 Father, on me the grace bestow,
Unblamable before thy sight,
Whence all the streams of mercy flow;
Mercy, thy own supreme delight,
To me, for Jesu's sake, impart,
And plant thy nature in my heart.

4 Thy mind throughout my life be shown,
While, list'ning to the wretch's cry,
The widow's and the orphan's groan,
On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
The poor and helpless to relieve,
My life, my all, for them to give.

5 Thus may I show the Spirit within,
Which purges me from every stain;
Unspotted from the world and sin,
My faith's integrity maintain;
The truth of my religion prove,
By perfect purity and love.

365

PART I. 6-8s.

1 O GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help a sinner to draw near
With boldness to the throne of grace:
Help me thy benefits to sing,
And smile to see me feebly bring
My humble sacrifice of praise.

2 I cannot praise thee as I would;
But thou art merciful and good;
I know thou never wilt despise
The day of small and feeble things,
But bear me, till on eagles' wings
To all the heights of love I rise.

3 I thank thee for that gracious taste,
(Which pride would not permit to last.)
That touch of love, that pledge of heaven:
Surely on me my Father smiled,
And once I knew him reconciled,
And once I felt my sins forgiven.

4 My Lord and God I then could see,
My Saviour, who hath died for me,
To bring the rebel near to God;
Thou didst, thou didst, thy peace impart;
Pardon was written on my heart,
In largest characters of blood.

5 Vilest of all the sons of men,
When I to folly turn'd again,
And sinn'd against thy light and love,
Grace did much more than sin abound;
Amazed, I still forgiveness found,
And thank'd my Advocate above.

6 Saviour, for this I thank thee now;
My Saviour to the utmost, thou
Hast snatch'd me from the gates of hell;
That I to all mankind may prove
Thy free, thine everlasting love,
Which all mankind with me may feel.

7 The boundless love that found out me,
For every soul of man is free;
None of thy mercy need despair;
Patient, and pitiful, and kind,
Thee every soul of man may find,
And, freely saved, thy grace declare.

8 *A vile, backsliding sinner,* I
Ten thousand deaths deserve to die;
Yet still by sovereign grace I live!
Saviour, to thee I still look up;
I see an open door of hope;
And wait thy fulness to receive.

9 How shall I thank thee for the grace,
The trust I have to see thy face,
When sin shall all be purged away!
The night of doubts and fears is past;
The Morning Star appears at last,
And I shall see the perfect day.

366

PART II. 6-8s.

1 I SOON shall hear thy quick'ning voice,
Shall always pray, give thanks, rejoice,
(This is thy will and faithful word;)
My spirit meek, my will resign'd;
Lowly as thine shall be my mind:
The servant shall be as his Lord.

2 Already, Lord, I feel thy power;
Preserved from evil every hour,
My great Preserver I proclaim:
Safety and strength in thee I have;
I find, I find thee strong to save,
And know that Jesus is thy name.

3 By faith I every moment stand,
Strangely upheld by thy right hand;
I my own wickedness eschew:
A sinner, I am kept from sin;
And thou shalt make me pure within,
And thou shalt form my soul anew.

4 Come, then, and loose my stamm'ring tongue,
Teach me the new, the joyful song,
And perfect in a babe thy praise:
I want a thousand lives to employ
In publishing the sounds of joy,
The gospel of thy general grace.

5 Come, Lord, thy Spirit bids thee come;
Give me thyself, and take me home;
Be now the glorious earnest given!
The counsel of thy grace fulfil;
Thy kingdom come, thy perfect will
Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven.

367

S. M.

1 O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.
The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finish'd holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

2 Hasten the joyful day,
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be pass'd away,
And all things new become.
The original offence
Out of my soul erase;
Enter thyself, and drive it hence,
And take up all the place.

3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well-pleasing in thy sight:
I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

368 7s & 6s.

1 FATHER, see this living clod,
This spark of heavenly fire;
See my soul, the breath of God,
Doth after God aspire:
Let it still to heaven ascend,
Till I my principle rejoin,
Blended with my glorious end,
And lost in love divine.

2 Lord, if thou from me hast broke
The power of outward sin,
Burst this Babylonish yoke,
And make me free within:
Bid my inbred sin depart,
And I thy utmost word shall prove,
Upright both in life and heart,
And perfected in love.

3 God of all-sufficient grace,
My God in Christ thou art;
Bid me walk before thy face,
Till I am pure in heart;
Till, transform'd by faith divine,
I gain that perfect love unknown,
Bright in all thine image shine,
By putting on thy Son.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In council join again,
To restore thine image lost
By frail, apostate man:
O might I thy form express,
Through faith begotten from above,
Stamp'd with real holiness,
And fill'd with perfect love.

369 L. M.

1 O GOD, most merciful and true!
Thy nature to my soul impart;
'Stablish with me the cov'nant new,
And write perfection on my heart.

2 To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind!
And, in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fulness of life eternal find.

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But sunk in guiltless shame adore
With speechless wonder at thy feet.

4 O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.

5 Then every murmuring thought and vain
Expires, in sweet confusion lost;
I cannot of my cross complain;
I cannot of my goodness boast.

6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God for ever pacified!

370 C. M.

1 *DEEPEN the wound thy hands have made*
In this weak, helpless soul,
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descends to make me whole.

2 The sharpness of thy tw
Enable me to' endure
Till bold to say, My hal
Hath wrought a perfe

3 I see the' exceeding bro
Which all contains in
Enlarge my heart to un
The mystery unknow

4 O that with all thy sain
By sweet experience
What is the length,
And depth, of perfect

371 8s.

1 WHAT now is my ol
What now is my
To follow the heavenly
And after his image
My hope is all centred
I trust to recover thy
On earth thy salvation
And then to enjoy it

2 I thirst for a life-givin
A God that on Calva
A fountain of water an
Which gush'd from
I gasp for the stream o
The spirit of rapture
And then to re-drink i
Eternally fresh from

372 7s & 6

GIVE me the enla
And open, Lor
Thy own fulness to r
And comprehend t
Stretch my faith's ca
Wider, and yet wi
Then with all that is
My soul for ever fi

373 6-8s.

1 JESU, thy boundless
No thought can r
O knit my thankful he
And reign without a
Thine wholly, thine al
Be thou alone my cons

2 O grant that nothing i
May dwell, but thy
O may thy love possess
My joy, my treasure
Strange flames far fro
My every act, word, th

3 O Love, how cheering
All pain before thy
Care, anguish, sorrow,
Where'er thy healin
O Jesu, nothing may
Nothing desire, or seek

4 Unwearied may I thi
Dauntless to the h
Hourly within my
This holy flame,
And day and nigh
To guard the sacr

5 My Saviour, thou thy love to me
In shame, in want, in pain, hast show'd;
For me, on the accursed tree,
Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood;
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor aught shall the loved stamp efface.

6 More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with sins of deepest stain;
But thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flow'd thy cleansing blood in vain;
Ah, soften, melt this rock, and may
Thy blood wash all these stains away!

7 O that I, as a little child,
May follow thee, and never rest
Till sweetly thou hast breathed thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one spirit with thee.

8 Still let thy love point out my way!
How wondrous things thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

9 In suffering be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

374

6-8s.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, all quick'ning fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come and consecrate my breast!
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there!

2 If now thy influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live,
Still to my heart thyself reveal;
Give me thyself, for ever give:
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

3 Eager for thee I ask and pant;
So strong the principle divine,
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallow'd soul is thine;
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thine immensity.

4 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treasure, and my all thou art!
True witness of my sonship, now
Engraving pardon on my heart,
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

5 *Come, then, my God,* mark out thine heir,
Of heaven a larger earnest give!
With clearer light thy witness bear;
More sensibly within me live;
Let all my powers thine entrance feel,
And deeper stamp thyself the seal.

375

6-8s.

1 SAVIOUR from sin, I wait to prove
That Jesus is thy healing name;
To lose, when perfected in love,
Whate'er I have, or can, or am:
I stay me on thy faithful word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

2 Answer that gracious end in me,
For which thy precious life was given;
Redeem from all iniquity;
Restore, and make me meet for heaven!
Unless thou purge my every stain,
Thy suffering and my faith are vain.

3 Didst thou not in the flesh appear,
Sin to condemn, and man to save?
That perfect love might cast out fear?
That I thy mind in me might have?
In holiness show forth thy praise,
And serve thee all my spotless days?

4 Didst thou not die that I might live
No longer to myself, but thee?
Might body, soul, and spirit give
To him who gave himself for me?
Come then, my Master, and my God,
Take the dear purchase of thy blood.

5 Thy own peculiar servant claim,
For thy own truth and mercy's sake;
Hallow in me thy glorious name;
Me for thine own this moment take,
And change, and throughly purify;
Thine only may I live and die.

376

6-8s.

1 I WANT the Spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind:
Of power, to conquer inbred sin;
Of love, to thee and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys
Attend the promised Comforter;
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine!

3 O that the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And take possession of my breast,
And fix in me his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

4 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire!
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
I cannot rest in sins forgiven;
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

5 Where the indubitable seal
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine?
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

377

6-8s.

1 FATHER of everlasting grace,
Thy goodness and thy truth we praise,
Thy goodness and thy truth we prove:
Thou hast, in honour of thy Son,
The gift unspeakable sent down,
The Spirit of life, and power, and love.

2 Send us the Spirit of thy Son,
To make the depths of Godhead known,
To make us share the life divine:
Send him the sprinkled blood to' apply,
Send him our souls to sanctify,
And show and seal us ever thine.

3 So shall we pray, and never cease;
So shall we thankfully confess
Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love;
With joy unspeakable adore,
And bless and praise thee evermore,
And serve thee as thy hosts above:

4 Till, added to that heavenly choir,
We raise our songs of triumph higher,
And praise thee in a bolder strain,
Out-soar the first-born seraph's flight,
And sing, with all our friends in light,
Thy everlasting love to man.

378

6-8s.

1 WHAT shall I do my God to love,
My Saviour, and the world's, to praise?
Whose bowels of compassion move
To me, and all the fallen race!
Whose mercy is divinely free
For all the fallen race, and me!

2 I long to know, and to make known,
The heights and depths of love divine,
The kindness thou to me hast shown,
Whose every sin was counted thine!
My God for me resign'd his breath!
He died to save my soul from death!

3 How shall I thank thee for the grace
On me and all mankind bestow'd!
O that my every breath were praise!
O that my heart were fill'd with God!
My heart would then with love o'erflow,
And all my life thy glory show.

4 See me, O Lord, athirst and faint!
Me, weary of forbearing, see!
And let me feel thy love's constraint,
And freely give up all for thee;
True in the fiery trial prove,
And pay thee back thy dying love!

379

6-8s.

1 O LOVE, I languish at thy stay!
I pine for thee with ling'ring smart,
Weary and faint through long delay:
When wilt thou come into my heart?
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And swallow up my soul in thee!

2 *Come, O thou universal Good!*
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin:

3 Be thou, O Love, whate'er I want;
Support my feebleness of mind;
Believe the thirsty soul, the faint
Revive, illuminate the blind;
The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
And heal the sick, and raise the dead.

4 Come, O my comfort and delight! [sun;
My strength and health, my shield and
My boast, and confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown;
My gospel hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradise.

5 The secret of the Lord thou art,
The mystery so long unknown;
Christ in a pure and perfect heart,
The name inscribed in the white stone;
The life divine, the little heaven,
My precious pearl, my present heaven.

380

6-8s.

1 PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads!
The day of liberty draws near;
Jesus, who on the Serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear:
The Lord will to his temple come;
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all shall find, whom in his word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove;
Surely we shall thy mercy find;
Who ask, shall all receive thy love;
Nor canst thou it to me deny;
I ask, the chief of sinners I!

4 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up
Ye shall not be forgotten long;
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove,
And cannot fail, if God is love!

5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!
Dare to believe; on Christ lay hold!
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer
Tell him, "We will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know."

6 Hast thou not died to purge our sin,
And risen, thy death for us to plead?
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou diedst, and couldst not die in vain.

7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour
Which all thy great salvation brings;
The Spirit of love, and health, and power,
Shall come, and make us priests and kings;
Thou will perform thy faithful word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

8 The promise stands for ever sure,
And we shall in thine image shine
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine;
In Spirit join'd to thee the Son,
As thou art with thy Father one.

9 Faithful and true, we now receive
The promise ratified by thee:
To thee the *where* and *how* we leave,
In time and in eternity;
We only hang upon thy word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

381

7s.

1 WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resign'd to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise!

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below;
Only guided by thy light;
Only mighty in thy might!

3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

382

7s and 6s. *Zechariah* iv. 7.

PART I.

1 O GREAT mountain, who art thou,
Immense, immovable?
High as heaven aspires thy brow,
Thy foot sinks deep as hell!
Thee, alas, I long have known,
Long have felt thee fix'd within;
Still beneath thy weight I groan;
Thou art *Indwelling Sin.*

2 Thou art darkness in my mind;
Perverseness in my will;
Love inordinate and blind,
That always cleaves to ill;
Every passion's wild excess;
Anger, lust, and pride, thou art;
Thou art sin and sinfulness,
And unbelief of heart.

3 Not by human might or power
Canst thou be moved from hence;
But thou shalt flow down before
Divine Omnipotence;
My Zerubbabel is near;
I have not believed in vain:
Thou, when Jesus doth appear,
Shalt sink into a plain.

4 Christ the Head, the Corner-Stone,
Shall be brought forth in me;
Glory be to Christ alone!
His grace shall set me free:
I shall about my Saviour's name;
Him I evermore shall praise;
All the work of grace proclaim,
Of sanctifying grace.

5 Christ hath the foundation laid,
And Christ shall build me up;
Surely I shall soon be made
Partaker of my hope:
Author of my faith he is,
He its Finisher shall be;
Perfect love shall seal me his
To all eternity.

383

7s and 6s.

PART II.

1 WHO hath slighted or contemn'd
The day of feeble things?
I shall be by grace redeem'd;
'Tis grace salvation brings:
Ready now my Saviour stands;
Him I now rejoice to see
With the plummet in his hands,
To build and finish me.

2 I right early shall awake,
And see the perfect day;
Soon the Lamb of God shall take
My inbred sin away:
When to me my Lord shall come
Sin for ever shall depart;
Jesus takes up all the room
In a believing heart.

3 Son of God, arise, arise,
And to thy temple come!
Look, and with thy flaming eyes
The man of sin consume;
Slay him with thy Spirit, Lord;
Reign thou in my heart alone;
Speak the sanctifying word,
And seal me all thine own.

384

C. M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above.
Thy goodness thankfully adores;
And sure I taste thy love.

6 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its depth and height;
To comprehend the' Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.

7 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possest,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

8 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.

9 Thou only know'st, who didst obtain,
And die to make it known:
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one!

385

8s and 7s.

1 LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come

Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more, thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

386 L. M.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down!

2 As in the ancient days appear;
The sacred annals speak thy fame:
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shorten'd now;
It wants not now the power to save;
Still present with thy people, thou
Bear'st them through life's disparted wave.

4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Sion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

6 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crown'd,
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

387 S. M.

1 PRISONERS of hope, arise,
And see your Lord appear:
Lo! on the wings of love he flies,
And brings redemption near.
Redemption in his blood
He calls you to receive:
"Look unto me, the pardoning God,
Believe," he cries, "believe!"

2 *The reconciling word*
We thankfully embrace;
Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,
A blood-besprinkled race.
We yield to be set free;
Thy counsel we approve;
Salvation, praise, ascribe to thee,
And glory in thy love.

3 Jesus, to thee we look,
Till saved from sin's remains;
Reject the inbred tyrant's yoke,
And cast away his chains.
Our nature shall no more
O'er us dominion have;
By faith we apprehend the power
Which shall for ever save!

388 L. M.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesu's feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!

2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb?
The God of my salvation see?
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am;
Yet still I cannot come to thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

4 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free:
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

5 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

6 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near, the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

7 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

389 C. M.

1 O JESUS, at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Saviour from sin, we thee receive,
From all indwelling sin:
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us throughly clean.

3 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as thee above,
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

4 The counsel of thy love fulfil;
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word!

5 According to our faith in thee
Let it to us be done;
O that we all thy face might see,
And know as we are known!

6 O that the perfect grace were given.
The love diffused abroad!
O that our hearts were all a heave
For ever fill'd with God!

390 6-7s.

1 SINCE the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty;
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in thy saving grace;
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect love.

2 Abba, Father! hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled!
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power,
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

3 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow:
Hear my Advocate Divine!
Lo! to his my suit I join:
Join'd to his, it cannot fail:
Bless me; for I will prevail!

4 Heavenly Father, Life Divine,
Change my nature into thine!
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole!
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but Thou.

5 Holy Ghost, no more delay!
Come, and in thy temple stay!
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of Life, thyself impart:
Rise eternal in my heart!

391 *Ezekiel* xxxvi. 25, &c. L. M.

PART I.

1 GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure:
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains and stands for ever sure:

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst, and make me clean:
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.

4 Purge me from every sinful blot;
My idols all be cast aside;
Cleanse me from every sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.

5 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

6 O take this heart of stone away!
Thy sway it doth not, cannot own:
In me no longer let it stay;
O take away this heart of stone!

7 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove,
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love!

392 PART II. L. M.

1 FATHER, supply my every need;
Sustain the life thyself hast given;
Call for the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven.

2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase;
Nor ever let me hunger more.

3 Let me no more, in deep complaint,
"My leanness, O my leanness!" cry:
Alone consumed with pining want,
Of all my Father's children I.

4 The painful thirst, the fond desire,
Thy joyous presence shall remove;
But my full soul shall still require
A whole eternity of love.

393 PART III. L. M.

1 HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye;
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorr'd;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory, be to Christ my Lord.

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall;
Be less than nothing in thy sight;
And feel that Christ is all in all!

394 6-8s.

1 O GOD of our forefathers, hear,
And make thy faithful mercies known:
To thee, through Jesus, we draw near,
Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,
In whom thy smiling face we see,
In whom thou art well-pleased with me.

2 With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice,
Which brings thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.

3 Acceptance through his only name,
Forgiveness in his blood, we have;
But more abundant life we claim
Through him, who died our souls to save,
To sanctify us by his blood,
And fill with all the life of God

4 Father, behold thy dying Son,
And hear the blood that speaks above!
On us let all thy grace be shown,
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
And all thou hast, and all thou art.

395 L. M.

1 O GOD, to whom, in flesh revealed,
The helpless all for succour came,
The sick to be relieved, and healed,
And found salvation in thy name:

2 With publicans and harlots, I,
In these thy Spirit's gospel days,
To thee, the sinner's Friend, draw nigh
And humbly sue for saving grace

3 Thou seest me helpless and distrest,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor;
Weary, I come to thee for rest,
And sick of sin, implore a cure.

4 My sin's incurable disease
Thou, Jesus, thou alone, canst heal;
Inspire me with thy power and peace,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

5 A touch, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart, and make it clean;
Purge the foul, inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.

6 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart;
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

7 My heart, which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse;
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.

8 Be it according to thy word;
Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its little all to thee.

396 L. M.

1 O THOU, whom once they flock'd to hear,
Thy words to hear, thy power to feel;
Suffer the sinners to draw near,
And graciously receive us still.

2 They that be whole, thyself hast said,
No need of a physician have;
But I am sick, and want thine aid,
And want thine utmost power to save.

3 Thy power, and truth, and love divine,
The same from age to age endure;
A word, a gracious word of thine,
The most inveterate plague can cure.

4 Helpless howe'er my spirit lies,
And long hath languish'd at the pool,
A word of thine shall make me rise,
And speak me in a moment whole.

5 Righteen, or eight and thirty, years,
Or thousands, are alike to thee:
Soon as thy saving grace appears,
My plague is gone, my heart is free.

6 Make this the acceptable hour!
Come, O my soul's Physician, thou!
Display thy sanctifying power,
And show me thy salvation now.

397 L. M.

1 JESU, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,
With comfortable words and kind,
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 *Faith in thy changeless name I have;*
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

5 Though eighteen h
Since thou didst i
Thy tender mercies
And still thy heal

6 Wouldst thou the b
And not regard th
The sin-sick soul th
And surely thou s

7 All my disease, my
To thee, O Jesus,
In pardon, Lord, m
And perfect it in

8 That token of thine
Now, Saviour, no
And purge my con
And wash my nat

398 7s

1 SAVIOUR of th
Give me faith
Finish thy great w
Cut it short in rig

2 Speak the second
Take away my in
Every stumbling-
Cast it out by perf

3 Nothing less will
Nothing more can
None but Christ t
None but Christ i

4 O that I might no
O that all I am m
Let me into nothi
Let my Lord be al

399 7s

1 LIGHT of Life, s
Love Divine,
Every fainting so
Shine in every d
Every mournful s
Scatter all our g
Son of God, appea
To thy human t

2 Come, in this acce
Bring thy heave
Fill us with the gl
Rooting out the
Nothing more can
We will covet n
Be thou all our he
All our joy, and

400 7s

1 JESUS comes wi
Comes to sav
Object of our glori
Jesus comes to lift

2 Let the living sto
Let the sons of A
Praise we all our
Give him thanks

3 He hath our sal
He our captive
He hath recon
He hath wash

4 We are now his lawful right,
Walk as children of the light:
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart, to see his face.
5 We shall gain our calling's prize;
After God we all shall rise,
Fill'd with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holiness.
6 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up:
Trust to be redeem'd from sin;
Wait, till he appear within.
7 Fools and madmen let us be,
Yet is our sure trust in thee:
Faithful is the promised word,
We shall all be as our Lord.
8 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day!
Let thy every servant say,
"I have now obtain'd the power,
Born of God, to sin no more."

401

6-8s.

Mark ix. 23.

1 ALL things are possible to him
That can in Jesu's name believe:
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in thee;
All things are possible to me.
2 The most impossible of all
Is, that I e'er from sin should cease
Yet shall it be, I know it shall;
Jesus, look to thy faithfulness!
If nothing is too hard for thee,
All things are possible to me.
3 Though earth and hell the word gainsay,
The word of God can never fail;
The Lamb shall take my sins away;
'Tis certain, though impossible:
The thing impossible shall be;
All things are possible to me.
4 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in thine image shine,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought;
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
They cannot break the firm decree;
All things are possible to me.
5 Thy mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath sworn,
That I shall serve thee without fear,
Shall find the pearl which others spurn,
Holy, and pure, and perfect here:
The servant as his Lord shall be;
All things are possible to me.
6 All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man,
To me, when I am all renew'd,
When I in Christ am form'd again,
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

402

7s and 6s.

1 O MIGHT I this moment cease
From every work of mine;
Find the perfect holiness,
The righteousness divine!
Let me thy salvation see;
Let me do thy perfect will;
Live in glorious liberty,
And all thy fulness feel.

2 O cut short the work, and make
Me now a creature new;
For thy truth and mercy's sake,
The gracious wonder show:
Call me forth thy witness, Lord;
Let my life declare thy power:
To thy perfect love restored,
O let me sin no more!

3 Fain I would the truth proclaim,
That makes me free indeed,
Glorify my Saviour's Name,
And all its virtues spread:
Jesus all our wants relieves,
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
Saves, and to the utmost saves,
All those that come to him.

4 Perfect then thy mighty power
In a weak, sinful worm!
All my sins destroy, devour,
And all my soul transform!
Now apply thy Spirit's seal;
O come quickly from above!
Empty me of sin, and fill
With all the life of love.

403

C. M.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:
2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.
5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good!
I want, and thee alone.
6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant;
This, only this be given:
Nothing beside my God I want;
Nothing in earth or heaven.
7 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End!
8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be lost:
Let all be lost in God.

404

8s and 6s.

1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings:
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesu's priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess:
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out thy foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind, remove;
The purchase of thy death divide!
And O! with all the sanctified
Give me a lot of love!

405 C. M.

1 O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face;
I shall be holy here.

2 This heart shall be his constant home;
I hear his Spirit's cry:
"Surely," he saith, "I quickly come;"
He saith, who cannot lie.

3 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view;
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

4 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

5 He visits now the house of clay;
He shakes his future home;
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come!

6 With me I know, I feel, thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

7 My earth thou waterest from on high;
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul!

8 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill:
Come, O my God, my God!

9 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity;
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee!

406 C. M.

1 WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

2 *I wait, till he shall touch me clean,*
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners, me.

4 From all iniquity, from all,
He shall my soul redeem;
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to him.

5 When Jesus makes my heart his hor
My sin shall all depart;
And, lo! he saith, "I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart!"

6 Be it according to thy word!
Redeem me from all sin:
My heart would now receive thee, L
Come in, my Lord, come in!

407 7s and 6s.

Deut. xxxiii. 26-29.

1 NONE is like Jeshurun's God,
So great, so strong, so high:
Lo! he spreads his wings abroad,
He rides upon the sky:
Israel is his first-born son:
God, the' Almighty God, is thine
See him to thy help come down,
The excellence divine.

2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns
To succour and defend;
Thee the' eternal God sustains,
Thy Maker and thy Friend:
Israel, what hast thou to dread?
Safe from all impending harms,
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

3 God is thine; disdain to fear
The enemy within:
God shall in thy flesh appear,
And make an end of sin:
God the man of sin shall slay,
Fill thee with triumphant joy:
God shall thrust him out, and say,
"Destroy them all, destroy!"

4 All the struggle then is o'er,
And wars and fightings cease;
Israel then shall sin no more,
But dwell in perfect peace:
All his enemies are gone;
Sin shall have in him no part;
Israel now shall dwell alone,
With Jesus in his heart.

5 In a land of corn and wine
His lot shall be below;
Comforts there, and blessings join,
And milk and honey flow:
Jacob's well is in his soul;
Gracious dew his heavens distil,
Fill his soul, already full,
And shall for ever fill.

6 Blest, O Israel, art thou;
What people is like thee?
Saved from sin, by Jesus, now
Thou art, and still shalt be:
Jesus is thy seven-fold shield;
Jesus is thy flaming sword;
Earth, and hell, and sin, shall
To God's almighty word.

408 L. M.

1 HE wills, that I should holy be;
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplish'd in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stay'd,
And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise, by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt, in me fulfil.

4 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move:
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

5 Jesus, thy loving Spirit alone
Can lead me forth, and make me free;
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.

6 Now let thy Spirit bring me in;
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.

7 Lord, I believe thy power the same;
The same thy truth and grace endure;
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.

8 Come, Saviour, come, and make me [whole:
Entirely all my sins remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

409 C. M.

1 JESUS, my Lord, I cry to thee
Against the spirit unclean:
I want a constant liberty,
A perfect rest from sin.

2 Expel the fiend out of my heart,
By love's almighty power;
Now, now command him to depart,
And never enter more.

3 Thy killing and thy quick'ning power,
Jesus, in me display;
The life of nature from this hour,
My pride and passion, slay.

4 Then, then, my utmost Saviour, raise
My soul with saints above,
To serve thy will, and spread thy praise,
And sing thy perfect love.

5 This moment I thy truth confess;
This moment I receive
The heavenly gift, the dew of grace,
And by thy mercy live.

6 The next, and every moment, Lord,
On me thy Spirit pour;
And bless me, who believe thy word,
With that last glorious shower.

410 S. M.

1 *FATHER*, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

Come, then, for Jesu's sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

2 I will, through grace, I will,
I do, return to thee;
Take, empty it, O Lord, and fill
My heart with purity!
For power I feebly pray:
Thy kingdom now restore,
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
And I shall sin no more.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood to' impart
The spotless purity:
While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, thy grace bestow,
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

411 6-7s.

1 WHY not now, my God, my God?
Ready, if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,
Take possession of my heart:
If thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now?

2 God of love, in this my day,
For thyself to thee I cry;
Dying,—if thou still delay,
Must I not for ever die?
Enter now thy poorest home;
Now, my utmost Saviour, come!

412 L. M.

1 *Kings* xviii.

1 THOU God that answerest by fire,
On thee in Jesu's name we call;
Fulfil our faithful hearts' desire,
And let on us thy Spirit fall.

2 Bound on the altar of thy cross,
Our old offending nature lies;
Now, for the honour of thy cause,
Come, and consume the sacrifice!

3 Consume our lusts as rotten wood,
Consume our stony hearts within!
Consume the dust, the serpent's food,
And dry up all the streams of sin.

4 Its body totally destroy!
Thyself *The Lord, The God*, approve!
And fill our hearts with holy joy,
And fervent zeal, and perfect love.

5 O that the fire from heaven might fall,
Our sins its ready victims find,
Seize on our sins, and burn up all,
Nor leave the least remains behind!

6 Then shall our prostrate souls adore,
The Lord, He is the God, confess:
He is the God of saving power!
He is the God of hallowing grace!

413 7s and 6s.

1 ONCE thou didst on earth appear,
For all mankind to' atone;
Now be manifested here,
And bid our sin be gone!
Come, and by thy presence chase
Its nature with its guilt and power
Jesus, show thy open face,
And sin shall be no more.

2 Thou who didst so greatly stoop
To a poor virgin's womb,
Here thy mean abode take up;
To me, my Saviour, come!
Come, and Satan's works destroy,
And let me all thy Godhead prove,
Fill'd with peace, and heavenly joy,
And pure eternal love.

3 Then my soul, with strange delight,
Shall comprehend and feel
What the length, and breadth, and height
Of love unspeakable:
Then I shall the secret know,
Which angels would search out in vain;
God was man, and served below,
That man with God might reign!

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
And with thine own abide:
Holy Ghost, to make thee room,
Our hearts we open wide;
Thee, and only thee request,
To every asking sinner given;
Come, our life, and peace, and rest,
Our all in earth and heaven.

414 7s and 6s.

1 NOW, ev'n now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part;
Jesus, speak my pardon seal'd,
And purify my heart;
Purge the love of sin away;
Then I into nothing fall;
Then I see the perfect day,
And Christ is all in all.

2 Jesus, now our hearts inspire
With that pure love of thine;
Kindle now the heavenly fire,
To brighten and refine;
Purify our faith like gold;
All the dross of sin remove;
Melt our spirits down, and mould
Into thy perfect love.

415 C. M.

1 JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable!
And wait with arms of faith to embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost;
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas, cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven!

416 C. M.

1 *I ASK the gift of righteousness,*
The sin-subduing power,
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love reveal'd,
The kingdom fix'd within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fulness I require.

4 My vehement soul cries out, oppress,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Art thou not able to convert?
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew.

6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

417 C. M.

1 COME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove:
Now in my gasping soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in;
I ask, desire, and trust in thee,
To be redeem'd from sin.

3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
And can no longer doubt;
Remove from hence! to sin I say;
Be cast this moment out!

4 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,
This moment be subdued,
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.

5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

6 'Tis done: thou dost this moment save
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have
And spotless love and peace.

SECTION VIII.—FOR BELIEVERS SAVED.

418 7s and 6s.

1 GOD! who didst so dearly buy
These wretched souls of ours,
Help us thee to glorify
With all our ransom'd powers:
Ours they are not, Lord, but thine;
O let the vessels of thy grace,
Body, soul, and spirit, join
In our Redeemer's praise!

2 True and faithful witness, thee,
O Jesus, we receive;
Fulness of the Deity,
In all thy people live!

First-begotten from the dead,
Call forth thy living witnesses;
King of saints, thine empire spread
O'er all the ransom'd race.

3 Grace, the fountain of all good,
Ye happy saints, receive,
With the streams of peace o'erflow'd,
With all that God can give;
He who is, and was, in peace,
And grace, and plenitude of power,
Comes, your favour'd souls to bless,
And never leave you more.

4 Let the Spirit before his throne,
Mysterious One and Seven,
In his various gifts sent down,
Be to the churches given;
Let the pure seraphic joy
From Jesus Christ, the Just, descend;
Holiness without alloy,
And bliss that ne'er shall end.

419 L. M.

1 QUICKEN'D with our immortal Head,
Who daily, Lord, ascend with thee,
Redeem'd from sin, and free indeed,
We taste our glorious liberty.

2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
With joy we seek the things above;
And all thy saints the spirit breathe
Of power, sobriety, and love.

3 Power o'er the world, the fiend, and sin,
We through thy gracious Spirit feel;
Full power the victory to win,
And answer all thy righteous will.

4 Pure love to God thy members find,
Pure love to every soul of man;
And in thy sober, spotless mind,
Saviour, our heaven on earth we gain.

420 L. M.

Resurrection.

1 YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven!
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp, to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside;
Dead to the world and sin ye live;
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 *Your real life, with Christ conceal'd,*
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And, glorious as your Head reveal'd,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

421 S. M.

2 Tim. iv. 7.

1 "I THE good fight have fought,
O when shall I declare?
The victory by my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.
O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare 's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!

2 This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gain'd,
"Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintain'd."
The apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

422 L. M.

1 LET not the wise his wisdom boast;
The mighty glory in his might;
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.
The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again!

2 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.
The Lord my Righteousness I praise:
I triumph in the love divine, grace,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of
In Christ to endless ages raise.

423 7s and 6s.

1 WHO can worthily commend
Thy love unsearchable!
Love that made thee condescend
Our curse and death to feel:
Thou, the great eternal God,
Who didst thyself our ransom pay,
Hast, with thy own precious blood,
Wash'd all our sins away.

2 By the Spirit of our Head
Anointed priests and kings,
Conquerors of the world, we tread
On all created things;
Sit in heavenly places down,
While yet we in the flesh remain:
Now, partakers of thy throne,
Before thy Father reign.

3 In thy members here beneath
The Intercessor prays;
Here we in the Spirit breathe
The quintessence of praise;
Offer up our all to God;
And God beholds, with gracious eyes,
First the purchase of thy blood,
And then our sacrifice.

4 Jesus, let thy kingdom come,
(Inspired by thee we pray,)
Previous to the general doom,
The everlasting day:
Take possession of thine own,
And let us thee our Saviour see
Glorious on thy heavenly throne,
To all eternity.

424 7s and 6s.

1 US, who climb thy holy hill,
A general blessing make:
Let the world our influence feel,
Our gospel grace partake:
Grace, to help in time of need,
Pour out on sinners from above;
All thy Spirit's fulness shed,
In showers of heavenly love.

2 Make our earthly souls a field
Which God delights to bless;
Let us in due season yield
The fruits of righteousness:
Make us trees of paradise,
Which more and more thy praise may [show,
Deeper sink, and higher rise,
And to perfection grow.

425 L. M.

1 THE voice that speaks Jehovah near,
The still small voice, I long to hear:
O may it now my Lord proclaim,
And fill my soul with holy shame!

2 Ashamed I must for ever be,
Afraid the God of love to see,
If saints and prophets hide their face,
And angels tremble while they gaze!

426 S. M.

1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to thee thy own;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

427 7s.

1 GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pardoning love compell'd,
Up to thee our souls we raise,
Up to thee our bodies yield:
Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

2 Meet it is, and just, and right,
That we should be wholly thine,
In thy only will delight,
In thy blessed service join:
O that every work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art;
"Holiness unto the Lord"
Still be written on our heart.

428 C. M.

1 LET Him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 *He justly claims us for his own,*
Who bought us with a price;
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies!

3 *Jesus, thine own at last receive,*
Fulfil our hearts' desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

429 6-8s.

1 BEHOLD the servant of the Lord!
I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
To hear and keep thy every word,
To prove and do thy perfect will;
Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

2 Me if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
Meanest of all thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner choo
Let all my fruit be found of thee:
Let all my works in thee be wrought
By thee to full perfection brought.

3 My every weak, though good design,
O'errule, or change, as seems t
meet;
Jesus, let all my work be thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleasing in thy Father's sight;
Thou only hast done all things right.

4 Here then to thee thy own I leave;
Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay
But let me all thy stamp receive,
But let me all thy words obey;
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

430 6-7s.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in O
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to thy call:
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all,
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfil.

3 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart;—but make it new!

5 Now, O God, thine own I am;
Now I give thee back thine own:
Freedom, friends, and health, and fa
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in O

As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

431

6-8s.

1 O GOD, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice;
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul;
No longer mine, but thine I am;
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame:
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallow'd shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will;
Here let thy light for ever shine;
This house still let thy presence fill:
O Source of life,—live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love!

4 O never in these veils of shame,
Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be!
Clothe with salvation, through thy name,
My soul, and let me put on thee!
Be living faith my costly dress,
And my best robe thy righteousness.

5 Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity,
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

6 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Since I am call'd by thy great name;
In thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim;
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise!

432

C. M.

1 FATHER, into thy hands alone
I have my all restored;
My all, thy property I own,
The steward of the Lord.

2 Hereafter none can take away
My life, or goods, or fame;
Ready at thy demand to lay
Them down I always am.

3 Confiding in thy only love,
Through Jesus strength'ning me,
I wait thy faithfulness to prove,
And give back all to thee.

4 Take when thou wilt into thy hands,
And as thou wilt require;
Resume by the Chaldean bands,
Or the devouring fire.

5 *Determined* all thy will to' obey,
Thy blessings I restore;
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
I praise thee evermore.

433

6-8s.

1 GIVE me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like praying love,
Which longs to build thy house again;
Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

2 I want an even, strong desire,
I want a calmly-fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.

3 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe thy love.

4 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach thy word;
And let me to thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the Sinner's Friend.

5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine!
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine:
And lead them to thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

434

7s

1 JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part;
Let me give thee all my heart.

3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature-happiness.

4 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only thee, I know;
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

5 All my treasure is above;
All my riches is thy love:
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite, unsearchable!

6 Thou, O love, my portion art:
Lord, thou know'st my simple heart!
Other comforts I despise;
Love be all my paradise.

7 Nothing else can I require;
Love fills up my whole desire;
All thy other gifts remove,
Still thou giv'st me all in love!

435 C. M.

1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift;
My soul on thee depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace:
His blood's availing plea
Obtain'd the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is thine.

6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live;
Our God is all in all!

436 S. M.

1 JESU, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring Light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart!

3 I lift my eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On thee; O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end!

6 Still stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.

7 Persist to save my soul
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all thy power.

8 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace!

9 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove!
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

10 *Let me thy witness live,*
When sin is all destroy'd:
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

437 L. M.

1 O GOD, my God, my All thou art!
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power display.

2 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live;
And hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 In a dry land, behold, I place
My whole desire on thee, O Lord;
And more I joy to gain thy grace,
Than all earth's treasures can afford.

4 More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ;
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

5 In blessing thee with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away:
The praise that to thy name belongs
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

6 Abundant sweetness, while I sing
Thy love, my ravish'd heart o'erflows;
Secure in thee, my God and King,
Of glory that no period knows.

7 Thy name, O God, upon my bed
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought;
With trembling awe, in midnight shade,
I muse on all thy hands have wrought.

8 In all I do I feel thine aid;
Therefore thy greatness will I sing,
O God, who bidd'st my heart be glad
Beneath the shadow of thy wing.

9 My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee:
Then let or earth or hell assail,
Thy mighty hand shall set me free;
For whom thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail

438 12-8s.

1 O GOD of peace and pardoning love,
Whose bowels of compassion move
To every sinful child of man;
Jesus, our Shepherd great and good,
Who dying bought us with his blood,
Thou hast brought back to life again.
His blood to all our souls apply;
(His blood alone can sanctify,
Which first di i for our sins atone;)
The covenant of redemption seal;
The depth of love, of God, reveal;
And speak us perfected in one.

2 O might our every work and word
Express the tempers of our Lord,
The nature of our Head above:
His Spirit send into our hearts,
Engraving on our inmost parts
The living law of holiest love.
Then shall we do, with pure delight,
Whate'er is pleasing in thy sight,
As vessels of thy richest grace;
And, having thy whole counsel done,
To thee and thy co-equal Son
Ascribe the everlasting praise.

439 12-8s.

1 THY power and saving truth to show,
A warfare at thy charge I go,
Strong in the Lord, and thy great might;

Gladly take up the hallow'd cross:
And, suffering all things for thy cause,
Beneath thy bloody banner fight.
A spectacle to fiends and men,
To all their fierce or cool disdain
With calmest pity I submit;
Determined nought to know, beside
My Jesus and him crucified,
I tread the world beneath my feet.

2 Superior to their smile or frown,
On all their goods my soul looks down,
Their pleasures, wealth, and power, and state:
The man that dares their god despise,
The Christian,—he alone is wise;
The Christian,—he alone is great.
O God, let all my life declare
How happy all thy servants are;
How far above these earthly things:
How pure, when wash'd in Jesu's blood;
How intimately one with God,
A heaven-born race of priests and kings.

3 For this alone I live below,
The power of godliness to show,
The wonders wrought by Jesu's Name:
O that I might but faithful prove;
Witness to all thy pardoning love,
And point them to the atoning Lamb!
Let me to every creature cry,
The poor and rich, the low and high,
"Believe, and feel thy sins forgiven!
Damn'd, till by Jesus saved, thou art!
Till Jesu's blood hath wash'd thy heart,
Thou canst not find the gate of heaven!"

440

12-8s.

1 THOU, Jesu, thou my breast inspire,
And touch my lips with hallow'd fire,
And loose a stammering infant's tongue:
Prepare the vessel of thy grace;
Adorn me with the robes of praise,
And mercy shall be all my song;
Mercy for all who know not God;
Mercy for all in Jesu's blood;
Mercy, that earth and heaven transcends;
Love, that o'erwhelms the saints in light;
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of love divine, which never ends!

2 A faithful witness of thy grace,
Well may I fill the' allotted space,
And answer all thy great design;
Walk in the works by thee prepared;
And find annex'd the vast reward,
The crown of righteousness divine.
When I have lived to thee alone,
Pronounce the welcome word, "Well done!"
And let me take my place above;
Enter into my Master's joy;
And all eternity employ
In praise, and ecstasy, and love.

SECTION IX.—FOR BELIEVERS INTERCEDING.

441

6-8s.

1 *LET God, who comforts the distrest,*
Let Israel's Consolation, hear!
Hear, Holy Ghost, our joint request,
And show thyself the Comforter;
And swell the' unutterable groan,
And breathe our wishes to the Throne!

2 We weep for those that weep below,
And, burden'd, for the' afflicted sigh;
The various forms of human woe
Excite our softest sympathy,
Fill every heart with mournful care,
And draw out all our souls in prayer.

3 We wrestle for the ruin'd race,
By sin eternally undone,—
Unless thou magnify thy grace;
And make thy richest mercy known,
And make thy vanquish'd rebels find
Pardon in Christ for all mankind.

4 Father of everlasting love,
To every soul thy Son reveal,
Our guilt and sufferings to remove,
Our deep, original wound to heal;
And bid the fallen race arise,
And turn our earth to Paradise.

442

6-8s.

1 OUR earth we now lament to see
With floods of wickedness o'erflow'd,
With violence, wrong, and cruelty,
One wide-extended field of blood,
Where men like fiends each other tear,
In all the hellish rage of war.

2 As listed on Abaddon's side,
They mangle their own flesh, and slay:
Tophet is moved, and opens wide
Its mouth for its enormous prey;
And myriads sink beneath the grave,
And plunge into the flaming wave.

3 O might the universal Friend
This havoc of his creatures see!
Bid our unnatural discord end;
Declare us reconciled in thee;
Write kindness on our inward parts,
And chase the murderer from our hearts!

4 Who now against each other rise,
The nations of the earth, constrain
To follow after peace, and prize
The blessings of thy righteous reign,
The joys of unity to prove,
The paradise of perfect love

443

6-8s.

For the Mahometans.

1 SUN of unclouded Righteousness,
With healing in thy wings arise,
A sad benighted world to bless,
Which now in sin and error lies,
Wrapt in Egyptian night profound;
With chains of hellish darkness bound.

2 The smoke of the infernal cave,
Which half the Christian world o'er-spread,
Disperse, thou heavenly Light, and save
The souls by that Impostor led,
That Arab thief, as Satan bold,
Who quite destroy'd thy Asian fold.

3 O might the blood of sprinkling cry
For those who spurn the sprinkled (blood!
Assert thy glorious Deity,
Stretch out thine arm, thou trium God!
The Unitarian fiend expel,
And chase his doctrine back to hell.

4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thou Three in One, and One in Three!
Resume thy own, for ages lost,
Finish the dire apostasy;

Thy universal claim maintain,
And Lord of the creation reign!

444 6-8s.

For the Heathens.

1 LORD over all, if thou hast made,
Hast ransom'd every soul of man,—
Why is the grace so long delay'd?
Why unfulfill'd the saving plan?
The bliss, for Adam's race design'd,
When will it reach to all mankind?

2 Art thou the God of Jews alone,
And not the God of Gentiles too?
To Gentiles make thy goodness known:
Thy judgments to the nations show;
Awake them by the gospel call;
Light of the world, illumine all!

3 The servile progeny of Ham
Seize, as the purchase of thy blood;
Let all the Heathens know thy name;
From idols to the living God
The dark Americans convert;
And shine in every Pagan heart!

4 As lightning launch'd from east to west,
The coming of thy kingdom be;
To thee, by angel-hosts confest,
Bow every soul and every knee;
Thy glory let all flesh behold!
And then fill up thy heavenly fold.

445 6-8s.

1 O COME, thou radiant Morning Star,
Again in human darkness shine!
Arise resplendent from afar!
Assert thy royalty divine!
Thy sway o'er all the earth maintain,
And now begin thy glorious reign.

2 Thy kingdom, Lord, we long to see:
Thy sceptre o'er the nations shake!
To' erect that final monarchy,
Edom for thy possession take;
Take (for thou didst their ransom find)
The purchased souls of all mankind.

3 Now let thy chosen ones appear,
And valiantly the truth maintain!
Dispread thy gracious kingdom here;
Fly on the rebel sons of men!
Seize them with faith divinely bold,
And force the world into thy fold!

446 C. M.

1 JESU, the world of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.

2 Clothed with the Spirit of Holiness,
May all thy people prove
The plenitude of gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.

3 Jesus, let all thy lovers shine
Illustrious as the sun;
And, bright with borrow'd rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run:

4 *Beyond the reach of mortals, spread*
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

5 *As giants may they run their race,*
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries, chase
The gloom of hellish night:

6 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

447 S. M.

1 MESSIAH, Prince of Peace!
Where men each other tear,
Where war is learn'd, they must con-
Thy kingdom is not there. [fess,
Who, prompted by thy foe,
Delight in human blood,
Apollyon is their king, we know,
And Satan is their god.

2 But shall he still devour
The souls redeem'd by thee?
Jesus, stir up thy glorious power
And end the' apostasy!
Come, Saviour, from above,
O'er all our hearts to reign;
And plant the kingdom of thy love
In every heart of man.

3 Then shall we exercise
The hellish art no more,
While thou our long-lost paradise
Dost with thyself restore.
Fightings and wars shall cease,
And, in thy Spirit given,
Pure joy and everlasting peace
Shall turn our earth to heaven.

448 7s and 6s.

1 PRINCE of universal peace,
Destroy the enmity;
Bid our jars and discords cease;
Unite us all in thee:
Cruel as wild beasts we are,
Till vanquish'd by thy mercy's power;
Men, like wolves, each other tear,
And their own flesh devour.

2 But if thou pronounce the word
That forms our souls again,
Love and harmony restored
Throughout our earth shall reign:
When thy wondrous love they feel,
The human savages are tame;
Ravenous wolves and leopards dwell
And stable with the lamb.

3 O that now, with pardon blest,
We each might each embrace;
Quietly together rest,
And feed upon thy grace;
Like our sinless parents live:
Great Shepherd! make thy goodness
known;
All into thy fold receive,
And keep us ever one.

449 7s and 6s.

1 HAPPY day of union sweet!
O when shall it appear!
When shall all thy people meet
In amity sincere!
Tear each other's flesh no more,
But kindly think and speak the same
All express the meekening power
And spirit of the Lamb!

2 Visit us, bright Morning Star,
And bring the perfect day!
Urged by faith's incessant prayer,
No longer, Lord, delay:
Now destroy the envious root;
The ground of nature's feuds remove;
Fill the earth with golden fruit,
With ripe, millennial love.

450 S. M.

For the Jews.

1 MESSIAH, full of grace,
Redeem'd by thee, we plead
The promise made to Abraham's race,
To souls for ages dead.

2 Their bones, as quite dried up,
Throughout the vale appear:
Cut off and lost their last faint hope
To see thy kingdom here.

3 Open their graves, and bring
The outcasts forth, to own [King,
Thou art their Lord, their God, their
Their true Anointed One.

4 To save the race forlorn,
Thy glorious arm display!
And show the world a nation born,
A nation in a day!

451 6-8s.

1 FATHER of faithful Abraham, hear
Our earnest suit for Abraham's seed!
Justly they claim the softest prayer
From us, adopted in their stead,
Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

2 Outcasts from thee, and scatter'd wide
Through every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven,
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorr'd of men, and cursed of God.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thy own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murd'rers look
On him they pierced, and weep, and
pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past;
All Israel shall be saved at last.

4 Come, then, thou great Deliverer, come!
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
Receive thy ancient people home!
That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception find
Life from the dead for all mankind.

452 S. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God of Love,
Set up the' attracting sign,
And summon whom thou dost approve
For messengers divine:
From favour'd Abraham's seed
The new Apostles choose,
In isles and continents to spread
The dead-reviving news.

2 Them, snatch'd out of the flame,
Through every nation send,
The true Messiah to proclaim,
The universal Friend;
That all the God unknown
May learn of Jews to adore,
And see thy glory in thy Son,
Till time shall be no more.

3 O that the chosen band
Might now their brethren bring,
And, gather'd out of every land,
Present to Sion's King!
Of all the ancient race,
Not one be left behind;
But each, impell'd by secret grace,
His way to Canaan find.

4 We know it must be done,
For God hath spoke the word:
All Israel shall the Saviour own,
To their first state restored:
Rebuilt by his command,
Jerusalem shall rise;
Her temple on *Moriah* stand
Again, and touch the skies.

5 Send then thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home;
From East, and West, and South, and
North,
Let all the wanderers come:
Where'er in lands unknown
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
The Holy Mount to gain.

6 An offering to their Lord,
There let them all be seen,
Sprinkled with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean:
With Israel's myriads seal'd,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the mystery fulfill'd,
The family complete!

453 S. M.

For England.

1 SINNERS, the call obey,
The latest call of grace:
The day is come, the vengeful day,
Of a devoted race:
Devils and men combine
To plague the faithless seed,
And phials, full of wrath divine,
Are bursting on your head.

2 Enter into the Rock,
Ye trembling slaves of sin,
The Rock of your salvation, struck
And cleft to take you in:
To shelter the distrest,
He did the cross endure;
Enter into the clefts, and rest
In Jesu's wounds secure.

3 Jesus, to thee we fly,
From the devouring sword;
Our city of defence is nigh;
Our help is in the Lord.
—Or, if the scourge o'erflow,
And laugh at innocence,
Thine everlasting arms, we know
Shall be our souls' defence.

4 We in thy word believe,
And on thy promise stay;
Our life, which still to thee we give,
Shall be to us a prey:
Our life with thee we hide,
Above the furious blast,
And shelter'd in thy wounds abide,
Till all the storms are past.

5 Believing against hope,)
We hang upon thy grace,
Through every louring cloud look up,
And wait for happy days;
The days when all shall know
Their sins in Christ forgiven,
And walk awhile with God below,
And then fly up to heaven.

454 L. M.

Against Lukewarmness.—Rev. iii. 14—19.

PART I.

1 GOD of unspotted purity,
Us and our works canst thou behold!
Justly we are abhorr'd by thee,
For we are neither hot nor cold.
2 We call thee Lord, thy faith profess,
But do not from our hearts obey;
In soft *Laodicean* ease
We sleep our useless lives away.
3 We live in pleasure, and are dead,
In search of fame and wealth we live:
Commanded in thy steps to tread,
We seek sometimes, but never strive.
4 A lifeless form we still retain;
Of this we make our empty boast,
Nor know the name we take in vain;
The power of godliness is lost.
5 How long, great God, have we appear'd
Abominable in thy sight!
Better that we had never heard
Thy word, or seen the gospel light.
6 Better that we had never known
The way to heaven through saving grace,
Than basely in our lives disown,
And slight and mock thee to thy face.
7 Thou rather wouldst that we were cold,
Than seem to serve thee without zeal;
Less guilty if, with those of old,
We worship'd *Thor* and *Woden* still.
8 Less grievous will the judgment-day
To *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* prove,
Than us, who cast our faith away,
And trample on thy richer love.

455 PART II. L. M.

1 O LET us our own works forsake,
Ourselves, and all we have deny;
Thy condescending counsel take,
And come to thee, pure gold to buy.
2 O might we, through thy grace, attain
The faith thou never wilt reprove;
The faith that purges every stain,
The faith that always works by love!
3 O might we see, in this our day,
The things belonging to our peace,
And timely meet thee in thy way
Of judgments, and our sins confess!
4 Thy fatherly chastisements own;
With filial awe revere thy rod;
And turn, with zealous haste, and run
Into the outstretch'd arms of God.

456 L. M.

For the Promise of the Spirit.

PART I.

1 FATHER, if justly still we claim
To us and ours the promise made,
To us be graciously the same,
And crown with living fire our head.
2 Our claim admit, and from above
Of holiness the Spirit shower,
Of wise discernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and power.
3 The Spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative, impart;
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart:
4 The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind:
5 The Spirit of faith, in this thy day,
To break the power of cancell'd sin,
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,
And still the conquest more than win.
6 The Spirit breathe of inward life, [write:
Which in our hearts thy laws may
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife;
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

457 PART II. L. M.

1 ON all the earth thy Spirit shower;
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.
2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.
3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place
Its richer energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.
4 Grant this, O holy God and true!
The ancient seers thou didst inspire;
To us perform the promise due;
Descend, and crown us now with fire!

458 L. M.

1 AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face
For all who feel thy word begun;
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.
2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st
their names,
Be mindful of thy youngest care;
Be tender of thy new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.
3 The lion roaring for his prey,
With ravening wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear and slay,
If found one moment from their Guide.
4 Satan his thousand arts essays,
His agents all their powers employ,
To blast the blooming work of grace,
The heavenly offspring to destroy.
5 Baffle the crooked Serpent's skill,
And turn his sharpest dart aside;
Hide from their eyes the devilish ill,
O save them from the demon, Pride!
6 In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin secure;
And set their feet upon the Rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.

459 S. M.

For the Fallen.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, hear
Our supplicating cry;
And gather in the south sheepers,
That from their brethren fly.

2 Scatter'd through devious ways,
Collect thy feeble flock;
And join by thine atoning grace,
And hide them in the Rock.

3 O wouldst thou end the storm,
That keeps us still apart!
The thing impossible perform,
And make us of one heart,—

4 One spirit and one mind,
The same that was in thee:
O might we all again be join'd
In perfect harmony!

5 Jesus, at thy command,
We know it shall be done;
Take the two sticks into thy hand,
The two shall then be one.

6 One body and one fold,
We then shall sweetly prove,
And live in thee, like them of old,
The life of spotless love.

460 S. M.

1 GOD of all power and grace,
Set up the bloody sign;
And gather those that seek thy face,
And by thy Spirit join.
The few remaining sheep
In Britain's pastures bred,
United to each other keep,
United to their Head.

2 The soul-transforming word
In us, even us, fulfil;
Join to thyself, our common Lord,
And all thy servants seal.
Confer the grace unknown,
The mystic charity;
As thou art with the Father One,
Unite us all in thee.

3 So shall the world believe
Our record, Lord, and thine;
And all with thankful hearts receive
The Messenger divine,
Sent from his throne above,
To Adam's offspring given,
To join and perfect us in love,
And take us up to heaven.

461 6-8s.

1 SAVIOUR, to these we humbly cry!
The brethren we have lost restore;
Recall them by thy pitying eye;
Retrieve them from the Tempter's power:
By thy victorious blood cast down,
Nor suffer him to take their crown.

2 Beguiled, alas! by Satan's art,
We see them now far off removed,
The burden of our bleeding heart,
The souls whom once in thee we loved;
Whom still we love with grief and pain,
And weep for their return in vain.

3 In vain, till thou the power bestow,
The double power of quick'ning grace,
And make the *happy* sinners know,
Their Tempter, with his angel-face,
Who leads them captive at his will,
Captive, but happy sinners still!

4 *O wouldst thou* break the fatal snare
Of carnal self-security;
And let them feel the wrath they hear,
And let them groan their want of thee,
Robb'd of their false, pernicious peace,
Stripp'd of their fancied righteousness.

5 The men of careless lives, who deem
Thy righteousness accounted theirs,
Awake out of the soothing dream:
Alarm their souls with humble fears:
Thou jealous God, stir up thy power,
And let them sleep in sin no more!

6 Long as the guilt of sin shall last,
Them in its misery detain;
Hold their licentious spirits fast,
Bind them with their own nature's chain,
Nor ever let the wand'rers rest,—
Till lodged again in Jesu's breast.

462 L. M.

1 O LET the pris'ners' mournful cries
As incense in thy sight appear!
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel thee near.

2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free:
Call home, call home thy banish'd ones!
Lead captive their captivity!

3 Show them the blood that bought their peace,
The anchor of their steadfast hope;
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransom'd prisoners up.

4 Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer;
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear!

5 Pity the day of feeble things;
O gather every halting soul!
And drop salvation from thy wings,
And make the contrite sinner whole.

6 Stand by them in the fiery hour,
Their feebleness of mind defend;
And in their weakness show thy power,
And make them patient to the end.

7 O satisfy their soul in drought!
Give them thy saving health to see;
And let thy mercy find them out;
And let thy mercy reach to me.

8 Hast thou the work of grace begun,
And brought them to the birth, in vain?
O let thy children see the sun!
Let all their souls be born again!

9 Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,
For whom thy suff'ring members mourn:
Answer our faith's effectual prayer;
Bid every struggling child be born!

463 6-7s.

1 LAMB of God, who bear'st away
All the sins of all mankind,
Bow a nation to thy sway:—
While we may acceptance find,
Let us thankfully embrace
The last offers of thy grace.

2 Thou thy messengers hast sent,
Joyful tidings to proclaim,
Willing we should all repent,
Know salvation in thy Name,
Feel our sins by grace forgiven,
Find in thee the way to heaven.

3 Jesus, roll away the stone;
Good Physician, show thy art!
Make thy healing virtue known;
Break the unbelieving heart:

By thy bloody cross subdue;
Tell them, "I have died for you!"

4 Let thy dying love constrain
Those who disregard thy frown;
Sink the mountain to a plain;
Bring the pride of sinners down;
Soften the obdurate crowd;
Melt the rebels with thy blood!

464 7s and 6s.

1 JESUS, from thy heavenly place,
Thy dwelling in the sky,
Fill our church with righteousness,
Our want of faith supply:
Faith our strong protection be:
And godliness, with all its power,
'Stablish our posterity,
Till time shall be no more.

2 Let the Spirit of grace o'erflow
Our re-converted land:
Let the least and greatest know
And bow to thy command:
Wisdom, pure religious fear,
Our King's peculiar treasure prove,
Blest with piety sincere,
Inspired with humble love.

465 C. M.

For the King.

1 SOV'REIGN of all! whose Will ordains
The powers on earth that be,
By whom our rightful Monarch reigns,
Subject to none but thee:

2 Stir up thy power, appear, appear,
And for thy servant fight;
Support thy great vicegerent here,
And vindicate his right.

3 Lo! in the arms of faith and prayer
We bear him to thy throne;
Receive thy own peculiar care,
The Lord's anointed one.

4 With favour look upon his face;
Thy love's pavilion spread,
And watchful troops of angels place
Around his sacred head.

5 Guard him from all who dare oppose
Thy delegate and thee;
From open and from secret foes,
From force and perfidy!

6 Confound whoe'er his ruin seek,
Or into friends convert:
Give him his adversaries' neck;
Give him his people's heart.

7 Let us, for conscience' sake, revere
The man of thy right hand;
Honour and love thine image here,
And bless his mild command.

8 Thou only didst the blessing give;
The glory, Lord, be thine:
Let all with thankful joy receive
The benefit divine.

9 To those, who thee in him obey,
The Spirit of grace impart:
His dear, his sacred burden lay
On every loyal heart.

10 Still let us pray, and never cease,
"Defend him, Lord, defend:
'Stablish his throne in glorious peace,
And save him to the end!"

466 8s and 6s.

1 A NATION God delights to bless,
Can all our raging foes distress,
Or hurt whom they surround?
Hid from the general scourge we are,
Nor see the bloody waste of war,
Nor hear the trumpet's sound.

2 O might we, Lord! the grace improve,
By labouring for the rest of love,
The soul-composing power!
Bless us with that internal peace,
And all the fruits of righteousness,
Till time shall be no more.

467 L. M.

For Parents.

1 FATHER of all, by whom we are,
For whom was made whatever is;
Who hast intrusted to our care
A candidate for glorious bliss:

2 Poor worms of earth, for help we cry,
For grace to guide what grace ha given;
We ask for wisdom from on high,
To train our infant up for heaven.

3 We tremble at the danger near,
And crowds of wretched parents see,
Who, blindly fond, their children rear
In tempers far as hell from thee:

4 Themselves the slaves of sense and praise
Their babes who pamper and admire;
And make the helpless infants pass
To murderer-Moloch through the fire.

5 O let not us the demon please;
Our offspring to destruction doom!
Strengthen a sin-sick soul's disease,
Or damn him from his mother's womb

6 Rather this hour resume his breath,
From selfishness and pride to save;
By death prevent the second death,
And hide him in the silent grave!

7 Or, if thou grant a longer date,
With resolute wisdom us endue,
To point him out his last estate,
His dire apostasy to show:

8 To time our every smile or frown,
To mark the bounds of good and ill;
And beat the pride of nature down,
And bend or break his rising will.

9 Him let us tend, severely kind,
As guardians of his giddy youth;
As set to form his tender mind,
By principles of virtuous truth:

10 To fit his soul for heavenly grace;
Discharge the Christian parents' part,
And keep him, till thy love takes place,
And Jesus rises in his heart.

468 C. M.

1 GOD only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright:

2 To steer our dangerous course betwee
The rocks on either hand;
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.

3 Made apt, by thy sufficient grace,
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our rising progeny:

4 Their selfish will in time subdue,
And mortify their pride;
And lend their youth a sacred clew
To find the Crucified.

5 We would in every step look up;
By thy example taught
To' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.

6 We would persuade their hearts to' obey;
With mildest zeal proceed;
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.

7 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above,
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure, ingenuous love:

8 To watch their will, to sense inclined;
Withhold their hurtful food;
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

469 C. M.

1 FATHER of Lights! thy needful aid
To us that ask impart;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart.

2 O'erwhelm'd with justest fear, again
To thee for help we call:
Where many mightier have been slain,
By thee unsaved, we fall.

3 Unless restrain'd by grace we are,
In vain the snare we see;
We see, and rush into the snare
Of blind idolatry.

4 We plunge ourselves in endless woes,
Our helpless infant sell;
Resist the light, and side with those
Who send their babes to hell.

5 Ah! what avails superior light,
Without superior love?
We see the truth, we judge aright,
And wisdom's ways approve:

6 We mark the idolising throng,
Their cruel fondness blame;
Their children's souls we know they wrong;—
And we shall do the same.

7 In spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity;
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to thee!

8 We soon shall do what we condemn,
And, down the current borne,
With shame confess our nature's stream
Too strong for us to turn.

9 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only strength, thou art!
Above the world, and Satan's power,
And greater than our heart!

10 *Us from ourselves* thou canst secure,
In nature's slippery ways;
And make our feeble footsteps sure
By thy sufficient grace.

11 If on thy promised grace alone
We faithfully depend,
Thou surely wilt preserve thy own,
And keep them to the end:

12 Wilt keep us tenderly discreet
To guard what thou hast given;
And bring our child with us to meet
At thy right hand in heaven.

470 L. M.

For Masters.

1 MASTER supreme, I look to thee
For grace and wisdom from above;
Vested with thy authority,
Endue me with thy patient love:

2 That, taught according to thy will
To rule my family aright,
I may the' appointed charge fulfil,
With all my heart, and all my might.

3 Inferiors, as a sacred trust,
I from the Sovereign Lord receive,
That what is suitable and just,
Impartial I to all may give:

4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye;
From vice and wickedness restrain;
Mistakes and lesser faults pass by,
And govern with a looser rein.

5 The servant faithfully discreet,
Gentle to him, and good, and mild,
Him would I tenderly entreat,
And scarce distinguish from a child.

6 Yet let me not my place forsake,
The' occasion of his stumbling prove,
The servant to my bosom take,
Or mar him by familiar love.

7 Order if some invert, confound,
Their Lord's authority betray,—
I hearken to the gospel sound,
And trace the providential way

8 As far from abjectness as pride,
With condescending dignity,
Jesus, I make thy word my guide,
And keep the post assign'd by thee.

9 O could I emulate the zeal
Thou dost to thy poor servants bear!
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel
Of souls intrusted to my care:

10 In daily prayer to God commend
The souls whom God expired to save;
And think how soon my sway may end,
And all be equal in the grave!

471 8s and 6s.

1 HOW shall I walk my God to please,
And spread content and happiness
O'er all beneath my care?
A pattern to my household give,
And as a guardian angel live,
As Jesu's messenger?

2 The opposite extremes I see,—
Remissness and severity,—
And know not how to shun
The precipice on either hand,
While in the narrow path I stand,
And dread to venture on.

3 Shall I, through indolence supine,
Neglect, betray, my charge divine,
My delegated power?

The souls I from my Lord receive,
Of each I an account must give,
At that tremendous hour!

4 Lord over all, and God most high!
Jesus, to thee for help I fly,
For constant power and grace;
That, taught by thy good Spirit and led,
I may with confidence proceed,
And all thy footsteps trace.

5 O teach me my first lesson now!
And, while to thy sweet yoke I bow,
Thy easy service prove,
Lowly and meek in heart, I see
The art of governing like thee
Is governing by love.

472

8s and 6s.

1 I AND my house will serve the Lord:
But first obedient to his word
I must myself appear;
By actions, words, and tempers show,
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain;
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God,
A saint indeed, I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive!
Work in me both to will and do;
And show them how believers true
And real Christians live.

5 With all-sufficient grace supply;
And, lo! I come to testify
The wonders of thy name,
Which saves from sin, the world, and hell;
Whose virtue every heart may feel,
And every tongue proclaim.

6 A sinner, saved myself from sin,
I come my family to win,
To preach their sins forgiven;
Children, and wife, and servants seize,
And through the paths of pleasantness
Conduct them all to heaven.

473

6-8s.

For Children.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry;
The good desired and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply;
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 *Answer on them the end of all*
Our cares, and pains, and studies here;
On them, recover'd from their fall,
Stamp'd with the humble character,
Raised by the nurture of the Lord,
To all their paradise restored.

3 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind,
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind;
In knowledge pure their minds renew,
And store with thoughts divinely true.

4 Learning's redundant part and vain
Be here cut off, and cast aside;
But let them, Lord, the substance gain,
In every solid truth abide;
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego,
The knowledge fit for man to know.

5 Unite the pair so long disjoin'd,
Knowledge and vital Piety:
Learning and Holiness combined,
And Truth and Love, let all men see,
In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live.

6 Father, accept them through thy Son,
And ever by thy Spirit guide!
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
Thy name confess'd and glorified;
Thy power and love diffused abroad,
Till all the earth is fill'd with God.

474

6-8s.

1 CAPTAIN of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to thee,
And fit for thy great service make
These heirs of immortality;
And let them in thine image rise,
And then transplant to Paradise.

2 Unspotted from the world and pure,
Preserve them for thy glorious cause,
Accustom'd daily to endure
The welcome burden of thy cross;
Inured to toil and patient pain,
Till all thy perfect mind they gain.

3 Our sons henceforth be wholly thine,
And serve and love thee all their days;
Infuse the principle divine
In all who here expect thy grace:
Let each improve the grace bestow'd;
Rise every child a man of God!

4 Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread!
Or send them to proclaim thy word,
Thy gospel through the world to spread,
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the death by which we live!

475

6-8s.

1 BUT who sufficient is to lead
And execute the vast design?
How can our arduous toil succeed,
When earth and hell their forces join
The meanest instruments to o'erthrow
Which thou hast ever used below?

2 Mountains, alas! on mountains rise,
To make our utmost efforts vain;

The work our feeble strength defies,
And all the helps and hopes of man,
Our utter impotence we see;
But nothing is too hard for thee!

3 The things impossible to men
Thou canst for thine own people do:
Thy strength be in our weakness seen;
Thy wisdom in our folly show!
Prevent, accompany, and bless,
And crown the whole with full success.

4 Unless the power of heavenly grace,
The wisdom of the Deity,
Direct and govern all our ways,
And all our works be wrought in thee,—
Our blasted works we know shall fail,
And earth and hell at last prevail.

5 But, O almighty God of love,
Into thy hands the matter take;
The mountain obstacles remove,
For thy own truth and mercy's sake;
Fulfil in ours thy own design,
And prove the work entirely thine.

476 L. M.

At the Baptism of Adults.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means ordain'd by thee!
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 We now thy promised presence claim,
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptize into thy name;
We now thy promised presence find.

3 Father! in these reveal thy Son:
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

4 Jesus! with us thou always art:
Effectuate now the sacred sign;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

5 Eternal Spirit! descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now!

6 O that the souls baptized therein
May now thy truth and mercy feel;
May rise and wash away their sin!
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal!

477 7s and 6s.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In solemn power come down!
Present with thy heavenly host,
Thine ordinance to crown:
See a sinful worm of earth!
Bless to *him* the cleansing flood!
Plunge *him*, by a second birth,
Into the depths of God.

2 Let the promised inward grace
Accompany the sign;
On his new-born soul impress
The character divine!
Father, all thy name reveal!
Jesus, all thy name impart!
Holy Ghost, renew and dwell
For ever in his heart!

PART V.

SECTION I.—FOR THE SOCIETY ON MEETING.

478 S. M.

1 AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace!
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesu's praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we past,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

479 7s.

1 PEACE be on this house bestow'd,
Peace on all that here reside!
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide,
Let the Spirit now come down;
Let the blessing now take place!
Son of Peace, receive thy crown,
Fulness of the gospel grace.

2 Christ, my Master and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be;
O be mindful of thy word;
Visit them, and visit me!
To this house, and all herein,
Now let thy salvation come:
Save our souls from inbred sin;
Make us thy eternal home!

3 Let us never, never rest,
Till the promise is fulfill'd;
Till we are of thee possess'd,
Pardon'd, sanctified, and seal'd;
Till we all, in love renew'd,
Find the pearl that Adam lost,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

480 7s.

1 GLORY be to God above,
God from whom all blessings flow;
Make we mention of his love,
Publish we his praise below:
Call'd together by his grace,
We are met in Jesu's name;
See with joy each other's face,
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
How to make our calling sure;
Our election how to make
Past the reach of hell secure.
Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increase,

Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.
3 More and more let love abound:
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possest:
He removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back, from Eden driven;
To his image here restored,
Soon he takes us up to heaven.

481 10s and 11s.

1 ALL thanks to the Lamb, Who gives us to meet:
His love we proclaim, His praises repeat:
We own him our Jesus, Continually near
To pardon and bless us, And perfect us here.
2 In him we have peace, In him we have power,
Preserved by his grace Throughout the [dark hour;
In all our temptation He keeps us to prove
His utmost salvation, His fulness of love.
3 Through pride and desire Unhurt we have gone;
Through water and fire In him we went [on.
The world and the devil Through him we o'ercame,
Our Jesus from evil, For ever the same.
4 When we would have spurn'd His mercy and grace,
To Egypt return'd, And fled from his [face,
He hinder'd our flying, (His goodness to show,)
And stopp'd us by crying, "Will ye also [go?"
5 O what shall we do Our Saviour to love?
To make us anew, Come, Lord, from above!
The fruit of thy passion, Thy holiness, give:
Give us the salvation Of all that believe.
6 Come, Jesus, and loose The stammerer's tongue,
And teach even us The spiritual song:
Let us without ceasing Give thanks for thy grace, [praise.
And glory, and blessing, And honour, and
7 Pronounce the glad word, And bid us be free;
Ah! hast thou not, Lord, A blessing for [me?
The peace thou hast given This moment impart,
And open thy heaven, O Love, in my heart.

482 S. M.

1 SAVIOUR of sinful men,
Thy goodness we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in thy name:
Thy mighty name hath been
Our safeguard and our tower;
Hath saved us from the world, and sin,
And all the' Accuser's power.
2 Jesus, take all the praise,
That still on earth we live,
Unspotted in so foul a place,
And innocently grieve!
We shall from Sodom flee,
When perfected in love:
And haste to better company,
Who wait for us above.
3 *A while in flesh disjoin'd,*
Our friends that went before
We soon in paradise shall find,
And meet to part no more.

In yon thrice-happy seat,
Waiting for us they are;
And thou shalt there a husband meet!
And I a parent there!
4 O! what a mighty change
Shall Jesu's suff'rers know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of woe!
No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound;
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in heaven is found.
5 There all our griefs are spent!
There all our sorrows end!
We cannot there the fall lament
Of a departed friend,—
A brother dead to God,
By sin, alas! undone:—
No father there, in passion loud,
Cries, "O my son, my son!"
6 No slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy:
In that eternal day
No clouds nor tempests rise:
There gushing tears are wiped away
For ever from our eyes.

483 6-8s.

1 JESU, to thee our hearts we lift,
(May all our hearts with love o'erflow!)
With thanks for thy continued gift,—
That still thy precious name we know,
Retain our sense of sin forgiven,
And wait for all our inward heaven.
2 What mighty troubles hast thou shown
Thy feeble, tempted followers here!
We have through fire and water gone,
But saw thee on the floods appear,
But felt thee present in the flame,
And shouted our Deliverer's name.
3 When stronger souls their faith forsook,
And, hill'd in worldly, hellish peace,
Leap'd desperate from their guardian-rock,
And headlong plunged in sin's abyss;
Thy strength was in our weakness shown,
And still it guards and keeps thine own.
4 All are not lost, or wander'd back;
All have not left thy church and Thee;
There are who suffer for thy sake,
Enjoy thy glorious infamy,
Esteem the scandal of the cross,
And only seek divine applause.
5 Thou who hast kept us to this hour,
O keep us faithful to the end!
When, robed with majesty and power,
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
His friends and confessors to own,
And seat us on his glorious throne.

484 10s and 11s.

1 APPOINTED by thee, We meet in thy name,
And meekly agree To follow the Lamb,
To trace thy example, The world to disdain, [pain.
And constantly trample On pleasure a
2 Rejoicing in hope, We humbly go on,
And daily take up The pledge of our crow
In doing and bearing The will of [rew
Lord,
We still are preparing To meet

3 O Jesus, appear! No longer delay
To sanctify here, And bear us away:
The end of our meeting On earth let us see,
Triumphantly sitting In glory with thee!

485 S. M.

1 JESU, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name:
Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.
2 Not in the name of pride
Of selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
We meet, the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.
3 Present we know thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel!
O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love!

486 C. M.

1 SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.
2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.
3 With us thou art assembled here;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.
4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive!"
5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet!
Jesus, the Crucified,
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.
6 Cause us the record to receive:
Speak, and the tokens show:
"O be not faithless, but believe
In me, who died for you!"

487 7s and 6s.

1 TWO are better far than one
For counsel or for fight:
How can one be warm alone,
Or serve his God aright?
Join we then our hearts and hands;
Each to love provoke his friend;
Run the way of his commands,
And keep it to the end.
2 *Woe to him whose spirits droop*
To him who falls, alone!
He has none to lift him up,
To help his weakness on:
Happier we each other keep;
We each other's burdens bear;
Never need our footsteps slip,
Upheld by mutual prayer.
3 Who of twain hath made us one,
Maintains our unity;
Jesus is the Corner-Stone,
In whom we all agree;
Servants of one common Lord,
Sweetly of one heart and mind,
Who can break a threefold cord,
Or part whom God hath join'd?
4 O that all with us might prove
The fellowship of saints!
Find supplied, in Jesu's love,
What every member wants:
Grasp we our high calling's prize,
Feel our sins on earth forgiven,
Rise, in his whole image rise,
And meet our Head in heaven!

SECTION II.—FOR THE SOCIETY GIVING THANKS.

488 P. M.

1 HOW happy are we Who in Jesus agree
To expect his return from above!
We sit under his vine, And delightfully join
In the praise of his excellent love.
2 How pleasant and sweet, In his name when we meet,
Is his fruit to our spiritual taste!
We are banqueting here On angelical cheer,
And the joys that eternally last.
3 Invited by him, We drink of the stream
Ever flowing in bliss from the throne:
Who in Jesus believe, We the Spirit receive
That proceeds from the Father and Son.
4 The unspeakable grace He obtain'd for our race,
And the spirit of faith he imparts:
Then, then we conceive How in heaven they live,
By the kingdom of God in our hearts.
5 True believers have seen The Saviour of men,
As his head he on Calvary bow'd:
We shall see him again, When, with all his bright train,
He descends on the luminous cloud.
6 We remember the word Of our crucified Lord,
When he went to prepare us a place;
"I will come in that day, And transport you away,
And admit to a sight of my face."
7 With earnest desire After thee we aspire,
And long thy appearing to see; To live,
Till our souls thou receive In thy presence to dwell,
And be perfectly happy in thee.
8 Come, Lord, from the skies, And command us to rise,
Ready made for the mansions above;
With our Head to ascend, And eternity spend
In a rapture of heavenly love.

489 12-8s.

1 HOW good and pleasant 'tis to see,
When brethren cordially agree,
And kindly think and speak the same
A family of faith and love,
Combined to seek the things above,
And spread the common Saviour's fame
The God of grace, who all invites,
Who in our unity delights,

Vouchsafes our intercourse to bless;
Revives us with refreshing showers,
The fulness of his blessing pours,
And keeps our minds in perfect peace.

2 Jesus, thou precious Corner-Stone,
Preserve inseparably one,
Whom thou didst by thy Spirit join:
Still let us in thy Spirit live,
And to thy church the pattern give
Of unanimity divine!
Still let us to each other cleave,
And from thy plenitude receive
Constant supplies of hallowing grace;
Till to a perfect man we rise,
O'ertake our kindred in the skies,
And find prepared our heavenly place.

490 4-6s and 2-8s.

1 BEHOLD, how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace;
How pleasing to our King
This fruit of righteousness;
When brethren all in one agree,
Who knows the joys of unity!

2 When all are sweetly join'd,
(True followers of the Lamb,)
The same in heart and mind,
And think and speak the same;
And all in love together dwell;
The comfort is unspeakable.

3 Where unity takes place,
The joys of heaven we prove;
This is the gospel grace,
The unction from above,
The Spirit on all believers shed,
Descending swift from Christ our Head.

4 Where unity is found,
The sweet anointing grace
Extends to all around,
And consecrates the place;
To every waiting soul it comes,
And fills it with divine perfumes.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
For us the gift received;
For us and all the rest,
Who have in him believed:
Forth from our Head the blessing goes,
And all his seamless coat o'erflows.

6 On all his chosen ones
The precious oil comes down:
It runs, and, as it runs,
It ever will run on;
Even to his skirts (the meanest name
That longs to love the bleeding Lamb).

7 From Aaron's beard it rolls,
(Those nearest to his face,)
The humble, trembling souls
Who feebly sue for grace:
I know the grace for all is free,
For, lo! it reaches now to me.

8 Grace every morning new,
And every night, we feel;
The soft, refreshing dew
That falls on Hermon's hill!
On Sion it doth sweetly fall;
The grace of one descends on all.

9 *Even now our Lord doth pour*
The blessing from above,
A kindly gracious shower
Of heart-reviving love;
The former and the latter rain,
The love of God and love of man.

10 In him when brethren join
And follow after peace,
The fellowship divine
He promises to bless;
His choicest graces to bestow
Where two or three are met

11 The riches of his grace
In fellowship are given
To Sion's chosen race,
The citizens of heaven:
He fills them with the choice
He gives them life for everm

491 P. M.

1 COME away to the skies, b
arise,
And rejoice in the day thou
On this festival day, Come exu
And with singing to Sion ret

2 We have laid up our love A
above,
Though our bodies continue
The redeem'd of the Lord, We
his word,
And with singing to paradis

3 With singing we praise The ori
By our heavenly Father best
Our being receive From his b
To the honour and glory of

4 For thy glory we are, Created
Both the nature and kingdo
Created again, That our souls
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve Th
thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jes
So united in heart, That we nev
Till we meet at the feast of t

6 There, there at his feet We sha
And be parted in body no m
We shall sing to our lyres,
heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory ad

7 Hallelujah, we sing, To our
And his rapturous praises rep
To the Lamb that was slain,
again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at

8 In assurance of hope, We to Jes
Till his banner unfurl'd in th
From our graves we shall se
out, "It is he!"
And fly up to acknowledge h

492 L. M.

1 WHAT shall we offer our g
Poor nothings! for his
grace?
Fain would we his great name
And worthily set forth his p

2 Great Object of our growing
To whom our more than all
Open the Fountain from above
And let it our full souls o'er

3 So shall our lives thy power p
Thy grace for every sinner
Till all mankind shall learn
Shall all stretch out their

4 Open a door which earth and
May strive to shut, but
Let thy word richly in us
And let our gracious fre

5 O multiply the sower's seed!
And fruit we every hour shall bear,
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,
Thy everlasting truth declare.
6 We all, in perfect love renew'd,
Shall know the greatness of thy power;
Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.

493

6-8s.

1 THE people that in darkness lay,
The confines of eternal night,
We, we have seen a gospel day,
The glorious beams of heavenly light;
His Spirit in our hearts hath shone,
And show'd the Father in the Son.
2 Father of everlasting grace,
Thou hast in us thy arm reveal'd,
Hast multiplied the faithful race,
Who, conscious of their pardon seal'd,
Of joy unspeakable possess,
Anticipate their heavenly rest.
3 In tears who sow'd, in joy we reap,
And praise thy goodness all day long;
Him in our eye of faith we keep,
Who gives us our triumphal song,
And doth his spoils to all divide,
A lot among the sanctified.
4 Thou hast our bonds in sunder broke,
Took all our load of guilt away;
From sin, the world, and Satan's yoke,
(Like Israel saved in Midian's day,)
Redeem'd us by our conquering Lord,
Our Gideon, and his Spirit's sword.
5 Not like the warring sons of men,
With shouts, and garments roll'd in blood,
Our Captain doth the fight maintain;
But, lo! the burning Spirit of God
Kindles in each a secret fire;
And all our sins as smoke expire!

494

6-8s.

Gen. xxviii. 16, 17.

1 LO! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.
2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.
3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone:
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
O take, O seal them for thine own!
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord;
Be thou by all thy works adored.
4 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.
5 *In thee we move:—all things of thee*
Are full, thou Source and Life of all:
Thou vast unfathomable Sea!
(Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, fall,
Ye sons of men, for God is man!)
All may we lose, so thee we gain.
6 As flowers their op'ning leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch thy every ray,
So may thy influence us inspire;
Thou Beam of the eternal Beam, [Flame.
Thou purging Fire, thou quick'ning

495

5s and 11s.

1 COME, let us arise, And press to the skies;
The summons obey,
My friends, my beloved, and hasten away.
2 The Master of all For our service doth call,
And deigns to approve,
With smiles of acceptance, our labour of love.
3 His burden who bear, We alone can declare
How easy his yoke,
While to love and good works we each other provoke:—
4 By word and by deed, The bodies in need,
The souls to relieve,
And freely as Jesus hath given to give.
5 Then let us attend Our heavenly Friend,
In his members distrest,
By want, or affliction, or sickness oppress:
6 The pris'ner relieve, The stranger receive;
Supply all their wants,
And spent and be spent in assisting below.
7 Thus while we bestow Our moments
Ourselves we forsake,
And refuge in Jesus's righteousness take:
8 His passion alone The foundation we own;
And pardon we claim,
And eternal redemption, In Jesus's name.

496

10s and 11s.

1 THE earth is the Lord's, And all it contains;
The truth of his words For ever remains;
The saints have a mountain Of blessings in him;
His grace is the fountain, His peace is the stream.
2 To him our request We now have made known,
Who sees what is best For each of his own:
Our heathenish care, We cast it aside;
He heareth the prayer, And he will provide,
His modest and meek The earth shall possess:
The kingdom who seek Of Jesus's grace,
The power of his Spirit Shall joyfully own,
And all things inherit In virtue of one.

497

4-6s and 2-8s.

1 COME, all whoe'er have set
Your faces Zion-ward,
In Jesus let us meet,
And praise our common Lord;
In Jesus let us still go on,
Till all appear before his throne.
2 Nearer, and nearer still,
We to our country come:
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home,
The New Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.
3 The ransom'd sons of God,
All earthly things we scorn;
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return:
From strength to strength we still pr
With crowns of joy upon our head,

4 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel:
Redeem'd from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our all in all, is he;
And in his steps who tread,
We soon his face shall see;
Shall see him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

498 5s and 11s.

1 COME, let us anew Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise, [skies.
And press to our permanent place in the

2 Of heavenly birth, Though wand'ring on
This is not our place; [earth,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we
confess.

3 At Jesus's call, We gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.

4 No longing we find For the country be-
But onward we move, [hind;
And still we are seeking a country above:

5 A country of joy, Without any alloy,
We thither repair: [there.
Our hearts and our treasure already are

6 We march hand in hand To Immanuel's
No matter what cheer [land;
We meet with on earth; for eternity's
near. [stay;

7 The rougher our way, The shorter our
The tempests that rise [skies.
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the

8 The fiercer the blast, The sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come, [home.
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us

499 P. M.

1 COME, let us ascend, My companion
and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above;
If thy heart be as mine, If for Jesus it
Come up into the chariot of love. [pine,

2 Who in Jesus confide, We are bold to
outride
The storms of affliction beneath;
With the prophet we soar To the hea-
venly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come To our permanent
home:
By hope we the rapture improve:
By love we still rise, And look down on
the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive How happy
we live,
In the palace of God, the great King?
What a concert of praise, When our
Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing!

5 *What a rapturous song,* When the glori-
fied throng
In the spirit of harmony join:
Join all the glad choirs, Hearts, voices,
and lyres,
And the burden is, "Mercy divine!"

6 Hallelujah, they cry, To the King of the
sky,
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain, And liveth
again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

7 The Lamb on the throne, Lo! he dwells
with his own,
And to rivers of pleasure he leads!
With his mercy's full blaze, With the
sight of his face,
Our beatified spirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim His ineffable
name;
Our bodies his glory display;
A day without night We feast in his sight,
And eternity seems as a day!

500 C. M.

1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gather'd into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove:
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 Ev'n now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree;
Concentred all, through Jesu's name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!

SECTION III.—FOR THE SOCIETY PRAYING.

501 C. M.

1 JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep;
For, O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm:
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side:
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

502 C. M.

1 COME, thou omniscient Son of Man,
Display thy sifting power:
Come with thy Spirit's winnowing fan,
And throughly purge thy floor.

2 The chaff of sin, the' accursed thing,
Far from our souls be driven!
The wheat into thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.

3 Look through us with thy eyes of flame,
The clouds and darkness chase;
And tell me what by sin I am,
And what I am by grace.

4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove;
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by thy love.

5 Then let us all thy fulness know,
From every sin set free;
Saved, to the utmost—saved below,
And perfectly like thee.

503 C. M.

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

504 C. M.

1 JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever tow'rds each other move,
And ever move tow'rds thee.

5 To thee inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

6 This is the bond of perfectness,
Thy spotless charity;
O let us (still we pray) possess
The mind that was in thee!

7 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove:
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love!

8 With ease our souls through death shall glide
Into their paradise;
And thence, on wings of angels, ride
Triumphant through the skies.

9 Yet, when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

505 L. M.

1 UNCHANGEABLE, almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way!

2 O let us all join hand in hand,
Who seek redemption in thy blood;
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God!

3 Thou only canst our wills control,
Our wild unruly passions bind;
Tame the old Adam in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.

4 Speak but the reconciling word,
The winds shall cease, the waves subside;
We all shall praise our common Lord,
Our Jesus, and him crucified.

5 Giver of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild, pacific Dove:
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of thy love.

6 We all shall think and speak the same
Delightful lesson of thy grace;
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praise.

7 O let us take a softer mould,
Blended and gather'd into thee;
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony!

8 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down;
To us thy Father's name declare;
Unite and perfect us in one!

9 So shall the world believe and know,
That God hath sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

506

7s and 6s.

John xiv. 16, 17.

1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good;
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood!
Give us that for which he prays:
Father, glorify thy Son!
Show his truth, and power, and grace,
And send the Promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness, thou,
O Christ, thy Spirit give!
Hast thou not received him now,
That we might new receive?
Art thou not our living Head?
Life to all thy limbs impart:
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come;
Glows our heart to find thee near,
And swells to make thee room:
Present with us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be!
With us, in us, live and dwell,
To all eternity.

507

L. M.

1 SAVIOUR of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word;
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.

2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly Guest,
Delight in what thyself hast given;
On thy own gifts and graces feast, even.
And make the contrite heart thy hea-

3 Smell the sweet odour of our prayers,
Our sacrifice of praise approve;
And treasure up our gracious tears,
And rest in thy redeeming love.

4 Beneath thy shadow let us sit,
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride;
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

5 O let us on thy fulness feed,
And eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood!
Jesus, thy blood is drink indeed;
Jesus, thy flesh is angels' food.

6 The heavenly manna faith imparts;
Faith makes thy fulness all our own;
We feed upon thee in our hearts,
And find that heaven and thou art one.

508

7s.

1 *GOD of love, that hear'st the prayer,*
Kindly for thy people care,
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, save us to the end.

2 *Save us, in the prosperous hour,*
From the flattering Tempter's power,
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Cut off our dependence vain
On the help of feeble man:
Every arm of flesh remove;
Stay us on thy only love!

4 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these thy people join,
Poison our simplicity,
Drag us from our trust in thee.

5 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honours at thy feet.

6 Never let the world break in;
Fix a mighty gulf between:
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

7 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's Strength and Hope;
Nothing know, or seek, beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

8 Far above all earthly things,
Look we down on earthly kings;
Taste our glorious liberty;
Find our happy all in thee!

509

7s

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree:
Show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here!

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness!

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

510

4-6s and 2-8s.

1 THOU God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice to' approve,
Thy providence to' obey:
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each other's face?
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain;
Till all thy utmost goodness prove
And rise renew'd in perfect love?

4 Surely thou didst unite
Our kindred spirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear;
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy glorious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join, with mutual care,
To fight our passage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.

6 O may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day,
With all thy fulness fill,
And then transport away!
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast!

511 6-8s.

1 FORGIVE us, for thy mercy's sake,
Our multitude of sins forgive!
And for thy own possession take,
And bid us to thy glory live;
Live in thy sight, and gladly prove
Our faith, by our obedient love.

2 The cov'nant of forgiveness seal,
And all thy mighty wonders show!
Our inbred enemies expel;
And conquering them to conquer go,
Till all of pride and wrath be slain,
And not one evil thought remain!

3 O put it in our inward parts,
The living law of perfect love!
Write the new precept in our hearts;
We shall not then from thee remove,
Who in thy glorious image shine,
Thy people, and for ever thine.

512 6-7s.

1 CENTRE of our hopes thou art,
End of our enlarged desires;
Stamp thine image on our heart;
Fill us now with heavenly fires;
Cemented by love divine,
Seal our souls for ever thine.

2 All our works in thee be wrought,
Level'd at one common aim;
Every word, and every thought,
Purge in the refining flame:
Lead us, through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us all together rise,
To thy glorious life restored;
Here regain our paradise,
Here prepare to meet our Lord;
Here enjoy the earnest given,
Travel hand in hand to heaven!

513 6-8s.

1 JESUS, with kindest pity see
The souls that would be one in thee:
If now, accepted in thy sight,
Thou dost our upright hearts unite,
Allow us even on earth to prove
The noblest joys of heavenly love.

2 *Before thy glorious eyes we spread*
The wish which doth from thee proceed:
Our love from earthly dross refine;
Holy, angelical, divine,
Thee its great Author let it show,
And back to the pure fountain flow.

3 A drop of that unbounded sea,
O Lord, resorb it into thee!
While all our souls, with restless strife,
Spring up into eternal life,
And, lost in endless raptures, prove
Thy whole immensity of love.

4 A spark of that ethereal fire,
Still let it to its source aspire,
To thee in every wish return,
Intensely for thy glory burn;
While all our souls fly up to thee,
And blaze through all eternity.

514 7s.

1 FATHER, at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee;
Draw us by thy grace alone;
Give, O give us to thy Son!

2 Jesus, friend of human kind,
Let us in thy name be join'd;
Each to each unite and bless;
Keep us still in perfect peace.

3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
Shed thy over-shadowing love;
Love, the sealing grace, impart;
Dwell within our single heart.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost:
Let us in thine image rise;
Give us back our paradise.

515 7s.

The Communion of Saints.

FIRST PART.

1 FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
Faith's effectual fervent prayer;
Hear, and our petitions seal,
Let us now the answer feel.
Still our fellowship increase;
Knit us in the bond of peace;
Join our new-born spirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine.

2 Build us in one body up,
Call'd in one high calling's hope:
One the Spirit whom we claim;
One the pure baptismal flame;
One the faith, and common Lord;
One the Father lives adored,
Over, through, and in us all
God incomprehensible.

3 One with God, the source of bliss,
Ground of our communion this:
Life of all that live below,
Let thine emanations flow;
Rise eternal in our heart:
Thou our long-sought Eden art;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost.

516 7s.

SECOND PART.

1 OTHER ground can no man lay;
Jesus takes our sins away;
Jesus the foundation is,
This shall stand, and only this:
Fitly framed in him we are,
All the building rises fair;
Let it to a temple rise,
Worthy him who fills the skies.

2 Husband of the church below,
Christ, if thee our Lord we know,
Unto thee, betrothed in love,
Always let us faithful prove;
Never rob thee of our heart,
Never give the creature part:

Only thou possess the whole;
Take our body, spirit, soul.

3 Steadfast let us cleave to thee;
Love the mystic union be;
Union to the world unknown,
Join'd to God in spirit one:
Wait we till the Spouse shall come,
Till the Lamb shall take us home,
For his heaven the Bride prepare,
Solemnize our nuptials there.

517 THIRD PART. 7s.

1 CHRIST, our Head, gone up on high,
Be thou in thy Spirit nigh:
Advocate with God, give ear
To thine own effectual prayer!

2 One the Father is with thee;
Knit us in like unity;
Make us, O uniting Son,
One,—as Thou and He are one.

3 Still, O Lord, (for thine we are,)
Still to us his name declare:
Thy revealing Spirit give,
Whom the world cannot receive.

4 Fill us with the Father's love;
Never from our souls remove:
Dwell in us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

518 FOURTH PART. 7s.

1 CHRIST, from whom all blessings [flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are.

2 Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine:
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all.

3 Closer knit to thee, our Head;
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

4 Jesus, we thy members are;
Cherish us with kindest care:
Of thy flesh, and of thy bone,
Love, for ever love thine own!

5 Move, and actuate, and guide:
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil;

6 Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove;
Use the grace on each bestow'd,
Temper'd by the art of God.

7 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touch'd with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.

8 Wounded by the grief of one,
Now let all the members groan;
Honour'd if one member is,
All partake the common bliss.

9 *Many are we now* and one,
We who Jesus have put on:
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in thee!

10 *Love, like death*, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd all distinctions void;
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

519 7s.

FIRST PAR

1 COME, and let us s
Christ to praise
Give we all, with one
Glory to our common
Hands, and hearts, a
Sing as in the ancien
Antedate the joys ab
Celebrate the feast of

2 Strive we, in affectior
Let the purer flame r
Such as in the marty
Dying champions for
We, like them, may l
Call'd we are their jo
Saved with them fron
Partners of like prec

3 Sing we then in Jesu
Now as yesterday the
One in every time an
Full for all of truth a
We for Christ, our M
Lights in a benighted
We our dying Lord c
We are Jesu's witnes

4 Witnesses that Christ
We with him are cru
Christ hath burst the
We his quick'ning Sp
Christ is now gone u
Thither all our wishe
Sits at God's right ha
There with him we r

520 SECOND P

1 COME, thou high a
Lowly, meek, i
Humbly stoop to ear
Come and visit abject
Jesus, dear expected
Thou art bidden to th
For thyself our heart
Come, and sit, and be

2 Jesus, we thy promis
We are met in thy gr
In the midst do thou
Manifest thy presenc
Sanctify us, Lord, an
Breathe thy Spirit, g
Thou thyself within
Make our feast a Feas

3 Let the fruits of grac
Let us in thy bowels
Faith, and love, and j
Temperance and gent
Plant in us thy humi
Patient, pitiful, and
Meek and lowly let u
Full of goodness, full

4 Make us all in thee c
Make us all for glory
Meet to appear befo
Partners with the s
Call, O call us each
To the marriage of
Let us lean upon
Love be there on

521

THIRD PART. 7s.

1 LET us join, ('tis God commands,)
Let us join our hearts and hands;
Help to gain our calling's hope;
Build we each the other up:
God his blessings shall dispense;
God shall crown his ordinance;
Meet in his appointed ways;
Nourish us with social grace.

2 Let us then as brethren love,
Faithfully his gifts improve,
Carry on the earnest strife,
Walk in holiness of life;
Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind,
Tow'rd the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

3 Plead we thus for faith alone,
Faith which by our works is shown;
God it is who justifies;
Only faith the grace applies;—
Active faith that lives within,
Conquers earth, and hell, and sin,
Sanctifies, and makes us whole,
Forms the Saviour in the soul.

4 Let us for this faith contend;
Sure salvation is its end:
Heaven already is begun,
Everlasting life is won.
Only let us persevere,
Till we see our Lord appear:
Never from the Rock remove,
Saved by faith, which works by love.

522

FOURTH PART. 7s.

1 PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up:
Jointly let us rise, and sing
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Monuments of Jesu's grace,
Speak we by our lives his pra'se;
Walk in him we have received;
Show we not in vain believed.

2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesu's love:
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Thee the' unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for thee!
Every vile affection kill;
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin;
Write thy law of love within.

4 Hence may all our actions flow;
Love the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual *love the* token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart!
Stamp it on our face and heart!
Only love to us be given!
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

523

L. M.

1 O THOU, our Husband, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise!
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice!
2 Regard our prayers for Sion's peace;
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.
3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will;
Cause us thy hallow'd name to know,
The work of faith in us fulfil.
4 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure as thou thyself art pure,
Conform'd in all things to our Head.
5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood;
Thy blood shall wash as white as snow,
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.
6 That blood which cleanses from all sin,
That efficacious blood apply;
And wash, and make us wholly clean,
And change, and throughly sanctify.
7 From all iniquity redeem;
Cleanse by the water and the word;
And free from every spot of blame,
And make the servant as his Lord!

524

12-8s.

1 OUR friendship sanctify and guide:
Unmix'd with selfishness and pride,
Thy glory be our single aim!
In all our intercourse below,
Still let us in thy footsteps go,
And never meet but in thy name.
Fix on thyself our single eye;
Still let us on thyself rely,
For all the help that each conveys,
The help as from thy hand receive,
And still to thee all glory give,
All thanks, all might, all love, all praise.
2 Whate'er thou dost on one bestow,
Let each the double blessing know;
Let each the common burden bear;
In comforts and in griefs agree;
And wrestle for his friends with thee,
In all the' omnipotence of prayer.
Our mutual prayer accept and seal;
In all thy glorious self reveal;
All with the fire of love baptize:
Thy kingdom in our souls restore;
And keep till we cau sin no more,
Till all in thy whole image rise.
3 Witnesses of the' all-cleansing blood,
Long may we work the works of God,
And do thy will like those above;
Together spread the gospel sound,
And scatter peace on all around,
And joy, and happiness, and love.
True yoke-fellows, by love compell'd,
To labour in the gospel field,
Our all let us delight to spend
In gathering in thy lambs and sheep;
Assured that thou our souls wilt keep,
Wilt keep us faithful to the end.

525

6-8s.

1 JESU, thou great redeeming Lord,
The kingdom of thy peace restored

Let all thy followers perceive,
And happy in thy Spirit live;
Retain the grace through thee bestow'd,
The favour and the peace of God.
2 Give all thy saints to find in thee
The fulness of the Deity;
His nature, life, and mind to prove,
In perfect holiness and love:
Fountain of grace, thyself make known
With God and man for ever one.
3 Still with and in thy people dwell;
Thy gracious plenitude reveal;
Till coming with thy heavenly train,
We eye to eye "behold the Man,"
And share thy majesty divine,
And mount our thrones encircling thine.

526 8s and 6s.

1 EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed; [nought:
We spend our wretched strength for
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.
2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim,—
Thy glory if we now intend,—
O let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jesu's name!
3 In Jesu's name, behold, we meet;
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below
By reason and by grace.
4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined:
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrain'd by Jesu's love to live
The servants of mankind.
5 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will:
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising church, and place
The city on the hill.
6 O let our faith and love abound!
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly Light Divine.

527 8s and 6s.

1 COME, Wisdom, Power, and Grace Divine,
Come, Jesus, in thy name to join
A happy chosen band:
Who fain would prove thine utmost [will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfil,
In love's benign command.
2 If pure essential Love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving self, inspire;
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
Baptized with heavenly fire.
3 *Still may we to our centre tend,—*
To spread thy praise our common end,
To help each other on;
Companions through the wilderness,
To share a moment's pain, and seize
An everlasting crown.
4 Jesus, our tender'd souls prepare!
Infuse the softest social care,
The warmest charity,
The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wondrous name,
The heart that was in thee.
5 Supply what every member wants;
To found the fellowship of saints,
Thy Spirit, Lord, supply;
So shall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
And to thy glory die.

528 8s and 6s.

1 O SAVIOUR, cast a gracious smile!
Our gloomy guilt, and selfish guile,
And shy distrust remove:
The true simplicity impart,
To fashion every passive heart,
And mould it into love.
2 Our naked hearts to thee we raise;
Whate'er obstructs thy work of grace,
For ever drive it hence:
Exert thy all-subduing power,
And each regenerate soul restore
To child-like innocence.
3 Soon as in thee we gain a part,
Our spirit purged from nature's art
Appears, by grace forgiven;
We then pursue our sole design,
To lose our melting will in thine,
And want no other heaven.
4 O that we now the power might feel,
To do on earth thy blessed will,
As angels do above!
In thee, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
To walk, and perfectly to obey
Thy sweet constraining love!
5 Jesus, fulfil our one desire,
And spread the spark of living fire
Through every hallow'd breast;
Bless with divine conformity,
And give us now to find in thee
Our everlasting rest.

529 7s.

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee confess,
Followers of thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask, "What shall we do?"
Govern'd by thy only will,
All thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walk'd below.
2 While thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to thy servants here,
Mindful of thy place above,
All thy life was prayer and love.
Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity;
Works of love on men bestow'd,
Secret intercourse with God.

3 Early in the temple met,
Let us still our Saviour greet;
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there.
There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again;
Power his image to retrieve,
Power, like thee, our Lord, to live.

4 Vessels, instruments of grace,
Pass we thus our happy days
'Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing or receiving good;
Glad to pray and labour on,
Till our earthly course is run,
Till we, on the sacred tree,
Bow the head and die like thee.

530 8s and 7s.

1 COME, thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart!
Bought for us by Jesu's merit,
Now thy blissful self impart:
Sign our uncontested pardon;
Wash us in the' atoning blood!
Make our hearts a water'd garden,
Fill our spotless souls with God.

2 If thou gav'st the' enlarged desire,
Which for thee we ever feel,
Now our panting souls inspire,
Now our cancell'd sin reveal:
Claim us for thy habitation;
Dwell within our hallow'd breast;
Seal us heirs of full salvation,
Fitted for our heavenly rest.

3 Give us quietly to tarry,
Till for all thy glory meet,
Waiting, like attentive Mary,
Happy at the Saviour's feet:
Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free,
Wholly to thyself devoted,
Fix'd to live and die for thee.

4 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let thee go,
Till thou all thy mind declare,
All thy grace on us bestow;
Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy, and perfect love, impart,
Present, everlasting heaven,
All thou hast, and all thou art!

531 7s and 6s.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
That famous Plant thou art:
Tree of Life eternal, rise
In every longing heart!
Bid us find the food in thee,
For which our deathless spirits pine,
Fed with immortality,
And fill'd with love divine.

2 Long we have our burden borne,
Our own unfaithfulness,
Object of the Heathens' scorn,
Who mock'd our scanty grace:
Jesus, our reproach remove:
Let sin no more thy people shame!
Show us rooted in thy love,
In life and death the same.

3 In thy spotless people show
Thy power and constancy;
Give us thus to feel and know
Our fellowship with thee:
Give us all thy mind to express,
And blameless in our Lord to abide,
Transcripts of thy holiness,
Thy fair unspotted bride.

532 C. M.

1 COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual *Covenant* join
Ourselves to CHRIST the LORD:

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesu's power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For GOD to live and die.

3 The Covenant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind:—
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow:—
And if thou art well-pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now!

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give!

6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away:
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day!

SECTION IV.—FOR THE SOCIETY AT PARTING.

533 4-6s and 2-8s.

1 LORD, we thy will obey,
And in thy pleasure rest;
We, only we, can say,
"Whatever is, is best;"
Joyful to meet, willing to part,
Convinced we still are one in heart.

2 Hereby we sweetly know
Our love proceeds from thee,—
We let each other go,
From every creature free,
And cry, in answer to thy call,
"Thou art, O Christ, our all in all!

3 Our Husband, Brother, Friend,
Our Counsellor Divine!
Thy chosen ones depend
On no support but thine:
Our everlasting Comforter!
We cannot want, if thou art here.

4 Still let us, gracious Lord,
Sit loose to all below;
And to thy love restored,
No other portion know;
Stand fast in glorious liberty,
And live and die wrapt up in thee!

534 C. M.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,—
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more!

535 S. M.

1 AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are.
Jesus, the Corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesu's work below;
And, following our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go!
The vineyard of their Lord
Before his labourers lies;
And, lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

3 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labours end;
Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain:—
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

4 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.
The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

5 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.
Abraham and Isaac there,
And Jacob, shall receive
The followers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.

6 *We shall our time beneath*
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death
And gain the mountain-top.
To gather home his own
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumph end.

536 4-6s and 2-8s.

1 JESUS, accept the praise
That to thy Name belongs;
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs:
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy Name.

2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit join'd,
To' embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assign'd;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, arm'd with patience, run
With joy the' appointed race:
Keep us, and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more;
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home!
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom;
Earth we shall view, and heaven de-
And shout above the fiery void. [stroy'd,

6 These eyes shall see them fall,
Mountains, and stars, and skies!
These eyes shall see them all
Out of their ashes rise!
These lips his praises shall rehearse,
Whose nod restores the universe.

7 According to his word,
His oath to sinners given,
We look to see restored
The ruin'd earth and heaven;
In a new world his truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.

8 Then let us wait the sound
That shall our souls release;
And labour to be found
Of him in spotless peace,
In perfect holiness renew'd,
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God.

537 C. M.

1 GOD of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace!
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Through thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And, each to each in Jesus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subsists as in us all one soul,
No power can make us twain;

And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us, in vain.

5 Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer
We each to other fly.

6 In Jesus Christ together we
In heavenly places sit;
Clothed with the sun, we smile to see
The moon beneath our feet.

7 Our life is hid with Christ in God;
Our life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
In all his members here.

8 The heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay;
But he shall to the utmost save,
And keep it to that day.

9 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Sion's hill!

10 Him eye to eye we there shall see;
Our face like his shall shine:
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

11 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

12 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

13 Then let us hasten to the day,
When all shall be brought home,
Come, O Redeemer, come away,
O Jesus, quickly come!

538 7s.

1 JESUS, soft, harmonious Name,
Every faithful heart's desire;
See thy followers, O Lamb!
All at once to thee aspire
Drawn by thy uniting grace,
After thee we swiftly run;
Hand in hand we seek thy face:
Come, and perfect us in one.

2 Mollify our harsher will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute:
Sweetly on our spirits move;
Gently touch the trembling strings;
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings!

3 See the souls that hang on thee!
Sever'd though in flesh we are,
Join'd in spirit all agree;
All thy only love declare;
Spread thy love to all around:
Hark! we now our voices raise!
Joyful consentaneous sound,
Sweetest symphony of praise.

4 Jesu's praise be all our song;
While we Jesu's praise repeat,
Glide our happy hours along,
Glide with down upon their feet!
Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,
Till we take our seats above,
Live we all as angels here,
Only sing, and praise, and love.

539 C. M.

1 LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his Name:
To Jesu's Name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend!

2 We, for his sake, count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.
O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to' approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love!

3 Love us, though far in flesh disjoin'd,
Ye lovers of the Lamb;
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and speak the same:
You on our minds we ever bear,
Whoe'er to Jesus bow;
Stretch out the arms of faith and prayer,
And, lo! we reach you now.

4 The blessings all on you be shed,
Which God in Christ imparts;
We pray the Spirit of our Head
Into your faithful hearts.
Mercy and peace your portion be,
To carnal minds unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

5 Let all who for the Promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live!
Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home:
Go on;—we'll meet you there.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

(NOT IN THE EDITIONS PUBLISHED DURING THE LIFE OF MR. WESLEY.)

On Divine Worship.

540 L. M.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

541 4-6s and 2-8s.

1 LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To thine abode My heart aspires,
With warm desires To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God delights to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still, And happy they
Who love the way To Sion's hill!

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! Thou God, our King,
Shalt thither bring Our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence!
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow Upon our race
His saving grace, And glory too.

5 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From holy, humble souls:
Thrice happy he, O Lord of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts Alone in thee!

542 7s.

1 LORD and God of heavenly powers!
Theirs,—yet, O! benignly ours;
Glorious King! let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant thy name.

2 Thee to land in songs divine
Angels and archangels join:
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thine eternal praise.

3 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by heaven and earth adored!
Full of thee, they ever cry,
"Glory be to God Most High!"

543 C. M.

1 BEING of Beings, God of Love!
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, only thine, we pant to be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires;
For all thy mercies' store,
The sole return thy love requires
Is, that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts to' embrace thy will;
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again,
With all thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad!
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

544 C. M.

On the Sabbath.

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.
Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

2 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, the' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
HE RISES, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak a world from nought
'Twas greater to redeem!

545 6-8s.

On the Death of Christ.

1 O THOU eternal Victim, slain
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead;
Our everlasting Priest art thou,
And plead'st thy death for sinners now

2 Thy offering still continues new;
Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue;
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughter'd Lamb
Thy priesthood still remains the same;
Thy years, O God, can never fail;
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love!
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view thee bleeding on the tree
My God, who dies for me, for me!

For the Lord's Supper.

546 S. M.

1 COME, all who truly bear
The name of Christ your Lord,
His last mysterious supper share,
And keep his kindest word.
Hereby your faith approve
In Jesus crucified:
"In memory of my dying love,
Do this,"—he said,—and died.

2 The badge and token this,
The sure confirming seal,
That he is ours, and we are his,
The servants of his will;
His dear peculiar ones,
The purchase of his blood;
His blood which once for all atones,
And brings us now to God.

3 Then let us still profess
Our Master's honour'd name;
Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
True followers of the Lamb.
In proof that such we are,
His saying we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We do in Christ believe.

4 Part of his church below,
We thus our right maintain;
Our living membership we show,
And in the fold remain,—
The sheep of Israel's fold,
In England's pastures fed;
And fellowship with all we hold,
Who hold it with our Head.

547 8s and 7s.

1 COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his sufferings for mankind!
True Recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal his great salvation;
Preach his gospel to our heart.

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying;
Come, Remembrancer Divine!
Let us feel thy power, applying
Christ to every soul,—and mine!
Let us groan thine inward groaning;
Look on him we pierced, and grieve;
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

548 7s and 6s.

1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee;
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
O remember Calvary, &c.

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary, &c.

4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give!
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till perfected in holiness;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

549 C. M.

1 JESU, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipp'd in blood!
Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallow'd bread,
Commemo'rate thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own:
The tokens of thy dying love
O let us all receive;
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And sensibly believe!

3 The cup of blessing, bless'd by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
And cheer each languid heart.
The grace which sure salvation brings
Let us herewith receive;
Satiate the hungry with good things,
The hidden manna give.

4 The living bread, sent down from hea-
In us vouchsafe to be: [ven,
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.
Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are fill'd below
With all the life of God.

550 C. M.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, thine influence
And realize the sign; [shed,
Thy life infuse into the bread,
Thy power into the wine.

2 Effectual let the tokens prove,
And made, by heavenly art,
Fit channels to convey thy love
To every faithful heart.

551 6-8s.

1 VICTIM Divine, thy grace we claim,
While thus thy precious death we
Once offer'd up, a spotless Lamb, [show:
In thy great temple here below,
Thou dost for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

2 Thou standest in the holy place,
As now for guilty sinners slain;
The blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays
All prevalent for helpless man;
Thy blood is still our ransom found,
And speaks salvation all around.

3 The smoke of thy atonement here
Darken'd the sun, and rent the veil,
Made the new way to heaven appear,
And show'd the great Invisible:
Well pleased in thee, our God look'd down,
And calls his rebels to a crown.

4 He still respects thy Sacrifice;
Its savour sweet doth always please:
The Offering smokes through earth and skies,
Diffusing life, and joy, and peace:
To these, thy lower courts, it comes,
And fills them with divine perfumes.

5 We need not now go up to heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour down;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost even now thy banquet crown:
To every faithful soul appear,
And show thy real presence here!

552 7s and 6s.

1 JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone;
Tears the graves and mountains up,
By his expiring groan;
Lo! the powers of heaven he shakes;
Nature in convulsions lies;
Earth's profoundest centre quakes;
The great JEHOVAH dies!

2 Dies the glorious cause of all!
The true eternal *Pan*
Falls, to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful man!
Well may *Sol* withdraw his light,
With the Sufferer sympathize,
Leave the world in sudden night,
While the Creator dies!

3 Well may heaven be clothed in black,
And solemn sackcloth wear,
Jesu's agonies partake,
The hour of darkness share:
Mourn the' astonish'd hosts above;
Silence saddens all the skies;
Kindler of seraphic love,
The God of Angels dies!

4 O my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on the tree,—
A sight that breaks my heart!
O that all to thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love him too;
Look on him ye pierced, and mourn
For one who bled for you!

5 Weep o'er your desire and hope,
With tears of humblest love:
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthroned above:
Lives our Head, to die no more:
Power is all to Jesus given,—
Worshipp'd, as he was before,
The' Immortal King of Heaven.

6 Lord, we bless thee for thy grace
And truth, which never fail:
Hastening to behold thy face,
Without a dimming veil,
We shall see our heavenly King,
All thy glorious love proclaim;
Help the angel-choirs to sing
The dear triumphant Lamb.

553 L. M.

On the Resurrection of Christ.

1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your God:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But, lo! what sudden joys I see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb:
The tomb in vain forbids his rise!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.
Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

554 L. M.

On the Ascension of Christ.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky;
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in!
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd;
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd!

555 7s.

On the Second Coming of Christ.

1 COME, Desire of nations, come!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
Hear the Spirit and the Bride;
Come, and take us to thy side.

2 Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward;
Then with all thy saints descend;
Then our earthly trials end.

3 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days;
Who for full redemption groan,
Hear us now, and save thine own.

4 Now destroy the man of sin;
Now thine ancient flock bring in!
Fill'd with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransom'd world for thine.

5 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Glorious in thy saints appear;
Speak the sacred number seal'd;
Speak the mystery reveal'd.
6 Take to thee thy royal power;
Reign, when sin shall be no more;
Reign, when death no more shall be;
Reign to all eternity.

ON MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

556

7s and 6s.

1 TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels.
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given:
God comes down; the God and Lord
That made both earth and heaven.
2 Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide:
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in him, securely rest;
Thy Watchman never sleeps.
3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell
Thy Keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes;
He is Israel's sure defence;
Israel all his care shall prove,
Kept by watchful providence,
And ever-waking love.
4 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near!
Lo! he holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear;
Shadows with his wings thy head;
Guards from all impending harms:—
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.
5 Christ shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin;
Like thy spotless Master, thou,
Fill'd with wisdom, love, and power,
Holy, pure, and perfect,—now,
Henceforth, and evermore.

557

10s and 11s.

1 YE servants of God, Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, And rules over all.
2 The waves of the sea Have lift up their voice,
Sore troubled that we In Jesus rejoice;
The floods they are roaring, But Jesus is here;
While we are adoring, He always is near.
3 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh, His presence we have:
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation To Jesus our King.
4 "Salvation to God Who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, And honour the Son;
Our Jesus's praises The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, And worship the Lamb.
5 *Then let us adore,* And give him his right,
All glory and power, All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing, With angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing, And infinite love.
6 Come, Lord, and display Thy sign in the sky,
And bear us away To mansions on high;
The kingdom be given, The purchase divine,
And crown us in heaven Eternally thine.

558

5s and 11s.

1 COME, Lord, from above, The mountains remove;
Overturn all that hinders the course of thy love.
My bosom inspire, Inkindle the fire, My desire,
And wrap my whole soul in the flames of heart.
2 I languish and pine For the comfort divine;
O when shall I say, My Beloved is mine!
I have chos'n the good part; My portion thou art,
O Love; let me find thee, O God, in my heart.
3 For this my heart sighs: Nothing else can suffice;
How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great price?
It cannot be bought, And thou know'st I have nought,
Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.
4 But I hear a voice say, "Without money ye may
Receive it, whoever have nothing to pay:
Who on Jesus relies, Without money or price,
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys:
5 The blessing is free:"—So, Lord, let it be;
I yield that thy love should be given to me.
I freely receive What thou freely dost give,
And consent in thy love, in thy Eden, to live.
6 The gift I embrace; The Giver I praise;
And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace:
It comes from above; The foretaste I prove;
And I soon shall receive all the fulness of love.

559

C. M.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
3 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own Interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

560

P. M.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing!
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach you blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise,
Hallelujah!

SUPPLEMENT.

SECTION I.

HYMNS OF ADORATION.

561 C. M.

Hymn to God the Father.

1 HAIL, Father, whose creating call
Unnumber'd worlds attend;
Jehovah, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend!
2 In light unsearchable enthroned,
Whom angels dimly see,
The fountain of the Godhead own'd,
And foremost of the Three.
3 From thee, through an eternal now,
The Son, thine offspring, flow'd;
An everlasting Father thou,
An everlasting God.
4 Nor quite display'd to worlds above,
Nor quite on earth conceal'd;
By wondrous, unexhausted love,
To mortal man reveal'd.
5 Supreme and all-sufficient God,
When nature shall expire,
And worlds created by thy nod
Shall perish by thy fire.
6 Thy name, Jehovah, be adored
By creatures without end;
Whom none but thy essential Word
And Spirit comprehend.

562 2-6s and 4-7s.

The Trinity in Unity.

1 HAIL, co-essential Three,
In mystic Unity!
Father, Son, and Spirit, hail!
God by heaven and earth adored,
God incomprehensible;
One supreme, almighty Lord.
2 Thou sittest on the throne,
Plurality in One:
Saints behold thine open face,
Bright, insufferably bright;
Angels tremble as they gaze,
Sink into a sea of light.
3 Ah! when shall we increase
Their heavenly ecstasies?
Chant, like them, the Lord Most High,
Fall like them who dare not move;
"Holy, holy, holy," cry,
Breathe the praise of silent love?
4 Come, Father, in the Son
And in the Spirit down;
Glorious Triune Majesty,
God through endless ages blest,
Make us meet thy face to see,—
Then receive us to thy breast.

563 7s and 6s.

"The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee."

1 GREAT is our redeeming Lord,
In power, and truth, and grace;
Him, by highest heaven adored,
His church on earth doth praise:
In the city of our God,
In his holy mount below,
Publish, spread his name abroad,
And all his greatness show.
2 For thy loving-kindness, Lord,
We in thy temple stay;
Here thy faithful love record,
Thy saving power display:
With thy name thy praise is known,
Glorious thy perfections shine;
Earth's remotest bounds shall own
Thy works are all divine.
3 See the gospel church secure,
And founded on a rock;
All her promises are sure;
Her bulwarks who can shock?
Count her every precious shrine;
Tell, to after-ages tell,
Fortified by power divine,
The church can never fall.
4 Sion's God is all our own,
Who on his love rely;
We his pardoning love have known
And live to Christ, and die;
To the New Jerusalem
He our faithful Guide shall be:
Him we claim, and rest in him,
Through all eternity.

564 6-8s.

"Te Deum laudamus."

FIRST PART.

1 INFINITE God, to thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise;
By all thy works on earth adored,
We worship thee, the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before thy throne.
2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
Cherubs proclaim thy praise afoud,
And seraphs shout the triune God;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Thy glory fills both earth and sky!"
3 God of the patriarchal race,
The ancient seers record thy praise;
The goodly apostolic band
In highest joy and glory stand;
And all the saints and prophets join
To' extol thy majesty divine.
4 Head of the martyrs' noble host,
Of thee they justly make their boast;
The church, to earth's remotest bounds,
Her heavenly Founder's praise resounds,
And strives with those around the throne,
To hymn the mystic Three in One.
5 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

565 SECOND PART. 6-8s.

1 MESSIAH, joy of every heart,
Thou, thou the King of Glory art;
The Father's everlasting Son,
Thee it delights thy church to own;
For all our hopes on thee depend,
Whose glorious mercies never end.

2 Bent to redeem a sinful race,
Thou, Lord, with unexampled grace,
Into our lower world didst come,
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb;
Whom all the heavens cannot contain,
Our God appear'd a child of man!

3 When thou hadst render'd up thy breath,
And dying drawn the sting of death,
Thou didst from earth triumphant rise,
And ope the portals of the skies,
That all who trust in thee alone
Might follow and partake thy throne.

4 Seated at God's right hand again,
Thou dost in all his glory reign;
Thou dost, thy Father's image, shine
In all the attributes divine;
And thou with judgment clad shalt come
To seal our everlasting doom.

5 Wherefore we now for mercy pray;
O Saviour, take our sins away!
Before thou as our Judge appear,
In dreadful majesty severe,
Appear our Advocate with God,
And save the purchase of thy blood.

6 Hallow, and make thy servants meet,
And with thy saints in glory seat;
Sustain and bless us by thy sway,
And keep to that tremendous day,
When all thy church shall chant above
The new eternal song of love.

566 THIRD PART. 6-8s.

1 SAVIOUR, we now rejoice in hope,
That thou at last wilt take us up;
With daily triumph we proclaim,
And bless and magnify thy name;
And wait thy greatness to adore
When time and death shall be no more.

2 Till then with us vouchsafe to stay,
And keep us pure from sin to-day;
Thy great confirming grace bestow,
And guard us all our days below;
And ever mightily defend,
And save thy servants to the end.

3 Still let us, Lord, by thee be blest,
Who in thy guardian mercy rest:
Extend thy mercy's arms to me,
The weakest soul that trusts in thee;
And never let me lose thy love,
Till I, even I, am crown'd above.

567 L. M.

The Works of God.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 *The unwearied sun, from day to day,*
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What, though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What, though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

568 L. M.

The Glory of God.

1 GOD is a name my soul adores,
The' almighty Three, the' eternal [One;
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite unknown.

2 Thy voice produced the sea and spheres,
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine:
But nothing like Thyself appears [thine.
Through all these spacious works of

3 Still restless nature dies and grows,
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy Being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

4 A glance of thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
Of light thou form'st thy dazzling robe,
Thy ministers are living flame.

5 How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie afar,
And see but shadows of thy face.

6 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy Wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy Word can speak thy name.

569 4-6s and 2-8s.

The Greatness and Condescension of God.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs.
Strong is his arm, and shall hold
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name
My Father and my Friend?

I love his name, I love his word:
Join all my powers to praise the Lord!

570 L. M.

The Perfections and Providence of God.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

571 L. M.

"Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever."

1 WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How sure establish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art King from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure:
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

572 L. M.

The same Subject.

1 THE earth and all her fulness owns
Jehovah for her sovereign Lord;
The countless myriads of her sons
Rose into being at his word.

2 His word did out of nothing call
The world, and founded all that is;
Launch'd on the floods this solid ball,
And fix'd it in the floating seas.

3 But who shall quit this low abode,
Who shall ascend the heavenly place,
And stand upon the mount of God,
And see his Maker face to face?

4 *The man whose hands and heart are clean*
That blessed portion shall receive;
Whoe'er is by grace is saved from sin,
Hereafter shall in glory live.

5 *He shall obtain the starry crown;*
And, number'd with the saints above,
The God of his salvation own,
The God of his salvation love.

573 S. M.

Public Worship.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, as the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

574 6-8s.

Psalm lxxxiv.

1 HOW lovely are thy tents, O Lord!
Where'er thou choosest to record
Thy name, or place thy house of praye
My soul outflies the angel-choir,
And faints, o'erpower'd with strong desir
To meet thy special presence there.

2 Happy the men to whom 'tis given
To dwell within that gate of heaven,
And in thy house record thy praise;
Whose strength and confidence thou art,
Who feel thee, Saviour, in their heart,
The Way, the Truth, the Life of grace

3 Who, passing through the mournful val
Drink comfort from the living well,
That flows replenish'd from above;
From strength to strength advancing her
Till all before their God appear,
And each receives the crown of love.

4 Better a day thy courts within
Than thousands in the tents of sin;
How base the noblest pleasures there!
How great the weakest child of thine!
His meanest task is all divine,
And kings and priests thy servants are

5 The Lord protects and cheers his own.
Their light and strength, their shield an
sun:
He shall both grace and glory give:
Unlimited his bounteous grant;
No real good they e'er shall want;
All, all is theirs, who righteous live.

6 O Lord of hosts, how blest is he
Who steadfastly believes in thee!
He all thy promises shall gain:
The soul that on thy love is cast,
Thy perfect love on earth shall taste,
And soon with thee in glory reign.

575 6-8s.

"Peter and John went up into the temp at the hour of prayer."

1 WHO Jesus our example know,
And his Apostles' footsteps trace
We gladly to the temple go,
Frequent the consecrated place
At every solemn hour of prayer,
And meet the God of mercy there.

2 His offering pure we call to mind,
There on the golden altar laid,
Whose Godhead with the manhood join'd
For every soul atonement made;
And have whate'er we ask of God,
Through faith in that all-saving blood.

576

6-8s.

Psalm cxlvi.

1 MY soul, inspired with sacred love,
The Lord thy God delight to praise;
His gifts I will for him improve,
* To him devote my happy days;
To him my thanks and praises give,
And only for his glory live.

2 Long as my God shall lend me breath,
My every pulse shall beat for him;
And when my voice is lost in death,
My spirit shall resume the theme;
The gracious theme, for ever new,
Through all eternity pursue.

3 Soon as the breath of man expires,
Again he to his earth shall turn;
Where then are all his vain desires,
His love and hate, esteem and scorn?
All, all at that last gasp are o'er,
He falls to rise on earth no more.

4 He, then, is blest, and only he,
Whose hope is in the Lord his God;
Who can to him for succour flee,
That spread the earth and heaven
That still the universe sustains, [abroad;
And Lord of his creation reigns.

5 True to his everlasting word,
He loves the injured to redress;
Poor helpless souls the bounteous Lord
Relieves, and fills with plenteousness:
He sets the mournful prisoners free,
He bids the blind their Saviour see.

6 The Lord thy God, O Sion, reigns,
Supreme in mercy as in power,
The endless theme of heavenly strains,
When time and death shall be no more:
And all eternity shall prove
Too short to utter all his love.

577

L. M.

Public Worship.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Sion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thine house, O God of grace;
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day:
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 *O God our King*, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

578

L. M.

The Sabbath a Delight.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares disturb my breast:
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Dooms them to everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace has well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired and wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

579

S. M.

The Church the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

580

6-8s.

Sabbath Morning.

1 GREAT God, this hallow'd day of thine
Demands our souls' collected powers;
May we employ in works divine
These solemn and devoted hours:
O may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne!

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
Where God resides, appear no more;
Omniscient Lord, thy piercing eye
Doth every secret thought explore:
O may thy grace our thoughts refine,
And fix our hearts on things divine!

581

S. M.

The same Subject.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
3 One day amidst the place
Where thou, my Lord, hast been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

532 L. M.

The earthly and the heavenly Sabbath.

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.
2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
5 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

583 L. M.

The same Subject.

1 AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the Sabbath's call attend:
Improve, our souls, the sacred rest,
And seek to be for ever bless'd.
2 This day let our devotions rise
To heaven, a grateful sacrifice;
And God that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.
3 This holy calm within the breast
Prepares for that eternal rest,
Which for the sons of God remains;
The end of cares, the end of pains.
4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end!

584 L. M.

"His mercy endureth for ever."

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.
2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?
3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford:
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.
4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.
5 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His name eternally confess'd;
Let all his saints with full accord
In solemn hymns proclaim their Lord.

585 6-8s.

The Goodness of God acknowledged.

1 FAR as creation's bounds extend,
Thy mercies, heavenly Lord, descend;
One chorus of perpetual praise,
To thee thy various works shall raise;
Thy saints to thee in hymns impart
The transports of a grateful heart.
2 They chant the splendours of thy name,
Delighted with the wondrous theme;
And bid the world's wide realms admire
The glories of the' Almighty Sire,
Whose throne all nature's wreck survives,
Whose power through endless ages lives.
3 From thee, great God, while every eye
Expectant waits the wish'd supply,
Their bread proportion'd to the day
Thy opening hands to each convey;
In every sorrow of the heart,
Eternal mercy bears a part.
4 Who asks thine aid with heart sincere,
Shall find thy succours ever near;
To thee their prayer in each distress,
Thy suffering servants, Lord, address;
And prove thee, verging on the grave,
Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save.

586 L. M.

The Condescension of God.

1 ETERNAL depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, display'd;
How bright thy beaming glories shine!
How wide thy healing streams are spread!
2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, a vile and thankless race:
O God, what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace!
3 The dictates of thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive:
All thy delight in us fulfil;
Lo! all we are to thee we give.
4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign:
O fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal the' abode for ever thine.
5 O King of glory, thy rich grace
Our feeble thought surpasses far;
Yea, even our crimes, though numberless,
Less numerous than thy mercies are.
6 Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal;
So fearless shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

587 C. M.

The Goodness of God.

1 YET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all:
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd,

Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 The Lord supports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all thy ways,
And all thy words are truth.

4 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

5 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God!

588 P. M.

God our Trust.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

589 C. M.

"All these wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season."

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King:
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His bounty to the skies:
Through the whole earth his goodness [shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes the creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But we, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

590 C. M.

The Omniscience of God.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 *My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,*
Before they're form'd within;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

591 8s and 6s.

The same Subject.

1 O THAT I could, in every place,
By faith behold Jehovah's face,
My strict Observer see;
Present my heart and reins to try,
And feel the influence of his eye
For ever fix'd on me!

2 Discerning thee, my Saviour, stand
My Advocate at God's right hand,
I never shall remove;
I cannot fall, upheld by thee,
Or sin against the majesty
Of omnipresent Love.

3 Now, Saviour, now appear, appear,
And let me always see thee near,
And know as I am known:
My spirit to thyself unite,
And bear me through a sea of light
To that eternal throne.

592 C. M.

An Act of Thanksgiving.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

8 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

593 L. M.

Compassion of God.

1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his word, how large his grace
Mercy and Truth surround his throne,
And thence he makes his glories know

2 High as his mighty arm hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
His bounteous love exceeds our praise,—
Surmounts the highest hopes we raise.

3 Nor yet so far hath nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swiftest wings salvation flies;
And if he bids his anger burn,
Soon shall his frowns to pity turn!

5 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no load of grief impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

6 For his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure:
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

594 2-6s and 4-7s.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 FATHER of earth and sky,
Thy name we magnify:
O that earth and heaven might join,
Thy perfections to proclaim;
Praise the attributes divine,
Fear and love thy awful name!

2 When shall thy Spirit reign
In every heart of man?
Father, bring the kingdom near,
Honour thy triumphant Son;
God of heaven, on earth appear,
Fix with us thy glorious throne.

3 Thy good and holy will
Let all on earth fulfil;
Men with minds angelic vie,
Saints below with saints above,
Thee to praise and glorify,
Thee to serve with perfect love.

4 This day with this day's bread
Thy hungry children feed;
Fountain of all blessings, grant
Now the manna from above;
Now supply our bodies' want,
Now sustain our souls with love.

5 Our trespasses forgive:
And when absolved we live,
Thou our life of grace maintain;
Lest we from our God depart,
Lose thy pardoning grace again,
Grant us a forgiving heart.

6 In every fiery hour
Display thy guardian power;
Near in our temptation stay,
With sufficient strength defend;
Bring us through the evil day,
Make us faithful to the end.

7 Father, by right divine
Assert the kingdom thine;
Jesus, Power of God, subdue
Thy own universe to thee;
Spirit of grace and glory too,
Reign through all eternity.

595 C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—O amazing love!
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

596 L. M.

Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born!

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The contrite soul he forms anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

597 L. M.

Psalm lxiii.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest:
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me bless'd.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With fainting heart, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Should I from thee, my God, remove,
Life could no lasting bliss afford:
My joy, the sense of pard'ning love;
My guard, the presence of my Lord.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the circle of my days.

598 6-8s.

Praise.

1 MY heart is fix'd, O God, my heart
Is fix'd to triumph in thy grace:
(Awake, my lute, and bear a part:)
My glory is to sing thy praise,
Till all thy nature I partake,
And bright in all thine image wake.

2 Thee will I praise among thine own;
Thee will I to the world extol,
And make thy truth and goodness known:
Thy goodness, Lord, is over all;

Thy truth and grace the heavens tran-
Thy faithful mercies never end. [scend;
3 Be thou exalted, Lord, above
The highest Name in earth or heaven;
Let angels sing thy glorious love,
And bless the name to sinners given;
All earth and heaven their King pro-
Bow every knee to Jesu's name! [claim;

599 C. M.

The Faithfulness of God in His Promises.

BEGIN, my soul, some heavenly theme;
Awake, my voice, and sing
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men:
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.
5 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.
6 Now shall my fainting heart rejoice,
To know thy favour sure:
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

600 L. M.

Praise to Christ.

1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee;
Like the glad hour when from above
We first received the pledge of love.
3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever with us stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Our hope decline, our love grow cold.
4 Each following moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

SECTION II.

ON THE INCARNATION, SUFFERINGS, GLORY, AND WORK OF CHRIST.

601 C. M.

Hymn to God the Son.

1 HAIL, God the Son, in glory crown'd,
Ere time began to be;
Throned with thy Sire, through half the
Of vast eternity. [round
2 *Let heaven and earth's stupendous frame*
Display their Author's power;
And each exalted seraph-flame,
Creator, thee adore.
3 Thy wondrous love the Godhead show'd
Contracted to a span,—
The co-eternal Son of God,
The mortal Son of man.
4 To save us from our lost estate,
Behold his life-blood stream:
Hail, Lord, almighty to create,
Almighty to redeem!
5 The Mediator's God-like sway
His church below sustains:
Till nature shall her Judge survey,
The King Messiah reigns.
6 Hail, with essential glory crown'd,
When time shall cease to be;
Throned with thy Father, through the
Of whole eternity. [round

602 7s.

The Incarnation of Christ.

1 HARK, the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."
2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
3 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.
4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
5 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
6 Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head.
7 Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above,
Re-instate us in thy love.

603 7s and 6s.

The same.

1 CELEBRATE Immanuel's name,
The Prince of life and peace;
God with us, our lips proclaim,
Our faithful hearts confess:
God is in our flesh reveal'd;
Earth and heaven in Jesus join;
Mortal with immortal fill'd,
And human with divine.
2 Fulness of the Deity
In Jesu's body dwells,
Dwells in all his saints and me,
When God his Son reveals:
Father, manifest thy Son,
And, conscious of the incarnate Word,
In our inmost souls make known
The presence of the Lord.
3 Let the Spirit of our Head
Through every member flow;
By our Lord inhabited,
We then Immanuel know:

Then he doth his name express,
And God in us we truly prove,
Fill'd with all the life of grace,
And all the power of love.

604 L. M.

The same.

1 SING, all in heaven, at Jesu's birth,
Glory to God, and peace on earth:
Incarnate love in Christ is seen,
Pure mercy and good-will to men.

2 Praise him, extoll'd above all height,
Who doth in worthless worms delight;
God reconciled in Christ confess,
Your present and eternal peace.

3 From Jesus, manifest below,
Rivers of pure salvation flow;
And pour, on man's distinguish'd race,
Their everlasting streams of grace.

4 Sing, every soul of Adam's line,
The favourite attribute divine;
Ascribing, with the hosts above,
All glory to the God of Love.

605 L. M.

The same.

1 TO us a Child of royal birth,
Heir of the promises, is given;
The' Invisible appears on earth,
The Son of man, the God of heaven.

2 A Saviour born, in love supreme
He comes our fallen souls to raise;
He comes his people to redeem
With all his plenitude of grace.

3 The Christ, by raptured Seers foretold,
Fill'd with the' eternal Spirit's power;
Prophet, and Priest, and King behold,
And Lord of all the worlds adore.

4 The Lord of hosts, the God most high,
Who quits his throne on earth to live,
With joy we welcome from the sky,
With faith into our hearts receive.

606 8s and 7s.

Christ the Light of the Gentiles.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favour
God hath for our ransom'd race;
Come, thou universal Saviour;
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thy all-restoring merit,
Every burden'd soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

607 7s and 6s.

"Immanuel, God with us."

1 GLORY be to God on high,
And peace on earth descend;
God comes down, he bows the sky,
And shows himself our Friend:
God the' Invisible appears!
God, the blest, the great I AM,
Sojourns in this vale of tears,
And Jesus is his name.

2 Him the angels all adored,
Their Maker and their King;
Tidings of their humble Lord
They now to mortals bring.
Emptied of his majesty,
Of his dazzling glories shorn,
Being's Source begins to be,
And God himself is born!

3 See the' eternal Son of God
A mortal Son of man;
Dwelling in an earthly clod,
Whom heaven cannot contain!
Stand amazed, ye heavens, at this;
See the Lord of earth and skies;
Humbled to the dust He is,
And in a manger lies.

4 We, the sons of men, rejoice,
The Prince of Peace proclaim;
With heaven's host lift up our voice,
And shout Immanuel's name:
Knees and hearts to him we bow;
Of our flesh and of our bone,
Jesus is our Brother now,
And God is all our own.

608 6-8s.

Christ the Light of the World.

1 STUPENDOUS height of heavenly love,
Of pitying tenderness divine:
It brought the Saviour from above,
It caused the springing day to shine;
The Sun of Righteousness to' appear,
And gild our gloomy hemisphere.

2 God did in Christ himself reveal,
To chase our darkness by his light,
Our sin and ignorance dispel,
Direct our wandering feet aright;
And bring our souls, with pardon blest,
To realms of everlasting rest.

3 Come, then, O Lord, thy light impart,
The faith that bids our terrors cease;
Into thy love direct our heart,
Into thy way of perfect peace;
And cheer the souls, of death afraid,
And guide them through the dreadful shade.

4 Answer thy mercy's whole design,
My God incarnated for me;
My spirit make thy radiant shrine,
My Light and full Salvation be;
And through the shades of death unknown
Conduct me to thy dazzling throne.

609 4-6s and 2-8s.

"God with us."

1 LET earth and heaven combine,
Angels and men agree,
To praise in songs divine
The' Incarnate Deity;
Our God contracted to a span,
Incomprehensibly made man.

2 He laid his glory by,
He wrapp'd him in our clay;
Unmark'd by human eye,
The latent Godhead lay;
Infant of days he here became,
And bore the mild Immanuel's name.

3 Unsearchable the love
That hath the Saviour brought;
The grace is far above
Or man or angel's thought;
Suffice for us that God, we know,
Our God, is manifest below.

4 He deigns in flesh to' appear,
Widest extremes to join;
To bring our vileness near,
And make us all divine:
And we the life of God shall know;
For God is manifest below.

5 Made perfect first in love,
And sanctified by grace,
We shall from earth remove,
And see his glorious face:
Then shall his love be fully show'd,
And man shall then be lost in God.

610 6-8s.

Christ the Source of Grace.

1 O GOD of gods, in whom combine
The heights and depths of love divine,
With thankful hearts to thee we sing;
To thee our longing souls aspire,
In fervent flames of strong desire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring.

2 All things in earth, and air, and sea,
Exist, and live, and move in thee;
All nature trembles at thy voice:
With awe even we thy children prove
Thy power: O let us taste thy love!
So evermore shall we rejoice.

3 O powerful Love, to thee we bow;
Object of all our wishes thou,
Our hearts are naked to thine eye:
To thee, who from the' eternal throne
Cam'st emptied of thy glory down,
For us to groan, to bleed, to die.

4 Grace we implore when billows roll:
Grace is the anchor of the soul;
Grace every sickness knows to heal;
Grace can subdue each fond desire,
And patience in all pain inspire,
Howe'er rebellious nature swell.

5 O Love, our stubborn wills subdue,
Create our ruin'd frame anew,
Dispel our darkness by thy light;
Into all truth our spirit guide,
And from our eyes for ever hide
All things displeasing in thy sight.

6 Be heaven, even now, our souls' abode:
Hid be our life with Christ in God;
Our spirit, Lord, be one with thine:
Let all our works in thee be wrought,
And fill'd with thee be all our thought,
Till in us thy full likeness shine.

611 7s and 6s.

The Miracles of Christ.

1 JESUS, thee thy works proclaim
Omnipotently good;
Moses thy forerunner came,
And mighty works he show'd:
Minister of wrath divine,
His wonders plagued the sinful race:
Works of purest love are thine,
And miracles of grace.

2 All thy cures are mysteries,
And prove thy power to heal
Every sickness and disease
Which now our spirits feel:
Good Physician of mankind,
Thou wilt repeat thy sovereign word,
Chase the evils of our mind,
And speak our souls restored.

3 Who of other help despair,
And would thy word receive,
Us thou mak'st thy tend'rest care,
And kindly dost relieve:
Every soul-infirmity,
And plague of heart, thou dost remove;
Heal'st those'er apply to thee,
With balm of bleeding love.

4 Still thou go'st about to teach,
And desperate souls to cure;
Still thou dost the kingdom preach
Which always shall endure;
Publishest the power of grace,
Which pardon and salvation brings,
Saves our fallen dying race,
And makes us priests and kings.

612 L. M.

The same.

1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive:
Behold, the dead awake and live;
The dumb speak wonders; and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth the' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood:
He rises, and appears our God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence then for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

613 C. M.

The Crucifixion.

1 FROM whence these dire portents around,
That heaven and earth amaze?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?
Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Not thus did Sinai's trembling head
With sacred horror nod,
Beneath the dark pavilion spread
Of legislative God.

3 Thou Earth, thy lowest centre shake,
With Jesus sympathize!
Thou Sun, as hell's deep gloom be black,
'Tis thy Creator dies!

4 See, streaming from the' accursed tree,
His all-atoning blood!
Is this THE INFINITE?—'Tis he!
My Saviour and my God!

5 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me the death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

st sin no more my soul enslave;
Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain;
save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed nor die in vain!

614 L. M.

"It is finished."

1 'TIS finish'd! The Messias dies,
Cut off for sins, but not his own:
Accomplish'd is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done.

2 'Tis finish'd! all the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made;
God for a guilty world hath died.

3 The veil is rent in Christ alone;
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

4 The types and figures are fulfill'd;
Exacted is the legal pain;
The precious promises are seal'd;
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

5 The reign of sin and death is o'er,
And all may live from sin set free;
Satan hath lost his mortal power;
'Tis swallow'd up in victory.

6 Saved from the legal curse I am,
My Saviour hangs on yonder tree:
See there the meek, expiring Lamb!
'Tis finish'd! He expires for me.

7 Accepted in the Well-beloved,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
I see the bar to heaven removed;
And all thy merits, Lord, are mine.

8 Death, hell, and sin are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And, lo, I plead the' atoning blood,
And in thy right I claim thy heaven.

615 S. M.

Christ our Sacrifice.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away our stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 Believing, we rejoice
To feel the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And trust his bleeding love.

616 P. M.

The same.

1 ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh:
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety he is:
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

2 *For what you have done*
His blood must atone: [Son.
The Father hath punish'd for you his dear
The Lord, in the day
Of his anger, did lay [away.
on the Lamb, and he bore them

3 He answer'd for all:
O come at his call,
And low at his cross with astonishment fall.
But lift up your eyes
At Jesus's cries:
Impassive, he suffers; immortal, he dies.

4 He dies to atone
For sins not his own;
Your debt he hath paid, and your work he hath done.
Ye all may receive
The peace he did leave, [give!"
Who made intercession, "My Father, for-

5 For you and for me
He pray'd on the tree;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
That sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

6 My pardon I claim;
For a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.
He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace:
O Father, thou know'st he hath died in my place.

7 His death is my plea;
My Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath answer'd for me;
Acquitted I was
When he bled on the cross;
And by losing his life he hath carried my cause.

617 S. M.

"Behold, I send an Angel before thee to keep thee in the way."

1 THOU very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd people lead.

2 Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfil thy character:
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert way,
Conduct us by thy light;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

618 S. M.

"This is He that came not by water only, by water and blood."

1 THIS, this is he that came
By water and by blood!
Jesus is our atoning Lamb,
Our sanctifying God.

2 See from his wounded side
The mingled current flow!
The water and the blood applied
Shall wash us white as snow.

3 The water cannot cleanse,
Before the blood we feel,
To purge the guilt of all our
And our forgiveness see

4 But both in Jesus join,
Who speaks our sins forgiven,
And gives the purity divine
That makes us meet for heaven.

619 L. M.

"For the Law had a shadow of good things."

1 O THOU, whose offering on the tree
The legal offerings all foreshow'd,
Borrow'd their whole effect from thee,
And drew their virtue from thy blood:
2 The blood of goats, and bullocks slain,
Could never for one sin atone:
To purge the guilty offerer's stain,
Thine was the work, and thine alone.
3 Vain in themselves their duties were,
Their services could never please,
Till join'd with thine, and made to share
The merits of thy righteousness.
4 Forward they cast a faithful look
On thy approaching sacrifice;
And thence their pleasing savour took,
And rose accepted in the skies.
5 Those feeble types and shadows old,
Are all in thee, the Truth, fulfill'd:
We in thy sacrifice behold
The substance of those rites reveal'd.
6 Thy meritorious sufferings past,
We see by faith to us brought back;
And on thy grand oblation cast,
Its saving benefits partake.

620 C. M.

Christ the Foundation.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Sion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.
3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

621 7s and 6s.

Christ crucified.

1 GOD of unexampled grace,
Redeemer of mankind,
Matter of eternal praise
We in thy passion find:
Still our choicest strains we bring,
Still the joyful theme pursue,
Thee the Friend of sinners sing,
Whose love is ever new.
2 Endless scenes of wonder rise
From that mysterious tree,
Crucified before our eyes,
Where we our Maker see:
Jesus, Lord, what hast thou done:
Publish we the death divine,
Stop, and gaze, and fall and own
Was never love like thine!
3 Never love nor sorrow was
Like that my Saviour show'd:
See him stretch'd on yonder cross,
And crush'd beneath our load:
Now discern the Deity,
Now his heavenly birth declare!
Faith cries out, "'Tis He, 'tis He,
My God, that suffers there!"

622 C. M.

Confidence in Christ.

1 WHOM Jesu's blood doth sanctify,
Need neither sin nor fear;
Hid in our Saviour's hand we lie,
And laugh at danger near:
His guardian hand doth hold, protect
And save, by ways unknown,
The little flock, the saints elect,
Who trust in him alone.
2 Our Prophet, Priest, and King, to thee
We joyfully submit:
And learn, in meek humility,
Our lesson at thy feet:
Spirit and life thy words impart,
And blessings from above;
And drop, in every listening heart,
The manna of thy love.

623 L. M.

The Crucifixion.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

624 6-7s.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

625 6-8s.

Christ, "seen of angels."

1 SINNERS, rejoice: your peace is ma
Your Saviour on the cross hath

Your God, in Jesus reconciled,
On all his works again hath smiled;
Hath grace through him and blessing
To all in earth and all in heaven. [given,

2 Angels rejoice in Jesu's grace,
And vie with man's more favour'd race;
The blood that did for us atone,
Conferr'd on them some gift unknown;
Their joy through Jesu's pains abounds,
They triumph by his glorious wounds.

3 Or, 'stablish'd and confirm'd by him
Who did our lower world redeem,
Secure they keep their blest estate,
Firm on an everlasting seat;
Or, raised above themselves, aspire,
In bliss improved, in glory higher.

4 Him they beheld our conquering God,
Return'd with garments roll'd in blood!
They saw, and kindled at the sight,
And fill'd with shouts the realms of light;
With loudest hallelujahs met,
And fell, and kiss'd his bleeding feet.

5 They saw him in the courts above,
With all his recent prints of love; [voice,
The wounds, the blood! they heard its
That heighten'd all their highest joys;
They felt it sprinkled through the skies,
And shared that better sacrifice.

6 Not angel-tongues can e'er express
The' unutterable happiness;
Nor human hearts can e'er conceive [live;
The bliss wherein through Christ they
But all your heaven, ye glorious powers,
And all your God, is doubly ours!

626

2-6s and 4-7s.

The Living Way opened.

1 JESUS, to thee we fly,
On thee for help rely:
Thou our only refuge art,
Thou dost all our fears control,
Rest of every troubled heart,
Life of every dying soul.

2 We lift our joyful eyes,
And see the dazzling prize,
See the purchase of thy blood,
Freely now to sinners given;
Thou the living way hast show'd,
Thou to us hast open'd heaven.

3 We now, divinely bold,
Of thy reward lay hold:
All thy glorious joy is ours,
All the treasures of thy love;
Now we taste the heavenly powers,
Now we reign with thee above.

4 Our anchor sure and fast
Within the veil is cast;
Stands our never-failing hope
Grounded in the holy place;
We shall after thee mount up,
See the Godhead face to face.

5 *By faith already there,*
In thee our Head, we are;
With our great Forerunner we
Now in heavenly places sit,
Banquet with the Deity,
See the world beneath our feet.

6 Thou art our flesh and bone,
Thou art to heaven gone;
Gone, that we might all pursue,
Closely in thy footsteps tread;
Gone, that we might follow too.
Reign triumphant with our Head.

627

6-8s.

Priesthood of Christ.

1 ENTER'D the holy place above,
Cover'd with meritorious scars,
The tokens of his dying love
Our great High Priest in glory bears;
He pleads his passion on the tree,
He shows himself to God for me.

2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears;
My name is graven on his hands,
And him the Father always hears;
While low at Jesu's cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.

3 This instant now I may receive
The answer of his powerful prayer:
This instant now by him I live,
His prevalence with God declare;
And soon my spirit, in his hands,
Shall stand where my Forerunner stand

628

C. M.

The Resurrection of Christ.

1 YE humble souls, that seek the Lord
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with rapture down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought
Such wonders love can do:
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

3 But raise your eyes, and tune your song
The Saviour lives again:
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er the' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head;
And through unnumber'd years [reign
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like his shall every saint
His vacant tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord
To realms of endless day.

629

7s.

The same.

1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,'
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high:
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply,
Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more!
Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd Paradise.
Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grav
5 Soar we now, where Christ hath le
Following our exalted Head;

e him, like him we rise,
cross, the grave, the skies.

glory! Soul of bliss!
ing life is this:
know, thy power to prove,
sing, and thus to love.

7s.

For Ascension Day.

he day that sees Him rise,
vish'd from our wistful eyes!
while to mortals given,
is his native heaven.

pompous triumph waits:
ir heads, eternal gates;
fold the radiant scene;
King of Glory in!"

ound with angel powers,
umphant Lord, and ours,
ir over death and sin;
King of Glory in!

igh highest heaven receives,
oves the earth he leaves;
returning to his throne,
alis mankind his own.

fts his hands above!
shows the prints of love!
s gracious lips bestow
on his church below!

us his death he pleads;
t he intercedes;
aself prepares our place,
er of human race.

will we ever say,)
om our head to-day;
faithful servants, see,
ing up to thee.

hough parted from our sight,
ove you azure height,
ir hearts may thither rise,
g thee beyond the skies.

ward let us move,
on the wings of love;
when our Lord shall come,
, gasping after home.

e shall with thee remain,
of thy endless reign;
y face unclouded see,
heaven of heavens in thee.

7s.

The same.

of God, triumphant rise,
nt the' accomplish'd sacrifice!
our sins in Christ forgiven,
God, and heirs of heaven!

round our altars throng,
g angels, join the song:
h us, ye heavenly powers,
grace, and glory ours!

ysterious work is done;
e now the' atoning Son;
nd quicken'd by his blood,
Christ, and one with God.

faith we taste below,
joys ordain'd to know,
utmost grace we prove,
saven by perfect love.

632 7s and 6s.

The same.

1 FATHER, God, we glorify
Thy love to Adam's seed;
Love that gave thy Son to die,
And raised him from the dead:
Him for our offences slain,
That we all might pardon find,
Thou hast brought to life again,
The Saviour of mankind.

2 By thy own right hand of power
Thou hast exalted him,
Sent the mighty Conqueror
Thy people to redeem:
King of saints, and Prince of peace,
Him thou hast for sinners given,
Sinners from their sins to bless,
And lift them up to heaven.

3 Father, God, to us impart
The gift unspeakable;
Now in every waiting heart
Thy glorious Son reveal:
Quicken'd with our living Lord,
Let us in thy Spirit rise,
Rise to all thy life restored,
And bless thee in the skies.

633 8s and 7s.

The same.

1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide:
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

634 L. M.

Christ glorified.

1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb?
Since all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy Name.

Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

6 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord:
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

7 If every one that asks may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

8 Behold, to thee our souls aspire,
And languish thy descent to meet;
Kindle in each the living fire,
And fix in every heart thy seat.

654 6-8s.

Veni, Creator.

1 CREATOR, Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every waiting mind,
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

2 O Source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts,
And stamp thine image on our hearts.

4 Create all new; our wills control,
Subdue the rebel in our soul;
Chase from our minds the' infernal foe;
And peace, the fruit of faith, bestow:
And, lest again we go astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

5 Immortal honours, endless fame,
Attend the' Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee!

655 L. M.

The promised Comforter.

1 JESUS, we on the words depend,
Spoken by thee while present here,—
"The Father in my name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

2 That promise made to Adam's race,
Now, Lord, in us, even us, fulfil;
And give the Spirit of thy grace,
To teach us all thy perfect will.

3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible impart,
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on our faithful heart.

4 *He only can the words apply,*
Through which we endless life possess;
And deal to each his legacy,
Our Lord's unutterable peace.

5 *That peace of God, that peace of thine,*
O might he now to us bring in,
And fill our souls with power *divin*
And make an end of fear *and sin.*

6 The length and breadth of *love rev*
The height and depth of *Deity*;
And all the sons of glory seal,
And change, and make us all like

656 C. M.

The same.

1 WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of its part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come:
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home!

657 2-6s and 4-7s.

The same.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, come
Into thy meanest home;
From thy high and holy place,
Where thou dost in glory reign,
Stoop, in condescending grace,
Stoop to the poor heart of man.

2 For thee our hearts we lift,
And wait the heavenly gift:
Giver, Lord of life divine,
To our dying souls appear,
Grant the grace for which we pine,
Give thyself, the Comforter.

3 Our ruin'd souls repair,
And fix thy mansion there:
Claim us for thy constant shrine,
All thy glorious self reveal,
Life, and power, and love divine,
God in us for ever dwell.

658 6-7s.

The same.

1 FATHER, glorify thy Son;
Answering his all-powerful pray
Send that Intercessor down,
Send that other Comforter,
Whom believingly we claim,
Whom we ask in Jesu's name.

2 Then by faith we know and feel
Him, the Spirit of truth and grace
With us he vouchsafes to dwell,
With us while unseen he stays:
All our help and good, we own,
Freely flows from him alone.

3 Wilt thou not the promise seal,
Good and faithful as thou art,
Send the Comforter to dwell
Every moment in our heart?
Yes, thou must the grace bestow;
Truth hath said it shall be so.

SECTION IV.—PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

659 L. M.

Psalm li.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

6 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

7 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

660 C. M.

"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord!"

3 My soul obeys the' Almighty's call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly:
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From sins of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy hands I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all.

661 8s and 6s.

The Love of Christ the Sinner's Plea.

1 O THOU who hast redeem'd of old,
And b'dd'st me of thy strength lay hold,
And be at peace with thee;
Help me thy benefits to own,
And hear me tell what thou hast done,
O dying Lamb, for me.

2 Out of myself for help I go,
Thy only love resolved to know;
Thy love my plea I make:
Give me thy love, 'tis all I claim;
Give, for the honour of thy name,
Give, for thy mercy's sake.

3 Canst thou deny that love to me?
Say, thou Incarnate Deity,
Thou Man of Sorrows, say;
Thy glory why didst thou enshrine
In such a clod of earth as mine,
And wrap thee in my clay?

4 Ancient of Days, why didst thou come,
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb,
Contracted to a span?
Flesh of our flesh why wast thou made,
And humbly in a manger laid,
The new-born Son of man?

5 Love, only love, thy heart inclined,
And brought thee, Saviour of mankind,
Down from thy throne above:
Love made my God a Man of grief,
Distress'd thee sore for my relief:
O mystery of love!

6 Because thou lov'dst, and diedst for me,
Cause me, my Saviour, to love thee,
And gladly to resign
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am;
My life be all with thine the same,
And all thy death be mine.

662 6-8s.

Pleading with Christ for Salvation.

1 REGARDLESS now of things below,
Jesus, to thee my heart aspires,
Determined thee alone to know,
Author and end of my desires:
Fill me with righteousness divine:
To end, as to begin, is thine.

2 What is a worthless worm to thee?
What is in man thy grace to move?
That still thou seekest those who flee
The arms of thy pursuing love?
That still thine inmost bowels cry,
"Why, sinner, wilt thou perish, why?"

3 Ah, show me, Lord, my depth of sin!
Ah, Lord, thy depth of mercy show!
End, Jesus, end this war within!
No rest my spirit e'er shall know,
Till thou thy quick'ning influence give:
Breathe, Lord, and these dry bones shall live.

4 There, there before the throne thou art,
The Lamb ere earth's foundations slain!
Take thou, O take this guilty heart!
Thy blood will wash out every stain:
No cross, no sufferings I decline;
Only let all my heart be thine.

663 C. M.

Unfaithfulness acknowledged.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
That drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known;
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

664 C. M.

Wanderings from God lamented.

1 INFINITE Power, eternal Lord,
How sovereign is thy hand!
All nature rose to' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

2 With steady course the shining sun
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

3 But, ah! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God!
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.

4 The raging fire and stormy sea
Perform thy awful will;
And every beast and every tree
Thy great design fulfil.

5 Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee?
Creatures that never knew thy name,
That ne'er were loved like me?

6 Great God! create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine;
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

7 Seize my whole frame into thy hand;
Here all my powers I bring;
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern every spring.

8 Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor my affections rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions, love.

665 C. M.

Prayer for Quickening Grace.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 *My gracious Saviour* and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
Or blessings of thy throne!

3 *How cold and feeble is my love!*
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God, thy sovereign aid impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

666 C. M.

A Prayer for Faith.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath;
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now all my wants thou wouldst relieve
In this, the' accepted hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live!
For here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face!
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace!

667 8s and 6s.

"Thou triest me every moment."

1 BY secret influence from above,
Me thou dost every moment prove,
And labour to convert;
Ready to save, I feel thee nigh,
And still I hear thy Spirit cry,
"My son, give me thy heart."

2 Why do I not the call obey,
Cast my besetting sin away,
With every useless load?
Why cannot I this moment give
The heart thou waitest to receive,
And love my loving God?

3 My loving God, the hindrance show,
Which nature dreads, alas, to know,
And lingers to remove;
Stronger than sin, thy grace exert,
And seize, and change, and fill my heart
With all the powers of love.

4 Then shall I answer thy design,
No longer, Lord, my own, but thine,
Till all thy will be done,
Humbly I pass my trial here,
And ripe in holiness appear
With boldness at thy throne.

668 S. M.

"I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord."

1 LONG have I waited, Lord,
For thy salvation here,
And hoped, according to thy word,
To see it soon appear:
To see thee passing by,
All-glorious from above,

The Lord of hosts, the Lord Most High,
The God of pardoning love.
2 Thyself Jehovah's Son,
Discover to my heart,
That, when I have my Saviour known,
I may in peace depart;
May thee, the world's Desire,
With arms of faith embrace,
And then, with you enraptured choir,
For ever see thy face.

SECTION V.—THE EXPERIENCE AND PRIVILEGES OF BELIEVERS.

669 P. M.

"Fear not, Abraham; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."

FIRST PART.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love:
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest.
2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.
3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways.
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God;
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.
4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend:
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

670 P. M.

SECOND PART.

1 THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command.
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view:
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.
2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow;
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.
3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace:
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious with his saints in light
For ever reigns.
4 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

671 P. M.

THIRD PART.

1 BEFORE the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.
2 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship Thee."
3 Before the Saviour's face
The ransom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shows his prints of love,—
They kindle to a flame!
And sound through all the worlds above,
The slaughter'd Lamb.
4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays,)
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

672 L. M.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall run, and not be weary."

1 AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.
3 O mighty God, thy matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
4 From thee, the ever-flowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;

While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly road.

673 S. M.

Trust in Providence.

FIRST PART.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause, His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

6 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

7 When thou arisest, Lord,
What shall thy work withstand?
Whate'er thy children want, thou giv'st;
And who shall stay thy hand?

674 S. M.

SECOND PART.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care be gone.

4 What, though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

5 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand.

6 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

7 *Thou seest our weakness, Lord;*
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

8 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

675 S. M.

The same.

1 AWAY, my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what He wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine;
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take
To frustrate his decree,
They cannot keep a blessing back
By Heaven design'd for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and [power
Engage to make me blest.

6 To' accomplish his design
The creatures all agree;
And all the attributes divine
Are now at work for me.

676 L. M.

The Beatitudes.

1 BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart:
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the souls that long for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness:
They shall be well supplied and fed,
With living streams, and living bread.

4 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are [clean
From the defiling power of sin:
With endless pleasure they shall see
The God of spotless purity.

5 Bless'd are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesu's sake:
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

6 These are the men, the holy race,
Who seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy that blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

677 S. M.

"*As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people.*"

1 WHO in the Lord confide,
And feel his sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide,
Firm as the mount of God:

Steadfast, and fix'd, and sure,
His Sion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesu's guardian love.

2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.
On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls for ever bears.

3 But let them still abide
In thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctified,
And perfectly restored:
The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend;
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

678 L. M.

Psalm xlvi.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress in-
Ere we can offer our complaints, [vade;
Behold him present with his aid!

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there,—
Convulsions shake the solid world,—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 This sacred stream, thy vital word,
Thus all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against the threat'ning hour
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His faithfulness and power.

679 C. M.

Psalm xxiii.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
JEHOVAH is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of [death,
Thy presence is my stay:
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth now my table spread:
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days:
O may thine house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

680 C. M.

"The greatest of these is charity."

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move:
The devils know, and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our gracious God.

681 7s and 6s.

"I determined to know nothing save Christ, and him crucified."

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature-good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore;
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more.
Rivers of salvation flow
From out his head, his hands, his side:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart.
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

682 L. M.

Trust in Christ.

1 O JESUS, full of truth and grace,
O all-sufficient Lamb of God,
I wait to see thy glorious face,
I seek redemption through thy blood

2 Now in thy strength I strive with thee,
My Friend and Advocate with God;
Give me the glorious liberty,
Grant me the purchase of thy blood.

3 Thou art the anchor of my hope,
The faithful promise I receive;
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I might live.

4 Satan, with all his arts, no more
Me from the gospel hope shall move;
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.

5 Though nature gives my God the lie,
I all his truth and grace shall know;
I shall, the helpless creature I
Shall perfect holiness below.

6 My flesh, which cries, "It cannot be,"
Shall silence keep before the Lord;
And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
At Jesu's everlasting word.

683

2-6s and 4-7s.

Looking to Christ.

1 AUTHOR of faith, appear;
Be thou its finisher!
Upward still for this we gaze,
Till we feel the stamp divine,
Thee behold with open face,
Bright in all thy glory shine.

2 Leave not thy work undone,
But ever love thine own;
Let us all thy goodness prove,
Let us to the end believe;
Show thine everlasting love,
Save us, to the utmost save.

3 O that our life might be
One looking up to thee!
Ever hast'ning to the day,
When our eyes shall see thee near;
Come, Redeemer, come away,
Glorious in thy saints appear.

4 Jesu, the heavens bow,
We long to meet thee now!
Now in majesty come down,
Pity thine elect, and come:
Hear us in thy Spirit groan,
Take the weary exiles home.

5 Now let thy face be seen
Without a veil between:
Come, and change our faith to sight;
Swallow up mortality;
Plunge us in a sea of light;
Christ, be all in all to me.

684

7s and 6s.

Deliverance in Danger.

1 GOD of Daniel, hear my prayer,
And let thy power be seen;
Stop the lion's mouth, and bear
Me safe out of his den:
Save me in this dreadful hour!
Earth, and hell, and nature join;
All stand ready to devour
This helpless soul of mine.

2 *Thee I serve, my Lord, my God;*
In me thy power display:
Save me, save me, and defraud
The lion of his prey.
Angel of the Covenant,
Jesus, mighty to retrieve,
Let him to my help be sent:
In Jesus I believe.

3 Save me for thine own great name,
That all the world may know,
Daniel's God is still the same,
And reigns supreme below:
Him let all mankind adore,
Spread his glorious name abroad;
Tremble all, and bow before
The great, the living God.

4 Absolute, unchangeable,
O'er all his works he reigns;
His dominion cannot fail,
But undisturb'd remains:
His dominion standeth fast,
Is when time no more shall be;
Still shall his dominion last
Through all eternity.

685

S. M.

Trust in God.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

686

S. M.

"Get thee out of thy country," &c.

1 IN every time and place
Who serve the Lord Most High
Are call'd his sovereign will to embrace
And still their own deny;
To follow his command,
On earth as pilgrims rove,
And seek an undiscover'd land,
And house, and friends above.

2 Father, the narrow path
To that far country show;
And in the steps of Abraham's faith
Enable me to go,
A cheerful sojourner
Where'er thou biddst me roam,
Till, guided by thy Spirit here,
I reach my heavenly home.

687

7s and 6s.

"Then had the churches rest, *and were edified*," &c.

1 O THAT now the church were blest
With faith and faith's increase;
Grant us, Lord, the outward rest,
And true, internal peace;

Build us up in holy love,
And let us walk with God below,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
And all thy comfort know.

2 With the humble filial fear
Be mixt the joy of grace,
While we gladly persevere
In all thy righteous ways:
Thus let each in thee abide,
Let each improve the blessing given
Till thy church is multiplied
Beyond the stars of heaven.

688 7s and 6s.

"Blessed are the pure in heart."

1 BLESSED are the pure in heart,
Prepared their God to see!
Jesus, to my soul impart
The spotless purity:
Let thy grace my soul o'erflow,
And all my sinfulness remove;
Thus the' essential bliss bestow,
The purity of love.

2 Let thy Spirit to me explain
The mystery unknown,
Cleansed from every sinful stain,
To love my God alone:
Give me, Lord, the grace to feel,
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height;
Then thy glorious self reveal,
And turn my faith to sight.

SECTION VI.—ON THE ESTABLISHMENT AND EXTENSION OF THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

689 2-6s and 4-7s.

"To him every knee shall bow."

1 JESU, my God and King,
Thy regal state I sing:
Thou, and only thou, art great,
High thine everlasting throne;
Thou the sovereign Potentate,
Bless'd, immortal, thou alone.

2 Essay your choicest strains,
The King Messiah reigns!
Tune your harps, celestial choir,
Joyful all your voices raise;
Christ, than earth-born monarchs higher,
Sons of men and angels, praise.

3 Hail your dread Lord and ours,
Dominions, thrones, and powers!
Source of power, He rules alone:
Veil your eyes, and prostrate fall;
Cast your crowns before his throne,
Hail the Cause, the Lord of all!

4 Let earth's remotest bound
With echoing joys resound;
Christ to praise let all conspire;
Praise doth all to Christ belong:
Shout, ye first-born sons of fire;
Earth, repeat the glorious song.

5 Worthy, O Lord, art thou,
That every knee shall bow,
Every tongue to thee confess;
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty, thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign.

6 Wisdom is due to thee,
And might, and majesty;
Thee in mercy rich we prove:
Glory, honour, praise receive;
Worthy thou of all our love,
More than all we paint to give.

7 Justice and truth maintain
Thine everlasting reign:
One with thine almighty Sire,
Partner of an equal throne,
King of saints, let all conspire
Gratefully thy sway to own.

690 7s.

Christ's Kingdom.

1 EARTH, rejoice, our Lord is King!
Sons of men, his praises sing;
Sing ye in triumphant strains,
Jesus our Messiah reigns!

2 Power is all to Jesus given,
Lord of hell, and earth, and heaven!
Every knee to him shall bow;
Satan, hear, and tremble now!

3 Angels and archangels join,
All triumphantly combine;
All in Jesu's praise agree,
Carrying on his victory.

4 Though the sons of night blaspheme,
More there are with us than them:
God with us, we cannot fear;
Fear, ye fiends, for Christ is here!

5 Lo! to faith's enlighten'd sight,
All the mountain flames with light;
Hell is nigh, but God is nigher,
Circling us with hosts of fire.

6 Our Messias is come down,
Claims the nations for his own,
Bids them stand before his face,
Triumph in his saving grace.

691 P. M.

"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

1 COME, thou Conqueror of the nations,
Now on thy white horse appear;
Earthquakes, deaths, and desolations
Signify thy kingdom near:
True and faithful!
Stablish thy dominion here.

2 Thine the kingdom, power, and glory,
Thine the ransom'd nations are;
Let the Heathen fall before thee,
Let the isles thy power declare;
Judge and conquer
All mankind in righteous war.

3 Thee let all mankind admire,
Object of our joy and dread!
Flame thine eyes with heavenly fire,
Many crowns upon thy head;
But thine essence
None, except thyself, can read.

4 Yet we know our Mediator,
By the Father's grace bestow'd;
Meanly clothed in human nature,
Thee we call the Word of God:
Flesh thy vesture,
Dipp'd in thy own sacred blood.

5 Captain, God of our salvation,
Thou who hast the wine-press trod,
Borne the' Almighty's indignation,
Quench'd the fiercest wrath of God,
Take the kingdom,
Claim the purchase of thy blood.

6 On thy thigh and vesture written,
Show the world thy heavenly name,
That, with loving wonder smitten,
All may glorify the Lamb;
All adore thee,
All the Lord of Hosts proclaim.

7 Honour, glory, and salvation
To the Lord our God we give;
Power, and endless adoration,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Reign triumphant,
King of kings, for ever live!

692 S. M.

"Thy kingdom come."

1 FATHER of boundless grace,
Thou hast in part fulfill'd
Thy promise made to Adam's race,
In God incarnate seal'd.
A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame.

2 Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord;
The full accomplishment attend
Of thy prophetic word.
Thy promise deeper lies
In unexhausted grace,
And new-discover'd worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.

3 Beloved for Jesu's sake,
By him redeem'd of old,
All nations must come in, and make
One undivided fold:
While gather'd in by thee,
And perfected in one,
They all at once thy glory see
In thine eternal Son.

693 L. M.

"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come."

1 HEAD of thy church, whose Spirit fills,
And flows through every faithful soul,
Unites in mystic love, and seals
Them one, and sanctifies the whole:

2 "Come, Lord," thy glorious Spirit cries,
And souls beneath the altar groan;
"Come, Lord," the Bride on earth replies,
"And perfect all our souls in one."

3 Pour out the promised gift on all,
Answer the universal, "Come!"
The fulness of the Gentiles call,
And take thine ancient people home.

4 To thee let all the nations flow,
Let all obey the gospel word;
Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
Fill'd with the glory of the Lord.

5 *O for thy truth and mercy's sake,*
The purchase of thy passion claim;
Thine heritage the Gentiles take,
And cause the world to know thy name.

694 6-

"For the mouth of th

1 ETERNAL Lord
We wait thy S
Bid all our fallen r
Thou who hast p
Whose only name
Snatches from hell

2 The word thy sacr
The sure irrevoc
That every soul sh
And yield allegi
The kingdoms of t
For ever subjected

3 Jesus, for this we
Thy kingdom in
The law of sin and
We wait for all
The law of perfect
The law of life wh

4 O might it now fr
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On all the ransom
And let the world

695 1

Psa

1 LET Sion in her
Though Sat
He utters his alm
The nations me

2 The Lord of old f
And Jacob's Ge
Behold the works
What desolatio

3 From sea to sea,
He makes the
When from on h
He awes the tr

4 He breaks the bo
Chariots he bu
Keep silence, all
The sound and

5 "Be still, and le
Exalted over al
I will be known
For still my th

6 O Lord of Hosts,
While we so ne
Our faith shall r
Defiance to the

696

"Be thou exalte

1 A PSALM of the L
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Conclude them
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2 Of judgment n
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Him and h
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3 Then the w
And see

Then every soul, in Jesus blest,
Shall bear the image of its Lord,
In finish'd holiness renew'd,
Immeasurably fill'd with God.

4 O wouldst thou bring the final scene,
Accomplish the redeeming plan,
Thy great millennial year begin;
That every ransom'd child of man,
That every soul, may bow the knee,
And rise to reign with God in thee!

697 L. M.

Psalm lxxii.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant-voices shall proclaim
Their young Hosannas to his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Its grateful honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolong the joyful strain.

698 L. M.

Psalm xix.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And night and day, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

699 L. M.

Psalm cxvii.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing:
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

700 S. M.

"*Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth more labourers.*"

1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great;
The labourers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad;
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

5 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love!

6 On all mankind, forgiven,
Empower them still to call;
And tell each creature under heaven,
That thou hast died for all.

701 S. M.

"*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings,*" &c.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Sion's hill;
Who bring salvation in their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How cheering is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How blessed are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

702 P. M.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Glory, honor, praise, and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever:
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Praise the Lord.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound!
Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues:
Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.

703 7s and 6s.

"Every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess unto him."

1 SAVIOUR, whom our hearts adore,
To bless our earth again,
Now assume thy royal power,
And o'er the nations reign:
Christ, the world's desire and hope,
Power complete to thee is given;
Set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven.

2 Where they all thy laws have spurn'd,
Thy holiest name profaned,
Where the ruin'd world hath mourn'd
With blood of millions slain;
Open there the' ethereal scene,
Claim the heathen tribes for thine;
There the endless reign begin
With majesty divine.

3 Universal Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
Every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess:
None shall in thy mount destroy;
War shall then be learnt no more:
Saints shall their great King enjoy,
And all mankind adore.

4 Then, according to thy word,
Salvation is reveal'd;
With thy glorious knowledge, Lord,
The new-made earth is fill'd:
Then we sound the mystery,
The depths and heights of Godhead prove,
Swallow'd up in mercy's sea,
For ever lost in love.

704 L. M.

"And He beheld the multitude as sheep having no shepherd."

1 JESU, thy wandering sheep behold!
See, Lord, with yearning bowels see,
The souls that cannot find the fold,
Till sought and gather'd in by thee.

2 Lost are they now, and scatter'd wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want;
With no kind shepherd near to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.

3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good
And sheep-redeeming shepherd art:
Collect thy flock, and give them food,
And pastors after thine own heart.

4 Give the pure word of general grace,
And great shall be the preachers' crowd,
Preachers, who all the sinful race
Point to the all-atoning blood.

5 Open their mouth, and utterance give;
Give them a trumpet-voice, to call
On all mankind to turn and live,
Through faith in Him who died for all.

6 Thy only glory let them seek;
O let their hearts with love o'erflow!
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread thy mercy's praise below.

705 L. M.

Christ a Light to the Gentiles.

1 THE Law and Prophets all foretold
That Christ should die, and leave the grave;
Gather the world into his fold,
The church of Jews and Gentiles save.

2 Yet, by the prince of darkness bound,
The nations still are wrapt in night;
They never heard the joyful sound,
They never saw the gospel light.

3 Light of the world, again appear
In mildest majesty of grace,
And bring the great salvation near,
And claim our whole apostate race.

706 S. M.

"So mightily grew the word of God, and prevailed."

1 JESUS, the word bestow,
The true immortal seed;
Thy Gospel then shall greatly grow,
And all our land o'erspread;
Through earth extended wide
Shall mightily prevail,
Destroy the works of self and pride,
And shake the gates of hell.

2 Its energy exert,
In the believing soul;
Diffuse thy grace through every part,
And sanctify the whole:
Its utmost virtue show
In pure consummate love,
And fill with all thy life below,
And give us thrones above

707 4-6s and 2-8s.

"The Lord added to the church daily those as should be saved."

1 SAVIOUR, we know thou art
In every age the same:
Now, Lord, in ours exert
The virtue of thy name;
And daily, through thy word, increase
Thy blood-besprinkled witnesses.

2 Thy people, saved below
From every sinful stain,
Shall multiply and grow,
If thy command ordain;
And one into a thousand rise, [dikes,
And spread thy praise through earth and

3 In many a soul, and mine,
I hou hast display'd thy power:
But to thy people join
Ten thousand thousand more;
Saved from the guilt and strength of sin,
In life and heart entirely clean.

708 S. M.

"And the hand of the Lord was with them."

1 LORD, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Water'd by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow:
The virtue of thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race,
Who to thy glory live.

2 Now then the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.
On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

SECTION VII.—TIME, DEATH, JUDGMENT, AND THE FUTURE STATE.

709 4-6s and 2-8s.

"Spare it yet another year."

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise;
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days:
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruits of holiness
On our dead souls were found:
Yet doth he us in mercy spare
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword,
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, "Let it still alone;"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space:
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And, lo, we see another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up the fallow ground,
And let our gracio s fruit
To thy great praise abound:
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear!

710 C. M.

The barren Fig-tree.

1 LET me alone another year,
In honour of thy Son,
Who doth my Advocate appear,
Before thy gracious throne:
Thou hast vouchsafed a longer space,
And spared the barren tree,
Because for me my Saviour prays,
And pleads his death for me.

2 Time to repent thou dost bestow;
But O the power impart,
And let my eyes with tears o'erflow,
And break my stubborn heart!
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
The hindering thing remove;
And, lo, I now begin to pray
And wrestle for thy love.

3 I now from all my sins would turn
To my atoning God;
And look on Him I pierced, and mourn,
And feel the sprinkled blood:
Would nail my passions to the cross,
Where my Redeemer died;
And all things count but dung and loss
For Jesus crucified.

4 Giver of penitential pain,
Before thy cross I lie,
In grief determined to remain,
Till thou thy blood apply.
Forgiveness on my conscience seal,
Bestow thy promised rest:
With purest love thy servant fill,
And number with the blest.

711 L. M.

For New-Year's Day.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ.
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns t e circling year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light, and evening shade.

5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still will we make thy mercies known
Around thy board, and round our own.

6 O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

712 C. M.

The same.

1 SING to the Great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to him belongs:
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs.

2 His providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

3 Father, thy mercies past we own;
Thy still continued care;

To Thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are.

4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesu's steps we go
To see thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to Thee.

6 Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The Jubilee of heaven.

713 6-8s.

The same.

1 WISDOM ascribe, and might, and praise,
To God, who lengthens out our days;
Who spares us yet another year,
And makes us see his goodness here:
O may we all the time redeem,
And henceforth live and die to Him!

2 How often, when his arm was bared,
Hath he our sinful Israel spared!
"Let me alone," his mercy cried,
And turn'd the vengeful bolt aside;
Indulged another kind reprieve,
And strangely suffer'd us to live.

3 Merciful God, how shall we raise
Our hearts to pay thee all thy praise?
Our hearts shall beat for thee alone;
Our lives shall make thy goodness known;
Our souls and bodies shall be thine,
A living sacrifice divine.

714 L. M.

"O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever."

1 GOD of my life, through all my days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the' exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 *The cheerful tribute* will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

715 6-8s.

"Into thy hands I commend my spirit."

1 JESUS, was ever love like thine?
Thy life a scene of wonders is;
Thy death itself is all divine,
While, pleased thy spirit to dismiss,
Thou dost out of the flesh retire,
And like the Prince of Life expire.

2 Thy death supports the dying saint:
Thy death my sovereign comfort be;
While feeble flesh and nature faint,
Arm with thy mortal agony;
And fill, while soul and body part,
With life, immortal life, my heart.

3 O let thy death's mysterious power,
With all its sacred weight, descend,
To consecrate my final hour,
To bless me with thy peaceful end:
And, breathed into the hands divine,
My spirit be received with thine!

716 C. M.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
For all the pious dead! [claims
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their dying bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest:
How calm their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from woes released,
And freed from every snare:

3 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, deck'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

4 Their tongues, great Prince of Life, shal
join
With their recover'd breath,
And all the' immortal host ascribe
Their victory to thy death.

717 L. M.

"It is appointed unto men once to die."

1 TREMENDOUS God, with humble fea
Prostrate before thy awful throne,
The' irrevocable word we hear,
The sovereign righteousness we own.

2 'Tis fit we should to dust return,
Since such the will of the Most High;
In sin conceived, to trouble born,
Born only to lament and die.

3 Submissive to thy just decree.
We all shall soon from earth remove;
But when thou sendest, Lord, for me,
O let the messenger be love!

4 Whisper thy love into my heart,
Warm me of my approaching end;
And then I joyfully depart,
And then I to thy arms ascend.

718 6-8s.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

1 I CALL the world's Redeemer mine;
He lives who died for me, I know:
Who bought my soul with blood divi
Jesus, shall re-appear below.
Stand in that dreadful day unknow
And fix on earth his heavenly thr

2 Then the last judgment-day shall come;
And though the worms this skin devour,
The Judge shall call me from the tomb,
Shall bid the greedy grave restore,
And raise this individual me,
God in the flesh, my God, to see.

3 In this identic body I,
With eyes of flesh refined, restored,
Shall see that self-same Saviour nigh,
See for myself my smiling Lord,
See with ineffable delight;
Nor faint to bear the glorious sight.

4 Then let the worms demand their prey,
The greedy grave my reins consume;
With joy I drop my mouldering clay,
And rest till my Redeemer come;
On Christ, my life, in death rely,
Secure that I can never die.

719 7s and 6s.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?"

1 MAY not a creating God,
Who built this house of clay,
Re-inspire the breathless clod
In his appointed day?
From the dust he form'd us man,
And shall we circumscribe his power?
Doubtless the Almighty can
Our moulder'd dust restore.

2 He who breathed into our earth
The breath of life divine,
By a new celestial birth
Can God and sinners join;
Will a quickening Spirit become,
Our souls extinct again to raise,
Call'd out of our nature's tomb,
To live the life of grace.

3 Dead in sins and trespasses,
Jesus his people saves:
Lord, by faith we thee confess,
The op'ner of our graves;
Joyfully the pledge receive
Of blissful immortality,
Sure our bodies too shall live
For ever one with thee.

720 C. M.

"And devout men carried Stephen to his burial."

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

3 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

721 S. M.

Triumph over Death.

1 AND must this body die?
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh;
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape and every face
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lovely hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy power above!

6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

722 L. M.

The Shortness of Time, and Frailty of Man.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears:
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind:
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne:
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

723 7s and 6s.

"I am in a strait betwixt two."

1 HAPPY who in Jesus live;
But happier still are they
Who to God their spirits give,
And 'scape from earth away:
Lord, thou read'st the panting heart;
Lord, thou hear'st the praying sigh:
O, 'tis better to depart,
'Tis better far to die!

2 Yet, if so thy will ordain,
For our companions' good,
Let us in the flesh remain,
And meekly bear the load:
When we have our grief fill'd up,
When we all our work have done,
Late partakers of our hope,
And sharers of thy throne.

3 To thy wise and gracious will
We quietly submit,
Waiting for redemption still,
But waiting at thy feet:
When thou wilt the blessing give,
Call us up thy face to see;
Only let thy servants live,
And let us die, to Thee.

724 P. M.

Funeral Hymn.

1 HOSANNA to God
In his highest abode;
All heaven be join'd,
To extol the Redeemer and Friend of man-
He claims all our praise, [kind!
Who in infinite grace
Again hath stoop'd down,
And caught up a worm to inherit a crown.

2 Our friend is restored
To the joy of his Lord,
With triumph departs,
But speaks by his death to our echoing
"Follow after," he cries, [hearts:
As he mounts to the skies,
"Follow after your friend, [end."
To the blissful enjoyments that never shall

3 Through Jesus's name,
Our comrade o'ercame;
And Jesus is ours,
And arms us with all his invincible powers:
He looks from the skies,
He shows us the prize,
And gives us a sign [divine.
That we shall o'ercome by the mercy

4 For us is prepared
The angelical guard;
The convoy attends,
A minist'ring host of invisible friends;
Ready wing'd for their flight
To the regions of light,
The horses are come,
The chariots of Israel to carry us home.

725 P. M.

The dying Christian encouraged.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

726 L. M.

"Whom I shall see for myself, and not another."

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
He lives, and on the earth shall stand;
And though to worms my flesh he gives,
My dust lies number'd in his hand.

2 In this re-animated clay
I surely shall behold him near;
Shall see him in the latter day
In all his majesty appear.

3 *I feel what then shall raise me up,*
The' eternal Spirit lives in me;
This is my confidence of hope,
That God I face to face shall see.

4 Mine own and not another's eyes
The King shall in his beauty view;
I shall from him receive the prize,
The starry crown to victors due.

727 8s.

"I long to be dissolved."

1 O WHEN shall we sweetly remove,
O when shall we enter our rest,
Return to the Sion above,
The mother of spirits distrest!
That city of God the great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more;
But saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore.

2 Not all the archangels can tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of his heavenly face;
When caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove,
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of his love.

3 Thou know'st, in the spirit of prayer,
We long thy appearing to see,
Resign'd to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee:
'Tis good at thy word to be here,
'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.

4 To mourn for thy coming is sweet,
To weep at thy longer delay;
But thou, whom we hasten to meet,
Shalt chase all our sorrows away.
The tears shall be wiped from our eyes,
When thee we behold in the cloud,
And echo the joys of the skies,
And shout to the trumpet of God.

728 C. M.

The heavenly Canaan.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's flood,
Should fright us from the shore

729 P. M.

The last Judgment.

1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his sufferings here;
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near!

2 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation,
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face!

3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting Light.

4 See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws [nigh,
"Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!"

5 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me,
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out, "'Tis He!"

6 Yes, the prize shall then be given,
We his open face shall see;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love, our full reward shall be;
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity!

730 C. M.

The Saints glorified.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And pour'd out cries and tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

731 7s and 6s.

The same.

1 WHERE shall true believers go,
When from the flesh they fly?
Glorious joys ordain'd to know,
They mount above the sky,
To that bright celestial place;
There they shall in raptures live,
More than tongue can e'er express,
Or heart can e'er conceive.

2 When they once are enter'd there,
Their mourning days are o'er;
Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
And sighing is no more;
Subject then to no decay,
Heavenly bodies they put on,
Swifter than the lightning's ray,
And brighter than the sun.

3 But their greatest happiness,
Their highest joy, shall be,
God their Saviour to possess,
To know, and love, and see:
With that beatific sight
Glorious ecstasy is given;
This is their supreme delight,
And makes a heaven of heaven.

4 Him beholding face to face,
To him they glory give,
Bless his name and sing his praise,
As long as God shall live.
While eternal ages roll,
Thus employ'd in heaven they are:
Lord, receive my happy soul
With all thy servants there!

732 L. M.

"They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

1 THE saints who die of Christ possest
Enter into immediate rest;
For them no further test remains,
Of purging fires, and torturing pains.

2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
The bliss unmix'd, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in paradise.

3 Close follow'd by their works they go,
Their Master's purchased joy to know;
Their works enhance the bliss prepared,
And each hath its distinct reward.

4 Yet glorified by grace alone,
They cast their crowns before the throne;
And fill the echoing courts above
With praises of redeeming love.

733 C. M.

The Hope of Heaven.

1 HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven!
A country far from mortal sight;—
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But, O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;

While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there;
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands
To take me to his breast.

4 What is there here to court my stay,
Or hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret my parted friends,
Still in the vale confined?
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
They will not stay behind.

5 The race we all are running now;
And if I first attain,
They too their willing head shall bow,
They too the prize shall gain.
Now on the brink of death we stand;
And if I pass before,
They all shall soon escape to land,
And hail me on the shore.

6 Then let me suddenly remove,
That hidden life to share:
I shall not lose my friends above,
But more enjoy them there.
There we in Jesu's praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim,
And solemnize in songs divine
The marriage of the Lamb.

7 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealʼd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fillʼd.

8 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break,
And let our ransomʼd spirits go
To grasp the God we seek:
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout, and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity!

734 C. M.

"The sufferings of the present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants,)
In my Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer out my three-score years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 *Surely he will not long delay:*
I hear his Spirit cry,

"Arise, my l
Go, get the
O'er death, w
I give thee
And with me
I bring my

4 O what hath
Before my
Rivers of life
And trees o
They flourish
Fruit every
And to the he
Eternally s

5 I see a world
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6 They drink t
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And hymn
He hears; he
Fall down

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735

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1 COME, let u
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2 One family we
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3 Ten thousand t
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And reach t

4 Our old conv
We haste
And eager t
And full

Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

SECTION VIII.—MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

736 L. M.

On opening a Place of Worship.

1 GREAT God, thy watchful care we bless,
Which guards these sacred courts in peace;
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
To fill thy worshippers with dread.

2 These walls we to thy honour raise,
Long may they echo to thy praise!
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

737 7s and 6s.

On laying the Foundation of a Chapel.

1 THOU, who hast in Sion laid
The true foundation-stone,
And with those a covenant made,
Who build on that alone:
Hear us, Architect divine!
Great Builder of thy church below;
Now upon thy servant shine,
Who seek thy praise to show.

2 Earth is thine; her thousand hills
Thy mighty hand sustains;
Heaven thy awful presence fills;
O'er all thy glory reigns:
Yet the place of old prepared
By regal David's favour'd son
Thy peculiar blessing shared,
And stood thy chosen throne.

3 We, like Jesse's son, would raise
A temple to the Lord;
Sound throughout its courts His praise,
His saving name record;
Dedicate a house to Him,
Who, once in mortal weakness shrined,
Sorrow'd, suffer'd, to redeem,
To rescue all mankind.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, send
The consecrating flame;
Now in majesty descend,
Inscribe the living name;
That great name by which we live
Now write on this accepted stone;
Us into thy hands receive,
Our temple make thy throne.

738 L. M.

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!
With strong desire my spirit faints
To meet the' assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Sion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

739 L. M.

Family Religion.

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace:
From thee they spring; and by thy hand
They are, and shall be still, sustain'd.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, yet deigns to come,
And sanctify our humblest home.

3 To thee may each united house
Morning and night present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 So may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
And each succeeding race remove
To join the family above.

740 6-8s.

At the Baptism of a Child.

1 GOD of eternal truth and love,
Vouchsafe the promised aid we claim;
Thine own great ordinance approve;
The child baptized into thy name
Partaker of thy nature make,
And give him all thine image back.

2 Father, if such thy sovereign will,
If Jesus did the rite enjoin,
Annex thy hallowing Spirit's seal,
And let the grace attend the sign;
The seed of endless life impart,
Take for thine own this infant's heart.

3 Answer on him thy wisdom's end,
In present and eternal good;
Whate'er thou didst for man intend,
Whate'er thou hast on man bestow'd,
Now to this favour'd child be given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

4 In presence of thy heavenly host,
Thyself we faithfully require:

Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By blood, by water, and by fire,
And fill up all thy human shrine,
And seal our souls for ever thine.

741 C. M.

At the Administration of Infant Baptism.

1 HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abr'am and his seed!
"I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the Covenant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father given;
He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 O God, how faithful are thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

742 6-7s.

The same.

1 LORD of all, with pure intent,
From their tenderest infancy,
In thy temple we present
Whom we first received from thee:
Through thy well-beloved Son,
Ours acknowledge for thine own.

2 Seal'd with the baptismal seal,
Purchased by the' atoning blood,
Jesus, in our children dwell,
Make their heart the house of God:
Fill thy consecrated shrine,
Father, Son, and Spirit divine.

743 C. M.

Children dedicated to Christ.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms:
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name:
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

744 L. M.

The Institution of a Gospel Ministry from Christ.

1 THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprung the Apostles' honour'd name;
Sacred beyond heroic fame:
In lowlier forms, before our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

3 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live:
While guarded by his mighty hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout thy praise
Through the long round of endless days.

745 7s.

Gloria Patri.

1 FATHER, live, by all things fear'd;
Live the Son, alike revered;
Equally be thou adored,
Holy Ghost, Eternal Lord.

2 Three in person, one in power,
Thee we worship evermore:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Endless theme of earth and heaven.

746 C M.

The Scriptures.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near:
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

747 S. M.

"Preaching the kingdom of God, and testifying those things which concern the Lord Jesus."

1 JESUS, thy servants bless,
Who, sent by thee, proclaim
The peace, and joy, and righteousness
Experienced in thy name:
The kingdom of our God,
Which thy great Spirit imparts,
The power of thy victorious blood,
Which reigns in faithful hearts.

2 Their souls with faith supply,
With life and liberty;
And then they preach and testify
The things concerning them
And live for this alone,
Thy grace to minister,
And all thou hast for sinners done,
In life and death declare.

748 6-8s.

Renewing the Covenant.

1 O GOD! how often hath thine ear
To me in willing mercy bow'd!
While worshipping thine altar near,
Lowly I wept, and strongly vow'd:
But ah! the feebleness of man!
Have I not vow'd and wept in vain?

2 Return, O Lord of Hosts, return!
Behold thy servant in distress;
My faithlessness again I mourn;
Again forgive my faithlessness;
And to thine arms my spirit take,
And bless me for the Saviour's sake.

3 In pity of the soul thou lov'st,
Now bid the sin thou hat'st expire;
Let me desire what thou approv'st,—
Thou dost approve what I desire;
And thou wilt deign to call me thine,
And I will dare to call thee mine.

4 This day the Covenant I sign,
The bond of sure and promised peace;
Nor can I doubt its power divine,
Since seal'd with Jesu's blood it is:
That blood I take, that blood alone,
And make the cov'nant peace mine own.

5 But, that my faith no more may know
Or change, or interval, or end,—
Help me in all thy paths to go,
And now, as e'er, my voice attend,
And gladden me with answers mild,
And commune, Father, with thy child!

749 8s.

After the Renewal of the Covenant.

1 O HOW shall a sinner perform
The vows he hath vow'd to the Lord?
A sinful and impotent worm,
How can I be true to my word?
I tremble at what I have done:
O send me thy help from above;
The power of thy Spirit make known,
The virtue of Jesus's love!

2 My solemn engagements are vain,
My promises empty as air;
My vows, I shall break them again,
And plunge in eternal despair;
Unless my omnipotent God
The sense of his goodness impart,
And shed by his Spirit abroad
The love of himself in my heart.

3 O Lover of sinners, extend
To me thy compassionate grace;
Appear my affliction to end,
Afford me a glimpse of thy face!
That light shall enkindle in me
A flame of reciprocal love;
And then I shall cleave unto thee,
And then I shall never remove.

4 O come to a mourner in pain,
Thy peace in my conscience reveal!
And then I shall love thee again,
And sing of the goodness I feel;
Constrain'd by the grace of my Lord,
My soul shall in all things obey,
And wait to be fully restored,
And long to be summon'd away.

750 L. M.

Renewal of Self-Dedication.

1 O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction 's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest:
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possest.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

751 C. M.

The Lord's Supper.

1 "THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good,"
He said; and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this sure covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal the' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Thy light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine:
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

5 Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who blest us in his Will,
And to his Testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

752 2-6s and 4-7s.

The same.

1 FROM Jesu's sacrifice
And sacrament we rise,
Borne on wings of faith and love
To the mansions of the blest,
Triumph with the saints above,
Share that everlasting feast.

2 The Truth, the Deity,
We there unveil'd shall see;
Lose in that transporting sight
All we felt or fear'd below;
Torrents of unmix'd delight
There our raptured souls o'erflow.

3 O blessed, blessed hope!
From earth it lifts us up;
Now in heaven with Christ we dwell,
Now the bliss of heaven we taste,
Glorious joys unspeakable,
Joys which shall for ever last.

4 Jesus, substantial bread,
If thou our spirits feed,
Nothing can we want beside,
With thy immortality,
With thy fulness satisfied,
All we sacrifice to thee.

753 S. M.

The same.

1 LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.

2 This eucharistic feast
Our every want supplies;
And still we by his death are bless'd,
And share his sacrifice.

3 Who thus our faith employ,
His sufferings to record,
Even now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord.

4 We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise;
The cross on which he bows his head,
Shall lift us to the skies.

754 6-8s.

The same.

1 PROSTRATE, with eyes of faith I see
My Saviour fasten'd to the tree,
A victim on that altar laid,
Himself presenting to the skies,
The grand vicarious sacrifice,
The Righteous in the sinner's stead.

2 Well-pleasing to our God above,
His sacrifice of life and love
I plead before the gracious throne:
Father, a prodigal receive,
And bid a pardon'd rebel live,
The purchase of thy bleeding Son.

755 8s and 6s.

For the King.

1 LORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
For all that bear the sovereign sway,
And thy vicegerents reign,—
Ruiers, and governors, and powers;
And, lo, in faith we pray for ours,
Nor can we pray in vain.

2 Cover his enemies with shame,
Defeat their every hostile aim,
Their baffled hopes destroy:
But shower on him thy blessings down,
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlasting joy.

3 To hoary hairs be thou his God,
Late may he reach that high abode
Late to his heaven remove;
Of virtues full, and happy days,
Accounted worthy by thy grace
To fill a throne above.

4 *Secure us, of his royal race,*
A man to stand before thy face,
And exercise thy power:
With wealth, prosperity, and peace,
Our nation and our churches bless,
Till time shall be no more.

756 L. M

Admission in

1 BRETHREN in Chr
To Jesus and his
Enter, and show your
Enter, and find that

2 Welcome from earth:
Of fellowship to you
With open hearts and
And you in Jesu's

3 Say, are your hearts
Then let them burn
Then let them taste th
Partakers of the joy

4 Jesu, attend, thyself
Are we not met in t
Thee in the midst we
We wait to catch th

5 Thou God that answe
The Spirit of burnin
And let the flames of
Rise from the altar

6 Truly our fellowship
With thee and with
In thee eternal life we
And heaven's unut

7 In part we only know
But wait thy comin
And we shall then bek
And we shall all be

757 L. M

A Morning

1 AWAKE, my soul, a
Thy daily stage
Shake off dull sloth, a
To pay thy morning s

2 Redeem thy mis-spent
And live this day as i
Thy talents to improv
For the great day thy

3 Let all thy converse be
Thy conscience as the
For God's all-seeing ey
Thy secret thoughts, t

4 Wake, and lift up thy
And with the angels s
Who all night long un
High glory to the' eter

5 Praise God, from who
Praise him, all creatu
Praise him above, ye
Praise Father, Son, a

758 L. M

An Evening

1 GLORY to thee, my
For all the bless
Keep me, O keep me,
Beneath thine own a

2 Forgive me, Lord, f
The ill that I this
That, with the w
I, ere I sleep, at

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose!
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

759 L. M.

The dying Malefactor's Prayer.

FIRST PART.

1 O THOU that hangedst on the tree,
Our curse and sufferings to remove,
Pity the souls that look to thee,
And save us by thy dying love.

2 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace:
Thy grace will here be free indeed.

3 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
A faith thou must thyself impart:
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart.

4 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

5 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood,
That blood which doth for sinners speak;
O let it speak us up to God!

760 L. M.

SECOND PART.

1 CANST thou reject our dying prayer,
Or cast us out who come to thee?
Our sins, ah! wherefore didst thou bear?
Jesus, remember Calvary!

2 Number'd with the transgressors thou,
Between the felons crucified,
Speak to our hearts, and tell us now,
Wherefore hast thou for sinners died?

3 For us wast thou not lifted up?
For us a bleeding victim made?
That we, the abjects we, might hope,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid.

4 O might we, with believing eyes,
Thee in thy bloody vesture see;
And cast us on thy sacrifice!
Jesus, my Lord, remember me!

761 L. M.

To be sung at Sea.

FIRST PART.

1 LORD of the wide, extensive main,
Whose power the wind, the sea, controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain;
Whose Spirit leads believing souls:

2 *For thee we leave our native shore,*
(We whom thy love delights to keep,)
In other climes thy works explore,
And see thy wonders in the deep.

3 'Tis here thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear;
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

4 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine,
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thy immensity.

5 Thy wisdom here we learn to adore,
Thine everlasting truth we prove;
Amazing heights of boundless power,
Unfathomable depths of love.

762 L. M.

SECOND PART.

1 INFINITE God, thy greatness spann'd
These heavens, and meted out the skies;
Lo! in the hollow of thy hand
The measured waters sink and rise!

2 Thee to perfection who can tell!
Earth and her sons beneath thee lie,
Lighter than dust within thy scale,
And less than nothing in thine eye.

3 Yet, in thy Son, divinely great,
We claim thy providential care;
Boldly we stand before thy seat,
Our Advocate hath placed us there.

4 With him we are gone up on high,
Since he is ours, and we are his;
With him we reign above the sky,
We walk upon our subject seas.

5 We boast of our recover'd powers,
Lords are we of the lands and floods;
And earth, and heaven, and all is ours,
And we are Christ's, and Christ is God's!

763 7s.

On going on Shipboard.

1 LORD, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

2 Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined;
Every anxious thought repress,
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the souls whom now we leave,
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to thee.

4 Save till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er,
Land us on the heavenly shore.

764 7s and 6s.

Another.

1 LORD of earth, and air, and sea,
Supreme in power and grace,
Under thy protection, we
Our souls and bodies place.
Bold an unknown land to try,
We launch into the foaming deep;
Rocks, and storms, and deaths defy
With Jesus in the ship.

2 Who the calm can understand,
In a believer's breast?
In the hollow of His hand
Our souls securely rest:
Winds may rise, and seas may roar,
We on His love our spirits stay;
Him with quiet joy adore,
Whom winds and seas obey.

765 C. M.

The Traveller's Hymn.

1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, in lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore:
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

766 6-8s.

Watch-Night.

1 HOW many pass the guilty night
In revellings and frantic mirth!
The creature is their sole delight,
Their happiness the things of earth
Fleeting mirth the season past;
We choose the better part at last.

2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep,
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn vigil keep:
So many years on sin bestow'd,
Can we not watch one night for God?

3 We can, O Jesus, for thy sake,
Devote our every hour to thee:
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
And sing with cheerful melody;
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart shall dance for joy.

4 Shout in the midst of us, O King
Salutes, and make our joys abound:
Let us exult, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph in redemption found:
We ask for every waiting soul,
O let thy glorious joy be full!

5 O may we all triumphant rise,
With joy upon our heads return,
And far above those nether skies,
By thee on eagles' wings upborne,
Through all yon radiant circles move,
And join the highest heaven of love.

767 C. M.

The same.

1 JOIN, all ye ransom'd sons of grace
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.

2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might
Be to our Jesus given,
Who turns our darkness into light,
Who turns our hell to heaven.

3 Thither our faithful souls he leads,
Thither he bids us rise,
With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet him in the skies.

768 C. M.

"There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared."

1 OUT of the depth of self-despair,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
My misery mark, attend my prayer,
And bring salvation nigh.

2 If thou art rigorously severe,
Who may the test abide?
Where shall the man of sin appear,
Or how be justified?

3 But, O, forgiveness is with thee,
That sinners may adore;
With filial fear thy goodness see,
And never grieve thee more.

4 My soul, while still to him it flies,
Prevents the morning ray:
O that his mercy's beams would rise,
And bring the gospel day!

5 Ye faithful souls, confide in God,
Mercy with him remains,
Plenteous redemption through his blood,
To wash out all your stains.

6 His Israel Himself shall clear,
From all their sins redeem;
The Lord our righteousness is near,
And we are just in him.

769 4-6s and 2-8s.

A Song of Praise to the blessed Trinity.

1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

SECTION I.

HYMNS OF ADORATION.

770 104th.

1 O WORSHIP the King all glorious above!
O gratefully sing His power and His love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days, [praise.
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with

2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace:
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space; [clouds form,
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power hath founded of old:
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree, [sea.
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the

4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, [rain.
And sweetly distils in the dew and the

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how firm, to the end! [Friend!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and

6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays, [praise.
With true adoration shall sing to Thy

771 C. M.

1 O PRAISE our great and gracious Lord
And call upon His name;
To strains of joy tune every chord,
His mighty acts proclaim:
Tell how He led His chosen race
To Canaan's promised land;
Tell how His covenant of grace
Unchanged shall ever stand.

2 He gave the shadowing cloud by day,
The moving fire by night;
To guide His Israel on their way,
He made their darkness light;
And have not we a sure retreat,
A Saviour ever nigh?
The same clear light to guide our feet,
The Day-spring from on high.

3 We, too, have Manna from above,
The Bread that came from heaven;
To us the same kind Hand of love
Has living waters given:
A Rock have we from whence the spring
In rich abundance flows:
That Rock is Christ, our Lord and King,
Who life and health bestows.

4 O may we prize this blessed Food,
And trust our heavenly Guide;
So shall we find death's fearful flood
Serene as Jordan's tide:
And safely reach that happy shore,
The land of peace and rest,
Where angels worship and adore,
In God's own presence blest.

772 7s.

1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

773 8, 7.

1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Pure unbounded grace is Thine;
Hail, the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy; [heaven,
Sound His praise through earth and
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

774 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

1 ETERNAL Light! Eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be.

When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not; but, with calm delight,
Can live and look on Thee.

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known,
A fallen world like this.

3 O how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode,—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of majesty above;
The sons of ignorance and night
Can dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love.

775 S. M.

1 MY soul, repent His praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And, when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

6 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

7 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

776 L. M.

1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To Thee, O Lord, my voice I'll raise;
With all Thy saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

2 *My soul with* all its powers confess,
His wisdom and His works express;
But O, His love, what tongue can tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

3 *But when to* that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems of the skies;
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

777

1 "GOD is love! And His c
And my grateful
Sings within m

2 "God is love!" t
Sing to golden l
And from earth t
Gladly echoes,

3 "God is love!" t
And from heav
Comes to dwell w
Sweetly breathi

4 "God is love!" n
Though thine i
And amidst the n
Let thy song be

5 "God is love!" I
Till I reach my
And in bliss the s
Sing for ever, "

778 8, 6

1 YES! it is good
To tread Th
To raise the voice
To hear Thy ho
We praise Thee t
Has brought this

2 'Tis sweet, when
The aged and th
Sweeter, when ev
To feel what we
And thoughts of l
Of smiling youth

3 But O, if songs li
How sweet that
Where all the ran
From sin and s
Where nought of
To mar that migh

4 How vast that he
How ravishing
O how unspeakab
Of that exulting
Waking, for ever
Of praise to Him

779

1 SHALL hymn
Through he
And all the hos
Their songs of t
And shall not we
And send the ech

2 Shall every ran
Of Adam's scat
To Christ all po
Who saved ther
And shall not we
And send the ech

3 Shall they ador
Who bought
And all the
That led th
And shall no
And send th

4 O spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around
Salvation through His name,
Till every tribe take up the strain,
And send the echo back again.

780 S. M.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing,
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
Ye blessed children, come:
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

781 11, 8.

1 CREATOR, Preserver, Redeemer of men,
Divine Intercessor above; [begin,
O where shall the song of Thy praises
Or how shall I speak of Thy love?
Heaven is telling, and earth is revealing,
What wonders Thy mercy can prove!

2 And do I not love Thee, O Saviour Divine,
The chief of ten thousand to me?
Yes, infinite beauty and glory are Thine,
Whose splendour no mortal can see,
Angels shall bless Thee, and men shall confess Thee!
All worlds shall acknowledge Thy sway.

3 Thine, Thine is the kingdom, the wisdom, and power,
The glory and honour supreme:
For ever and ever my soul would adore
The' unspeakable worth of Thy name!
Blessed for ever, O glorious Saviour,
I'll dwell on the rapturous theme.

782 S. M. or P. M.

1 WE praise our Lord to-day,
For love and light and peace;
He leads us in the narrow way,
His care can never cease.
Hallelujah! Praise to our redeeming God.

2 He guides our failing feet,
Each fainting heart He cheers;
He shields us in the noontide heat,
And calms our midnight fears.
Hallelujah! Praise to our redeeming God.

3 When lone and sad and worn,
His presence makes us blest;
For Jesus comforts those that mourn,
And gives the weary rest.
Hallelujah! Praise to our redeeming God.

4 *The angel hosts above,*
His holy name adore;
And we, the children of His love,
Should praise Him evermore.
Hallelujah! Praise to our redeeming God.

783 8, 7.

1 COME, Thou fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace!
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
With celestial fervour glowing,
Let me sing like those above;
While my heart with joy o'erflowing
Dwells on God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart—O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

784 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8.

1 TEN thousand times ten thousand sung
Their anthems round the throne,
When, lo! one solitary tongue
Began a song unknown;
A song unknown to angels' ears,
A song that spoke of banished fears,
Of pardoned sins, of dried-up tears.

2 Not one of all that heavenly host
Could such high notes attain;
But spirits from a distant coast
United in the strain:
Till he who first began the song,
To sing alone not suffered long,
Was mingled in a countless throng.

3 And still as hours are fleeting by,
The angels ever bear
Some newly-ransomed soul on high,
To join the chorus there.
And still the song will louder grow,
Till all the saved by Christ below
To that fair world of rapture go.

4 O give me, Lord, my golden harp,
And tune my broken voice,
That I may sing of troubles sharp,
Exchanged for endless joys:
The song that ne'er was heard before,
A sinner reached the heavenly shore,
Shall now be sung for evermore!

785 L. M.

1 TEN thousand hearts, ten thousand tongues,
United swell with joy to-day;
While angels, listening to our songs,
Exulting shout their sweetest lays.

2 In spirit gentle as the dove,
War and oppression we disdain;
Our weapons, Truth—our banners, Love—
Are mighty through the Saviour's name.

lred are the rich and poor,
ndless, outcast, and oppressed;
ein we all their grief endure—
t them we are feebly bleat.
se and for ourselves we pray—
of mercies, help, forgive!
lity power and truth display,
t all look to Thee and live.
e may our sympathies extend,
rude and learned in every land,
d know and own the Saviour's grace.

86

8, 8, 6.

) THOU to whom archangels raise
A ceaseless song of perfect praise,
Yet tremble as they sing;
o us incline Thy gracious ear,
And while, with reverence, we draw near,
Accept the praise we bring.

In vain with all the angel choir,
The ransomed hosts of heaven aspire,
Thy glory to proclaim;
How then shall we approach Thy throne;
How make Thy countless mercies known;
Or sing Thine awful Name?

3 Thy love alone our stay hath been,
In every dark and changing scene
Throughout the circling year;
Preserved by Thine Almighty hand,
Again before Thy face we stand,
And sing Thy goodness here.

4 Father! for Jesu's sake receive
The praise which now we gladly give,
Though with a stammering tongue;
Grant us at length to see Thy face,
And join with all the ransomed race
In heaven's eternal song.

787

10, 10, 11, 11.

1 SWEET praises I sing in hymns to the Lord;
My Saviour and King, Jehovah adored;
Who fixed earth's foundation, who formed the deep sea,
Who spake the creation, yet "careth for me."

2 When throned high above, He saw my sad state;
Then came down in love, and bore my dread fate;
On Calvary's mountain, methinks I can see
The life-giving fountain fast flowing for me.

3 Though poor my estate, though humble my name,
He cares not for that, He loves me the same:
While breasting life's ocean, though fierce the waves be,
In storm and commotion, "He careth for me."

4 My road may be long dark sorrow betide;
I'll cheerful go on while He is my guide.
He knows all my weakness, whate'er it may be,
In toil, pain, and sickness, "He careth for me."

5 Then raise, O my tongue, a song to His name;
In notes loud and long His goodness proclaim;
While birds in the forest, with earth, sky, and sea,
All join in the chorus, "He careth for me."

788

6, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

1 HAIL, hail! sweet Sabbath-day,
In love and mercy given;
Then we are taught, and learn the way
To Jesus and to heaven.
Hosanna we would all proclaim,
Each Sabbath-day to Jesus' name.

2 Hail, hail! sweet Sabbath-day;
Well may our hearts rejoice,
For then we meet to praise and pray,
And hear the Saviour's voice:—
Hosanna we would all proclaim,
Each Sabbath-day to Jesus' name.

3 Hail, hail! sweet Sabbath-day,
An earnest of a rest,
Where sin and woe can ne'er dismay
The ransomed and the blest:—
Hosanna we would all proclaim,
Each Sabbath-day to Jesus' name.

4 Hail, hail! sweet Sabbath-day,
Let our glad voices ring;
And when on earth no more we stay,
In louder strains we'll sing
Hosanna to the Lamb of God,
Who bought us with His precious blood.

5 Hail, hail! sweet Sabbath-day;
And when the last shall come,
May each of us delighted say,
We are but going home:—
Hosanna to the Lamb of God,
For He has bought us with His blood:

789

8, 7, 4.

1 GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.

2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign;
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain.

3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth, your praises bring.
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring.

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal,
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honour, riches, power, dominion
Thus its praise creation brings
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings.

790

7s and 6s.

1 SING to the Lord of harvest
Sing songs of love and p
With joyful hearts and voic
Your hallelujahs raise:
By Him the rolling seasons,
In fruitful order move,
Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of happy love.

2 By Him the clouds drop
The deserts bloom an
The hills leap up in g
The valleys laugh a

He filleth with His fulness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.

3 Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save:
Your hearts lay down before Him,
When at His feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore Him
Who gave His life for all.

4 To God the gracious Father,
Who made us "very good;"
To Christ, who, when we wandered,
Restored us with His blood;
And to the Holy Spirit,
Who doth upon us pour
His blessed dews and sunshine,
Be praise for evermore.

791 7s.

1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise
To His throne above the skies;
Christ the Lamb for sinners given,
Enters now the highest heaven.

2 There for Him high triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
He hath conquered death and sin,
Take the King of glory in.

3 Lo, the heaven its Lord receives;
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love:
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.

5 Still for us He intercedes,
His prevailing death He pleads;
Near Himself prepares our place,
He the first-fruits of our race.

6 Lord, though parted from our sight,
Far above the starry height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies.

792 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 HEAVENLY Father, all creation
Shows the wonders of Thy hand;
Now accept our adoration,
Lord, Thy blessing now command.
Thee the fount of life we own,
Thee our Maker, Thee alone;
Hear our prayers, accept the praise,
We, Thy flock, Thy children, raise.

2 Son of God, who didst from heaven
Come to save our ruined race,
Who to us Thyself hast given,
Lord of mercy, truth, and grace;
Thy redeeming love we sing;
Lord, to Thee our hearts we bring;
At Thy call we come to Thee,
At Thy Name we bow the knee.

3 Holy Ghost, whose inspiration
Is of life and light the spring,
Bless us with Thy visitation,
Love, and peace, and gladness bring.
Guide us on our heavenward way;
Keep us, lest we go astray:
Father, Son, and Spirit pure,
Ever shall Thy praise endure.

793 7, 7, 7, 5.

1 GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
Hear, forgive, and save!

2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat:
Look from heaven and save!

3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill:
Lord, accept and save!

4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold:
Lord, forgive and save!

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess:
Jesus, hear and save!

6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free:
Hear, forgive, and save!

794 C. M.

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.
We come with songs of praise,
We come with songs of praise,
We come with songs of praise,
To Thee, our heavenly King.

2 Awake our love, awake our joy,
Awake our heart and tongue;
Sleep not when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.
We come, &c.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.
We come, &c.

4 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.
We come, &c.

5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.
We come, &c.

795 S. M.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which draw the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

796 6s.

1 COME, 'tis the hour of prayer,
And mercy lights the skies;
God stills the evening air,
That the hymns of saints may rise.
The sun has robed the west,
And the toil of man is o'er;
But nature's wearied breast
Will the Lord of all restore.
Come, come, come!

2 Bright are the lamps of love,
That draw our earth to heaven;
And angel-harps above
Proclaim man's sins forgiven.
O let our praises there
In glad communion blend;
And the solemn voice of prayer
On the Spirit's breath ascend.
Come, come, come!

3 The soul must be supplied
With holy thoughts and true;
And every heart confide,
That God will strength renew.
Each day fresh mercy brings,
Each night fresh love demands;
And faith on hopeful wings
Should seek celestial lands.
Come, come, come!

4 Let us then look on high,
And plead each promise given;
View mansions in the sky,
And a seat for us in heaven.
No toil or trouble then,
Shall make us weary there;
Nor the bonds of sin again,
Withhold our evening prayer.
Come, come, come!

797 7s and 6s.

1 GO, when the morning shineth,—
Go, when the noon is bright,—
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night:
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Cast every fear away;
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be:
Then, for thyself, in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 But, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,—
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way;
E'en then the silent breathing,
The spirit raised above,
Will reach the throne of glory,
Of mercy, truth, and love.

4 *Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,*
Before His footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that has been given us
To pour our souls in prayer.

798 C. M.

1 THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

2 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

3 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But God has given it birth.

4 There's not a place on earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

5 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends;
There He displays His boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

6 In heaven the sun will ever shine,
No glories fade above;
There countless hosts will ever sing
Of God's redeeming love.

799 C. M.

1 WE sing the' almighty pow'r of God,
Who made the mountains rise;
Who spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 We sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 We sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to His care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

SECTION II.

THE PERSON, WORK, SUFFERINGS, GLORY OF CHRIST.

800 C. M.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' nam
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our G
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race
Ye ransomed from the Fall
Hail Him who saves you by
And crown Him Lord of

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song.
And crown Him Lord of all!

801 C. M. double.

1 COME, strike the highest note with me,
The loftiest note of praise,
That ever burst from mortal tongue,
Or angel-harp can raise:
'Tis Jesus, Jesus, Lamb of God,
That highest note shall be:
O, hallelujah to His name,
He gave His love to me!

2 Come, strike the highest note again,
'Tis Jesus, Jesus still;
No other name with such delight
The longing heart can fill.
Yes, I will glory in His cross,
And there by faith I'll cling;
When I forget His wondrous love,
Then let me cease to sing.

3 That highest note, my Saviour dear,
I'll strike with every breath;
I'll shout the triumphs of Thy grace
Along the vale of death.
Then in that glorious land of song,
When crowns of joy are given,
I'll sing in tender, sweeter strains,
That highest note in heaven.

802 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
Praise ye His name!
Angels, His love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And saints, cry evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name:
We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb!

3 Join, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless:
Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

4 Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising His name:
To Him we'll tribute bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And without ceasing sing
Worthy the Lamb!

803 C. M.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of Thee;
No music 's like Thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O may we ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedek.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We 'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the ransomed throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

804 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
O may I from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to-day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

805 L. M.

1 JESUS, Thou condescending King,
Art pleased to hear when children sing;
And while our feeble voices rise,
Wilt not the humble prayer despise.

2 O keep us, Lord, from every sin
Which we can see, or feel within;
And even what we do not see
Forgive, for all is known to Thee.

3 We own there 's nothing good in us,
To lead Thee to befriend us thus:
We cannot think a single thought,
Or even thank Thee, as we ought.

4 Yet, Lord, we humbly venture nigh,
Because Thou earnest down to die:
And this is all the plea we make,
"O save us for Thy mercy's sake!"

806 8s.

1 WE sing of the *mercy* of God,
So boundless, so rich, and so free;
But what will it profit my soul,
Unless 'tis relied on by me?

2 We sing of *salvation and love*,
By the Father, in Jesus made known;
But if I would live unto God,
By faith I must make it my own.

3 We sing of the Saviour's dear *name*,
By which God can poor sinners receive;
Yet still I am lost and undone,
Unless in that name I believe.

4 We sing of the *blood* of the Lamb,
Which frees from pollution and sin;
But its virtues by me must be proved,
Or I shall be ever unclean.

5 We sing of the *glory* to come,
Of the heavens so bright and so fair;
But unless I in Jesus believe,
I shall not, I cannot be there.

807 7, 7, 4, 4, 7, 7, 7, 4, 4, 7.

1 THY name we bless, Lord Jesus!
That name all names excelling:
How great Thy love,
All praise above,
Should every tongue be telling:
The Father's loving-kindness,
In giving Thee, was shown us:
Now by Thy blood
Redeemed to God,
As children He doth own us.

2 From that eternal glory
Thou hadst with God the Father,
He gave His Son,
That He in one
His children all might gather:
Our sins were all laid on Thee,
God's wrath Thou hast endured:
It was for us
Thou suffer'dst thus,
And hast our peace secured.

3 Thou from the dead wast raised,
And from all condemnation
The Church is free,
As risen in Thee,
Head of the new creation!
On high Thou hast ascended,
To God's right hand in heaven;
The Lamb once slain,
Alive again:
To Thee all power is given.

4 Thou hast bestowed the earnest
Of that we shall inherit;
Till Thou shalt come,
To take us home,
We're sealed by God the Spirit:
We wait for Thine appearing,
When we shall know more fully
The grace divine
That made us Thine,
Thou Lamb of God most holy!

808 C. M.

1 *JESUS, the very thought of Thee*
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can fram
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art
How good to those who seek!

4 And those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

809 S. M.

1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His Throne;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem dro
All music but its own.

2 Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

3 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.

4 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may ce
And all be prayer and praise.

5 His reign shall know no end;
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

6 All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

810 C. M. or P. M.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Sa
comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
Glory, honour, praise, and pow
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.—Glory, &c.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.—Glory

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.—Glory,!

811 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, or P.

1 SAVIOUR, for Thy love we pr
Love that brought Thee dow

Like the angels we would praise Thee
Singing welcome at Thy birth.
Let Thy star through all our gloom
Guide us to Thy manger home.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Praise the Lord.

2 Saviour, for Thy life we praise Thee,
Life that brings us from the dead;
Like the children we would praise Thee,
Lay Thine hands upon *our* head.
Call *us*, as Thou didst of old,
Little lambs, into Thy fold.
Praise the Lord, &c.

3 Saviour, for Thy death we praise Thee,
Death that is our hope of life;
Like the ransomed we would praise Thee,
Who have passed beyond the strife.
Wash us in Thy cleansing blood,
Make us kings and priests to God.
Praise the Lord, &c.

4 Saviour, for Thy love we praise Thee,
Love that lifts us up to Thee:
With the angels let us praise Thee,
Joining in their minstrelsy,
All our love for ever telling,
And the mighty chorus swelling—
Praise the Lord, &c.

812

8, 7.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices:
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
Glory, in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God Most High!

3 Peace on earth, goodwill from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found:
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God Most High!"

813

8, 7, 4.

1 HARK! the voice of Jesus calling—
"Come, ye weary, come to Me;
I have rest and peace to offer—
Rest, thou burdened one, for thee:
Take salvation—
Take it *now* and happy be."

2 Yes; though high in heavenly glory,
Still the Saviour calls to thee;
Faith can hear His gracious accents—
"Come, ye weary, come to Me;
Take salvation—
Take it *now* and happy be."

3 *Soon that voice will cease its calling,*
Now it speaks, and speaks to thee;
Sinner, heed the gracious message—
To the blood for refuge flee:
"Take salvation—
Take it *now* and happy be."

4 Life is found alone in Jesus,
Only there 'tis offered thee—
Offered without price or money,
'Tis the gift of God—'tis free:
"Take salvation—
Take it *now* and happy be."

814

12, 11.

1 HE smiled as He stretched out His arms in glad welcome, [His knee,
While little ones hastened to press round
While He laid His kind hand on each little fair forehead, [unto Me."
Saying, "Suffer the children to come

2 He loved them e'en then, though His heart had much sadness; [glee,
He loveth them still in their jubilant
And still does He utter those words of sweet welcome [Me."
"O suffer the children to come unto

3 "Send not from my presence the children;
I love them; [and free;
And they shall be merry, and joyous,
But bring them where blessings from heaven are dropping; [Me!"
O suffer the children to come unto

4 We bring them, dear Saviour, by words and by prayers; [ones be:
O, Thine, Thine alone may these little
Still stretch out Thy kind arms, still give them a welcome, [unto Me!"
Saying, "Suffer the children to come

5 And when their young feet touch the waters of Jordan, [Thee:
O then may the children be dear unto
Take their hands, lift them up to palaces golden, [unto Me!"
Saying, "Suffer the children to come

815

L. M.

1 AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay,
O in what diverse pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near,
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can see
The very wounds that shame would hide.

6 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

816

8, 5, 8, 3.

1 ART thou weary, art thou languid?
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"All the ransomed ones in glory
Answer, Yes."

817

8, 7, 4.

1 WHY did Jesus come from heaven,
Live a suffering life and die?
'Twas that we might be forgiven,
And hereafter live on high.
Let us praise Him,
Now He reigns above the sky.

2 Jesus is the only Saviour;
All our hope from Jesus springs:
Jesus is the world's Redeemer,
Lord of lords and King of kings.
Let us praise Him,
For His grace salvation brings.

3 Jesus kindly will receive us,
Who to Him for refuge flee:
Jesus never can deceive us;
Our unchanging Friend is He.
Let us praise Him:
From our sins He sets us free.

4 May we know His full salvation,
And, when this short life is o'er,
Reach that heavenly habitation,
Whither He is gone before.
May we praise Him
In His kingdom evermore!

818

11s.

1 JESUS is our Shepherd, wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom, what have we to [fear?
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

2 *Jesus is our Shepherd: well we know His voice;*
How its gentlest whisper makes our hearts [rejoice:
Even when it chideth, tender is its tone:
None but He shall guide us; we are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd; for the sl
bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled with the l
Then on each He setteth His ow
sign, [a
They that have My Spirit, these, s

4 Jesus is our Shepherd; with His
now,
And His tender mercy, He dotl
Let us sing His praises with a g
heart,
Till in heaven we meet Him, nev

819

C. M.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesu
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit wh
And calms the troubled breast
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, F
My Prophet, Priest, and King
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought
But, when I see Thee as Thou ar
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then, I would Thy love proc
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy nam
Refresh my soul in death!

820

C. M.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay do
Thy head upon My breast:"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live;
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul r
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

821

C. M.

1 THOU art the Way; by Thee
From sin and death we flee
And he who would the Father
Must seek Him, Lord, by Th

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

822 C. M.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a wretch as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty maker, died
For man, His creature's, sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But, drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
O Lord, I give myself away!
'Tis all that I can do.

823 8, 7, 4.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky;
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 It is finished!—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Joining the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

824 8, 3, 8, 3, 8, 8, 8, 3.

1 BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God—On the cross! [the cross.
For us He shed His precious blood—On
O! hear that strange expiring cry—
"*Eli, lama sabachthani?*" [the cross.
Draw near and see the Saviour die—On

2 *See, see His arms extended wide*—On the cross. [the cross.
Behold His bleeding hands and side—On
The sun withholds his rays of light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While Jesus wins the glorious fight—On the cross.

3 Come, sinner, see Him lifted up—On the cross. [cross.
He drinks for us the bitter cup—On the
To heaven He turns His languid eyes;
"'Tis finished!" now the Conqueror cries,
Then bows His sacred head and dies—On the cross.

4 Where'er I go I'll tell the story—Of the cross. [the cross.
In nothing else my soul shall glory—Save
Yea, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time, and in eternity, [cross.
That Jesus tasted death for me—On the

825 L. M.

1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
We glory in the Crucified,
All other gain we count but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In crimson letters, darkly bright,
Of Holy Love the mystery:
For "God is Love," and "God is Light."

3 The cross! it takes our guilt away,
And gives the troubled conscience peace:
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And speaks of joys that never cease.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

826 8, 7, 4.

1 HARK! the Gospel news is sounding,
Christ hath suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is rich and free;
Now, poor sinner,
Look to Him who died for thee.

2 Come with us to Calvary's mountain,
Now believe in Him to-day;
Christ invites you to the fountain,
Come and wash your sins away;
Do not tarry;
Come to Jesus while you may.

3 Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever,
From the Saviour's wounded side.
None need perish;
All may live, for Christ hath died.

4 Christ alone shall be our portion;
Soon we hope to meet above;
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love.
All His fulness
We shall then for ever prove.

827 8, 7, or P. M.

1 ON the cross where Christ hung bleeding,
Streams of love for ever flow;
Through the Saviour's intercession,
We that blessed stream may know.

O my heart, be filled completely,
And in grateful love rejoice;
Jesus speaks so gently, sweetly,
Listen to His loving voice.
Drink, and you'll be thirsty never,
Drink, and you shall live for ever.
Drink, O drink, drink, O drink,
Drink of the water of life.

2 Though our way is often dreary,
And in gloom the sky is clad;
Though the steps grow faint and weary,
And the heart is sick and sad,
There's a well of living pleasure,
Every night and morning too,
Flowing in exhaustless measure,
Ever blessing, ever new.
Drink, &c.

3 We may ever have that fountain,
Welling with exhaustless flow,
In the valley, on the mountain,
Wheresoe'er our steps may go.
As we drink, a holy beauty
Fills our souls, so washed and blest,
And our hands grow strong for duty,
And our weary hearts find rest.
Drink, &c.

828 8, 7.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend!

2 Here we rest, in wonder viewing
All our sins on Jesus laid;
Here we see redemption flowing
From the sacrifice He made.

3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before the cross to lie;
And behold the great salvation
To rebellious man brought nigh.

4 Here we find the dawn of heaven,
While upon the cross we gaze;
See our trespasses forgiven,
And our songs of triumph raise.

5 O that near the cross abiding,
We may to the Saviour cleave!
Nought with Him our hearts dividing,
All for Him content to leave.

6 May we still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more deeply know.

829 8, 3, 8, 3, 8, 8, 8, 3.

1 BY faith I view my Saviour dying. On the tree: [Me!"
To every nation He is crying, "Look to
He bids the guilty now draw near—
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear,
Hark! hark! these precious words I hear,
Mercy's free.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me? [Can it be?
And did He snatch my soul from ruin:
O yes! He did salvation bring:
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King:
And now my happy soul can sing, Mercy's free.

3 *Jesus, the mighty God, has spoken Peace to me!* [am free.
Now all my chains of sin are broken: I
Soon as I in His name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received,
And Christ from death my soul rescued:
Mercy's free.

4 Long as I live I'll still be crying, Mercy's free! [Mercy's free.
And this shall be my song when dying,
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last, Mercy's free.

830 7, 7, 7, 5.

1 THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need,
Jesus, hear my cry.

2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Lift to Thee mine eye.

3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea Thy grace to win,
But that Thou canst save from sin.
To Thy cross I fly.

4 Others, long in fetters bound,
Their deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound;
Surely so may I.

5 There on Thee I cast my care,
There to Thee I raise my prayer,
Jesus, save me from despair,
Save me, or I die.

6 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, be Thou nigh.

831 8, 7, 4.

1 "IT is finished!" Sinners, hear it,—
'Tis the dying Victor's cry;
"It is finished!" angels, bear it,
Bear the joyful news on high:
"It is finished!"
Tell it through the earth and sky!

2 Justice, from her awful station,
Bars the sinner's peace no more;
Justice views with approbation
What the Saviour did and bore:
Grace and mercy
Now display their boundless store.

3 "It is finished!" All is over;
Yes: the cup of wrath is drained;
Such the truth these words discover,
Thus our vict'ry was obtained;
'Tis a vict'ry
None but Jesus could have gained.

4 Crown the mighty Conq'ror, crown Him,
Who His people's foes o'ercame!
In the highest heav'n enthrone Him!
Men and angels sound His fame!
Great His glory!
Jesus bears a matchless name.

832 S. M.

1 HIMSELF He cannot save!
Insulting foe, 'tis true—
The words a gracious meaning have,
Though meant in scorn by you.

2 Himself He cannot save!
This is His highest praise;
Himself for others' sake He gave,
And suffered in their place.

3 It were an easy part
For Him the cross to fly,
But love to sinners fills His heart,
And makes Him choose to die.

4 'Tis love the cause unfolds—
The deep mysterious cause
Why He who all the world upholds
Hangs upon yonder cross.

833 8, 7, 4.

1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious:
See the Man of Sorrows now,
From the fight returned victorious;
Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow.
Crown Him:
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels! crown Him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown Him:
Crown the Saviour, King of kings!

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
Crown Him:
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him:
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

834 L. M.

1 BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks—has knocked before;
Has waited long; is waiting still:
You use no other friend so ill.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!

4 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom He condescends to dwell.

5 Yet know—nor of the terms complain—
Where Jesus comes, He comes to reign,
To reign with universal sway;
E'en thoughts must die that disobey.

6 Sovereign of souls! thou Prince of peace!
O may Thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be His empire—all mankind.

835 7s and 6s.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains!

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord:
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child!
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

836 7, 7, 7, 5.

1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,
Jesus, hear and save!

2 Great Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, broken, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save!

3 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Thou didst bear our grief and pain;
Cleanse us now from every stain,
Jesus, hear and save!

4 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save!

5 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then;
Jesus, hear and save!

837 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4.

1 ONE there is above all others,
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
O how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day kind, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
O how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
O how He loves!
Think, O think how much we owe Him,
O how He loves!
With His Spirit He has sought us,
His example bright has taught us,
Every blessing Jesus brought us,
O how He loves!

3 Tenderly will He befriend us,
O how He loves!
And will evermore defend us,
O how He loves!

May our hearts delight to hear Him,
Ever dwell in safety near Him,
Never more distrust or fear Him,
O how He loves!

838

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 O COME to Jesus now, Jesus is here;
Humbly before Him bow, Jesus is here.
Too many go away, Too many still delay,
Though Jesus bids them stay; Jesus is here.

2 O come this place within, Jesus is here;
He sees you full of sin, Jesus is here;
He knows you when you come, Poor, wretched, and undone;
Seek Him and Him alone; Jesus is here.

3 Come, then, to Jesus now, Jesus is here;
All near Him lowly bow, Jesus is here;
O ye that feel your sin, And coming long have been,
Now find your rest in Him; Jesus is here.

4 O come to Jesus now, Jesus is here;
The old and young may bow, Jesus is here;
O what a glorious thing, Sin's weary load to bring,
And lose it while we sing, Jesus is here.

839

8, 7, 8, 7, 3. P. M.

1 HARK! the Saviour's voice from heaven
Speaks a pardon full and free;
Come, and thou shalt be forgiven;
Boundless mercy flows for thee—
Even thee!

2 See the healing fountain springing
From the Saviour on the tree;
Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing,
Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee—
Even thee!

3 Hear His love and mercy speaking,
"Come and lay thy soul on Me;
Though thy heart for sin be breaking,
I have rest and peace for thee—
Even thee!"

4 Come, then, now—to Jesus flying,
From thy sin and woe be free;
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,
Gladly will He welcome thee—
Even thee!

5 Every sin shall be forgiven,
Thou, through grace, a child shalt be;
Child of God, and heir of heaven,
Yes, a mansion waits for thee—
Even thee!

6 Then in love for ever dwelling,
Jesus all thy joy shall be;
And thy song shall still be telling
All His mercy did for thee—
Even thee!

840

148th.

1 *REJOICE! the Lord is King!*
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 *Rejoice! the Saviour reigns—*
The God of truth and love;

When He had purge
He took His seat ab
Lift up the heart, lift
Rejoice aloud, ye sain

3 His kingdom cannot
He rules o'er earth a
The keys of death a
Are to our Saviour
Lift up the heart, lift
Rejoice aloud, ye sain

4 He all His foes shal
Shall all our sins de
And every bosom s
With pure seraphic
Lift up the heart, lift
Rejoice aloud, ye sain

5 Rejoice in glorious
Jesus the Judge sha
And take His serva
To their eternal hor
We soon shall hear th
The trump of God sha

841

7s and 6s

1 I NEED Thee, preci
For I am full of si
My soul is dark and g
My heart is dead wi
I need the cleansing f
Where I can alway
The blood of Christ n
The sinner's perfect

2 I need Thee, blessed
For I am very poor
A stranger and a pilg
I have no earthly st
I need the love of Jes
To cheer me on my
To guide my doubtin
To be my strength

3 I need Thee, blessed
I need a friend like
A friend to soothe an
A friend to care for
I need the heart of J
To feel each anxiou
To tell my every wan
And all my sorrows

4 I need Thee, blessed J
And hope to see Th
Encircled with the ra
And seated on Thy
There, with Thy bloo
My joy shall ever b
To sing Thy praises, J
To gaze, my LORD,

842

8, 7, 4.

1 PRAISE to Jesus! bl
Christ, the great K
Ransomed earth with h
Bring your loudest, s
Children's voices,
May their glad hosan

2 Let us sing the wondro
Of the child's Almig
How He left the realm
And to die did com
Children's voi
Sing the love tha

lings sound His praises,
ibe became;
arms He raises,
on earth, the same.
oices
of David's name.

He beholds us,—
to come to Me,"—
d bosom folds us,
nd will ever be.
l sucklings
m that Friend to see.
'riend who sought us—
'eary, helpless, lost;
Lamb who bought us—
l the countless cost.
voices
e angelic host.
l swell your voices,
g the Saviour praise;
with heaven rejoices;
udest, sweetest lays.
voices,
, hosanna raise.

11s.

to Jesus when the heart

sus, comfort or complaint.
orrow, if the way is long,
t the morrow, tell it Him
[and palm,
rt be aching for the crown
t waking with a faithful

wly,—Thou art very high:
oly,—Thou art purity;
d fleeting,—Thou art still
[name.
re meeting in thy blessed
Jesus when thy heart is

sus, comfort or complaint.
esus, and in Him I see
Godhead coming down to
[praise,
brightness up my steps of
brightness gilds my dark-

us when my heart is faint,
is comfort or complaint.
ve Thee, infinitely sweet:
oor odours I bring to Thy
[heart,
, love Thee, come into my
move me to be where Thou
[faint;
Jesus when my heart is
is comfort or complaint.

11s.

, my Saviour, who died on
'
tain for sinners like me;
fountain that pardon be-
[flows,
the foulest wherever it
of Judah shall break every

e victory again and again.

2 And when I was willing with all things to part, [heart;
He gave me my bounty, His love in my
So now I am joined with the conquering band,
Who are marching to glory at Jesu's com-
For the Lion, &c. [mand.

3 Though round me the storms of adversity roll, [my soul,
And the waves of destruction encompass
In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss,
My hopes rest secure on the blood of the
For the Lion, &c. [cross.

4 And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound, [ground,
And wake all the nations that sleep in the
Then, when heaven and earth shall be melting away, [day.
I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that
For the Lion, &c.

5 And when with the ransomed of Jesus, my Head, [led,
From fountain to fountain I then shall be
I'll fall at His feet, and His mercy adore,
And sing of the blood of the cross evermore.
For the Lion, &c.

845 5, 6, 6, 5.

1 COME, come to Jesus!
He waits to welcome thee,
O wanderer! eagerly;
Come, come to Jesus!

2 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to ransom thee,
O slave! who would be free,
Come, come to Jesus!

3 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to lighten thee,
O burdened! graciously;
Come, come to Jesus!

4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

846 10, 10, 11, 11.

1 HOSANNA we sing to Jesus our King,
Who came down from heav'n salvation to bring; [love,
To bless little children who trust in His
And try to obey Him like angels above.
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna,
Hosanna to Jesus our King!

2 Hosanna again to Jesus proclaim,
For O how we love the sound of His name!
While angels in heaven are sounding His praise,
We children our songs of thanksgiving [will raise
Hosanna, &c.

3 Hosanna we sing to Jesus our King,
On earth and in heaven His praises shall ring;
For Jesus will take us to live up on high,
Beyond the bright stars in His beautiful sky.
Hosanna, &c.

847 7s and 6s, or P. M.

1 I LOVE the name of Jesus,
That name the angels sing,
And with their loud hosannas
The heavenly portals ring.
To Him my all confiding,
In Him my joy complete,
I learn with Christian meekness,
My duty at His feet.
I love the name of Jesus,
The sweetest, sweetest name,
The name the angels sing.

2 I love to think of Jesus
When all is calm and still,
When pure and holy feelings
My grateful bosom fill.
I love to think of Jesus,
Whose mercy crowns my days—
How just are all His counsels,
And true are all His ways!
I love, &c.

3 I love to work for Jesus,
And worship at His throne;
O may His Spirit help me
To live for Him alone.
To labour for my Saviour,
My greatest joy shall be—
I know that Jesus loves me,
Because He died for me.
I love, &c.

848 11s.

1 SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour, listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising praises to our King.
All we have we offer; all we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit, all we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer, CHRIST, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow, hast gone up on high.

3 Clearer still and clearer dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing news of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows, pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance on a world of sin.

4 Brighter still and brighter glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness o'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over, toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour, find a rest at last.

5 Onward, ever onward, journeying o'er the road
Worn by saint before us, journeying on to GOD;
Leaving all behind us, may we hasten on,
Backward never looking till the prize is won.

6 *Bliss, all bliss excelling, when the ransomed soul,*
Earthly toils forgetting, finds its promised goal
Where in joys unb
angels sing,
Never weary raising

849 148

1 REJOICE, the
Among the
He breaks the p
And makes then
Though hell oppos
In spite of foes Hi

2 He died, but soo
Triumphant o'er
And now Himsel
Omnipotent to s
Let all men bow at
Eternal bliss they

3 All power is in
His people to def
To His most hig
Shall millions m
All heaven with jo
And distant isles r

4 This little seed f
Shall soon becom
This ever-blessed
Diffused abroad
Till God the Son sh
It must go on. A

850 7, 4

1 JESUS, Savio
O'er earth T
Grant Thy Spiri
To Thee alon
Help me now in
Thy face to s
As it is in Parad
Yearning for

2 Aided by Thy sta
Not fearing
In the path Thy
There would
Always ready to
Thy loving c
Working while it
True friend o

3 Gracious Saviour
O'er earth Th
Great, yet loving,
To Thee alone
Far and near, bid
Cause them t
Thou hast opened
To sinners,—

4 Well I know that
To those distr
Weary ones, who
In Thee find
Perfect peace Th
Bless from ab
Give to every wa
Faith, hope,

851 11s

1 OUR loving Redee
word,
The word which of c
Its tones all so tem
heard,
"Forbid not the

We come, O we come; Thou wilt welcome us home, [be.
The rest of our souls on Thy bosom shall

2 Our sins, though as scarlet, they all shall be clean, [ful snow;
Washed white in Thy blood, as the beauti-
The robe of Thy righteousness on us be seen, [shall know.
The joy of forgiveness our young hearts
We come, O we come; Thou wilt welcome us home;
Our peace like a river, unbroken shall flow.

3 When life is all over, we hope then above,
Where cometh no terror, where falleth no tear, [love,
To sing in sweet numbers Thy wonderful
With all who in childhood have followed Thee here. [come us home,
We come, O we come; Thou wilt wel-
In the glory of heaven at last to appear.

852 10, 9, 10, 9, 10, 10, 10, 10.

1 SWEETLY sing! O sing the praise of Jesus, [to bless,
Christ our King loves youthful hearts
Gladly to all proclaim the love of Jesus,
Earnestly seek his favour to possess.
Tell how in love He left His throne in heaven,
And came to earth to suffer and to die,
That we might have our many sins forgiven,
And be prepared to meet Him in the sky.

2 Sing His power to cleanse the guilty spirit;
Sing the peace He speaketh to the soul;
Sing of hopes He calls us to inherit;
Sing of the home where living waters roll;
Sing of the grace He giveth to the lowly,
Sing of the light He sheddeth on their way;
Sing of His care of those who trust Him wholly,
And ever strive His precepts to obey.

3 Sweetly sing, let heart and voice be given,
Till earth ring with the Redeemer's name; [heaven,
Till in the bright, the glad, the sinless
We raise a new "Hosanna to the Lamb."
O, here below, each joy is mixed with sadness,
Sin fetters all our spirit's noblest powers;
But, if we meet in yonder home of gladness,
Sinless delight and service shall be ours.

853 P. M.

1 WE love to sing our Saviour's praise,
To sing the wondrous love
Of Him who guards us all our days,
And leads to heaven above.
For He is good; the Lord is good,
And kind are all His ways;
With songs and honours sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise: [
While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise,
Let all prolong their grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise—
Let *all* prolong their grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

2 We love to sing of mercies given,
Through every passing year;
We love to sing to Him in heaven,
With voices loud and clear.
For He is good, &c.

3 We love to think of Sabbath-days,
While in this happy place
Our youthful hearts in songs of praise
Have magnified God's grace.
For He is good, &c.

854 P. M.

1 I WILL sing for Jesus!
With His blood He bought me;
And all along my pilgrim way
His loving hand has brought me.
O help me sing for Jesus,
Help me tell the story
Of Him who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.

2 Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master?
O help me, &c.

3 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music
When heart and flesh are failing.
O help me, &c.

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus!
O how will I adore Him,
Among the cloud of witnesses
Who cast their crowns before Him!
O help me, &c.

855 8, 7, 4.

1 SAVIOUR, hear us, through Thy merit,
Lowly bending at Thy feet.
O draw near us, by Thy Spirit,
Prostrate at Thy mercy-seat.
O draw near us, &c.

2 Wretched, sinful, and unworthy;
Sick and poor, and deaf and blind
Oft unmindful, while before Thee,
Of our need of such a friend.
Oft unmindful, &c.

3 O how precious is the favour
Of forgiveness through Thy blood;
Come, Thou gracious bleeding Saviour,
Be our advocate with God.
Come, Thou gracious, &c.

4 For the joys of Thy salvation
Still we raise our cries to Thee,
Hear the voice of supplication,
Set our souls at liberty.
Hear the voice, &c.

856 12, 11.

1 I'LL think of my Saviour when daylight is breaking, [the night;
Away from the darkness and gloom of
When fresh from his slumbers the sun is awaking, [light
And girding himself with the armour of
I'll think of my Saviour,
And trust Him for ever
I'll seek for His favour, and hope through His love, [greet Him
With angels to meet Him, with rapture to
And praise Him for ever in mansions above.

2 I 'll think of my Saviour when daylight is sinking, [light so grey,
And blending its beams with the twi-
When bright starry eyes in the azure are twinkling, [day.
And silence embraces the close of the
I 'll think of my Saviour, &c.

3 I 'll think of my Saviour when pleasure is spreading [way;
Her soft downy pinions to gladden my
Through sorrow and sadness alone He was treading,
To open for sinners the portals of day.
I 'll think of my Saviour, &c.

4 I 'll think of my Saviour when sorrow is flinging [dark tomb;
Her thick robe of sadness around the
If light from His presence a glory is bringing, [its gloom.
'Twill scatter its darkness, and hide all
I 'll think of my Saviour, &c.

5 I 'll think of my Saviour, my dear blessed Saviour, [shall send;
When He from on high His bright angels
And takes to His bosom His loved ones for ever, [end.
To join in the anthems that never shall
I 'll think of my Saviour, &c.

857 6-8s.

1 O SAVIOUR! bless us ere we go,
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent zeal.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, &c.

3 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and inward purity,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day, &c.

4 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day, &c.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call:
O let Thy mercy make us glad,
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
Through life's long day, &c.

858 7s and 6s.

1 SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast.
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!—Safe, &c.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.—Safe, &c.

859 8, 7.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessi
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake u
And our couch become our tomb;
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

SECTION III.

ON THE DEITY AND WORK OF TH HOLY SPIRIT.

860 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray
Let there be light!

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Grace, Love, and Might:
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wid
Let there be light!

861

8, 6, 8, 4.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He comes sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
Where He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
That tells of sin forgiven,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee.

862

L. M.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

6 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through Thee.

863

S. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And, to our wondering view, reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our hearts the flame
Of never-ceasing love.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 *Dwell, therefore,* in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

864

S. M.

1 REVIVE Thy work, O Lord;
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers, Lord,
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And, hungering for the Bread of life,
O may our spirits be.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Give power unto Thy Word;
Grant that Thy blessed Gospel may
In living faith, be heard.

6 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Give pentecostal showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

865

S. M. double.

1 O LORD! revive Thy work!
Bid showers of grace descend;
To longing hearts reveal Thy love,
And save us to the end.
We mourn our languid zeal,
Our unbelief remove;
O take our hearts, and make them Thine,
Lord! fill each soul with love.

2 O Lord! revive Thy work!
Regard Thy planted vine;
Behold us each, through Christ Thy Son,
For Thee, for Thee we pine.
This is our heartfelt prayer,
Content we cannot be;
We will not, dare not, let Thee rest,
Till we Thy glory see.

3 O Lord! revive Thy work!
Let many souls be saved;
Make bare Thine arm, and rescue men,
By nature all depraved;
Then fit us for Thy work,
Endue with pow'r divine;
Lord, keep us earnest in Thy cause,
THE GLORY SHALL BE THINE!

866

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
Shield with Thy might.
For all Thy care this day,
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray—
Bless us to-night.

2 Jesus, Immanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite;
For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe;
Bless us to-night.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Shed forth Thy light;

Heal every sinner's smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And thine own peace impart,—
Bless us to-night.

867 C. M.

1 SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilising power.

5 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

6 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come.

868 7s.

1 GOD of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven Thy dwelling-place,
While our feeble voices sing
Grateful praises to our King.
While we meet at Thy command,
Asking blessings from Thy hand,
God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven Thy dwelling-place.

2 God our Maker, Thee we praise,
Guardian of our helpless days;
Thou hast made us by Thy power,
Thou hast kept us to this hour;
Thou hast given Thy Son to die,
Send Thy Spirit from on high.
God of glory, &c.

3 God the Saviour, Thee we bless
For Thy life of righteousness;
For Thy fearful death of shame,
Infant voices bless Thy name.
Should our tongues no praises bring,
Stones would find a voice to sing.
God of glory, &c.

4 God the Spirit, Thee we praise,
For Thy sanctifying grace;
For the new and tender heart
Thou hast promised to impart:
For the word inspired by Thee,
That reveals eternity.
God of glory, &c.

5 Great Eternal, Three in One,
Hear, O hear us from Thy throne!
We are children of a day,
Like the flowers we pass away:
Yet Thy power can bid us rise,
To adorn a paradise;
To behold Thee face to face,
In Thy heavenly dwelling-place.

869 L. M.

1 HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry:
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, all around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer:
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim.

4 But chief, in every cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall pass away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

870 8s.

1 O God of life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

2 O Father, all-creating Lord,
Be Thou by every tongue implored,
Be Thou by every heart adored.

3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We worship Thee, whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

4 O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

5 O Holy Blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
In heaven and earth exalted be.

871 S. M.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
Great God, to Thee we pray;
O may we learn while we are young,
To walk in wisdom's way.

2 Now, in our early days,
Teach us Thy will to know;
O God, Thy sanctifying grace,
Betimes, on us bestow.

3 Our hearts, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite them to Thyself alone,
And make us wholly Thine.

4 Make our defenceless youth
The object of Thy care;
Help us to choose the way of truth,
And flee from every snare.

5 O let Thy word of grace
Our warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all our future days,
Our treasure and our joy.

872 C. M.

1 SPIRIT of power and might! behold
A world by sin destroyed;
Creator-Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give Thou the word—that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife;
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angels' harps employ,
When Thou shalt all renew!

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!

5 So every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

873 S. M.

1 O Lord our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend its blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let Thy glories cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

874 P. M.

1 HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Gratefully adoring, our songs shall rise to Thee,
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

875 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise;
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall:
Let Thine Almighty aid,
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on Thee be stayed:
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

5 To the Great One in Three,
Eternal praises be,
Hence evermore:
His sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

876 6-8s.

1 ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

877 8, 8, 8, 6.

1 ACCEPTING, Lord, Thy gracious call,
Low at Thy feet I humbly fall;
Now set me free from Satan's thrall,
And let me follow Thee.

2 My Teacher, Ruler, Pattern, Guide,
Ne'er let me wander from Thy side,
Nor from the narrow path way slide,
But closely follow Thee.

3 By meekness, patience, kindness, prayer,
By works of love and friendly care,
By holy conduct everywhere,
Help me to follow Thee.

4 When fears and foes beset my way,
When darkest clouds obscure my day,
And easier paths tempt me to stray,
Help me to follow Thee.

5 Courageously, whoe'er my foes,
With cheerfulness, whate'er oppose,
Unto my journey's final close,
Help me to follow Thee.

6 Then along heaven's own pathway bright,
No more with foes and fears to fight,
By victory crowned, and robed in white,
I'll ever follow Thee.

878 7s.

1 GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Be this day a Pentecost:
Children's minds may He inspire;
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity!
For the Gospel from above,
For the word, that God is love.

879 6, 5.

1 JESUS, great Redeemer,
Source of Life Divine,
In our souls for ever
Grant the light to shine:
Source of life eternal,
Hope and peace restore;
Light of life immortal,
Shine for evermore.

2 Bread for sinners broken,
Bread of life indeed;
Manna for the hungry,
In their sorest need:
Pledge of our salvation,
How we thirst for Thee!
Cup of heavenly blessing,
Wine of charity.

3 Thou, O holy Saviour,
Come and enter in;
Cleanse away the impress
Of our dreadful sin:
Make us pure, we pray Thee,
Thou who art so pure;
And O let Thy likeness
In our hearts endure.

4 Spirit, Holy Spirit,
Aid us with Thy love;
Give Thy gentle presence,
Ever-blessed Dove.
Father, O receive us
Now for Jesu's sake,
And our feeble worship
Condescend to take.

880 8, 7.

1 *LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us*
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 *Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,*
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread the earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every feeling blending,
Pleasures that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

881 P. M.

1 HARK! the angel's song is singing,
Soft it falls upon the ear;
Joy within those hearts is springing,
O'er repentant sinners here.
Jubilate! Amen:
Hush! the gates of heaven are bringing
Sweetest sounds that earth can hear,
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Lord, while these Thy hosts are blessing,
Praising, and adoring Thee,
Humbly we our sins confessing,
Contrite penitents would be.
Jubilate! Amen:
Then the glory never ceasing,
All Thy pardoning mercy see,
Hallelujah! Amen.

882 7s.

1 HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth:
All Thy works around Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy!—Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

3 Holy, Holy, Holy!—All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

883 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4.

1 GOD that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey;
From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us,
The livelong day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

884

8, 7, 4.

1 SOVEREIGN Lord of all creation,
Unto Thee our souls aspire;
Hear, O hear our supplication,
Grant us our sincere desire!
Holy Spirit!
Touch each heart with sacred fire.

2 Lord, we come to ask Thy blessing
On the young and rising race;
May each child, Thy love possessing,
Be the object of Thy grace.
Blessed Jesus!
Early may they seek Thy face.

3 May Thy grace, Lord, like a shower,
Secret influence impart;
And let Thine Almighty power
Keep them from the tempter's art;
King of glory!
Sway Thy sceptre o'er each heart.

4 Prosper Thou our weak exertions,
Crown, O crown them with success;
May they lead to true conversions,
And religion to possess;
Lord, direct them
In the paths of righteousness.

885

7s.

1 HOLY Father! hear my cry;
Holy Saviour! bend Thine ear;
Holy Spirit! come Thou nigh;—
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.

2 Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;—
Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

3 Father, let me taste Thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move;—
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now—
Be my Father and my God!

886

7s.

1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 *Here I would for ever stay,*
Weep and gaze my soul away:
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

SECTION IV.

FOR MOURNERS SEEKING PEACE.

887

P. M.

1 GOD is near thee, therefore cheer thee,
Sad soul!
He'll defend thee, when around thee
Billows roll.

2 Calm thy sadness, look in gladness
Still on high!
Faint and weary, pilgrim, cheer thee,
Help is nigh!

3 Mark the sea-bird wildly wheeling
Through the skies!
God defends him, God attends him
When he cries.

4 What doth ail thee? can He fail thee,
Who is love?
He, to-morrow, thy great sorrow
Will remove.

5 What shall harm thee? what alarm thee?
He doth keep,
Gently leading, daily feeding,
All His sheep.

6 Life is wasting, death is hasting,
All is well.
Thou in glory, shalt thy story
Joyful tell.

888

P. M.

1 WEEPING will not save me—
Though my face were bathed in [tears,
That could not allay my fears,
Could not wash the sins of years;
Weeping will not save me.
Jesus wept and died for me;
Jesus suffered on the tree;
Jesus waits to make me free;
He alone can save me!

2 Working will not save me—
Purest deeds that I can do,
Holiest thoughts and feelings too,
Cannot form my soul anew;
Working will not save me.—Jesus, &c.

3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost I lie,
In my ears is mercy's cry,
If I wait I can but die;
Waiting will not save me.—Jesus, &c.

4 Faith in Christ *will* save me—
Let me trust Thy weeping Son,
Trust the work that He has done,
To His arms, Lord, help me run;
Faith in Christ *will* save me.—Jesus, &c.

889

6, 4, 6, 4, 4, 4, 6, 4.

1 CHILD of sin and sorrow
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day.
Christ bids thee come,
While yet there's room,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:

Grieve not that love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?
Through that long to-morrow
Eternity?
Exiled from home,
Darkly to roam—
Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?

4 Child of sin and sorrow
Lift up thine eye;
Wouldst thou dwell to-morrow
In heaven on high?
O sinner, come
While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow,
To Jesus fly.

890 6, 4.

1 CLING to the mighty One,
Cling in thy grief;
Cling to the holy One,
He gives relief;
Cling to the gracious One,
Cling in thy pain;
Cling to the faithful One,
He will sustain.

2 Cling to the loving One,
Cling in thy woe;
Cling to the living One,
Through all below;
Cling to the pardoning One,
He speaketh peace;
Cling to the healing One,
Anguish shall cease.

3 Cling to the bleeding One,
Cling to His side;
Cling to the risen One,
In Him abide;
Cling to the coming One,
Hope shall arise;
Cling to the reigning One,
Joy lights thine eyes.

891 8, 8, 8, 6.

1 O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who, loving, lovest to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.

5 *And when my* dying hours draw near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6 *When the full light of* heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say, Thou hast washed them all away,
Dear Saviour, plead for me.

892 C. M. or

1 RETURN, O wand
Thy Father cal
No longer now an ex
In sin and misery.
Return, return

2 Return, O wanderer
'Tis Jesus calls fo
The Spirit and the B
O, then, for refuge
Return, return

3 Return, O wanderer
'Tis madness to de
There are no pardon
And brief is merc
Return, return

893 8, 8

1 O LORD, how ha
If we could con
If we from self co
And feel at heart th
In perfect wisdom,
Is working for the

2 How far from this
Ever disturbed by s
By sudden, wild s
O could we but relin
Our earthly props,
On Thine almight

3 O for the faith to ca
Of anxious thought
For He will cloth
And from the lilies
And from the tende
That we are safe i

4 Lord, make these f
Thy lessons learn fr
And from self-tor
Father! we trust;
Leave all things to
And so find perfe

894 7,

1 O HEED the voi
voice that spea
Approving when
demning when
O heed the voice
should hardened
Should cease to star
warn you of the

2 O heed the voice of
to duty hear;
Obey it e'en in little
O heed the voice
whispered warn
And never madly go
word, or deed.

3 O heed the voice of
must be heard,
For even if you
faithful loving
'Twill one day wa
Memories of yo
'Twill speak in vo
never sleep a

895

1 QUIET, L
Make

Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own:
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide!

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love!

896 6s.

1 COME to the Saviour now!
He gently calleth thee;
In true repentance bow,
Before Him bend the knee.
He waiteth to bestow
Salvation, peace, and love,
True joy on earth below,
A home in heaven above.
Come, come, come.

2 Come to the Saviour now!
Gaze on that crimson tide—
Water and blood—that flow
Forth from His wounded side.
Hark to that suffering One—
"'Tis finished," now He cries;
Redemption's work is done;
Then bows His head and dies.
Come, come, come.

3 Come to the Saviour now!
He suffered all for thee,
And in His merits thou
Hast an unfailing plea.
No vain excuses frame;
For feelings do not stay;
None who to Jesus came,
Were ever sent away.
Come, come, come.

4 Come to the Saviour now!
Ye who have wandered far,
Renew your solemn vow,
For His by right you are.
Come, like poor wandering sheep
Returning to His fold,
His arm will safely keep,
His love will ne'er grow cold.
Come, come, come.

5 Come to the Saviour, all!
Whate'er your burdens be;
Hear now His loving call—
"Cast all your care on Me."
Come, and for every grief
In Jesus you will find
A sure and safe relief,
A loving Friend and kind.
Come, come, come.

897 8, 7, 4.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched—
Come, 'tis mercy's welcome hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power;
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 O ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis His Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the Fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 View Him prostrate in the garden:
On the ground the Saviour lies!—
On the accursed tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry before He dies,
It is finished!
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the Incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merits of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

898 8, 7, 4.

1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me, till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow,
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

899 L. M.

1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

2 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

5 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

6 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

7 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

SECTION V.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND PRIVILEGES.

900 L. M.

1 MY gracious God, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end;
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss, as blossoms at His side.

4 His work my hoary hairs shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath all-constraining power.

901 S. M.

1 WITH Thee, my Lord, my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

2 With Thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart;
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun,
With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be:
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

902 S. M.

1 BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

903 8, 7, 4.

1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless Thee,
May a sinner lisp Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme!
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen!

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 In the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 In Thy providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.
Hallelujah, &c.

5 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Flee, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die!
Hallelujah, &c.

6 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe—
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise, for ever flow!
Hallelujah, &c.

7 Go, return, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever.
Be the kingdom all Thine own!
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen!

904 8, 7, 8, 7, 3.

1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free;

Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightest leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou 'rt calling, O! call me—
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesu's merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me!—
Even me.

6 Love of God—so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ—so rich and free;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me!—
Even me.

7 Pass me not—Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee!
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O! bless me—
Even me.

905

10, 10, 10, 6.

1 MY Jesus, hast Thou lived and died for me,
To save from sin and sin's eternal woe!
And can I yet be dead and cold to Thee,
To whom myself I owe?

2 O could I read my wondrous debt aright,
As one from endless death to life restored,
My only thought would be, from morn to night,
How can I please my Lord?

3 My daily task a sacrament would be,
Hallowed by thoughts of Him who made me,
My slightest duty, faith would show to me,
Transformed by light divine.

4 When from the world my steps were homeward turned,
My Saviour would walk with me by the way,
As with the two whose hearts within them burned
On that far-distant day.

5 And in my social life, at home, abroad,
Christ's impress on each word and act should be,
That some, perchance, who had not known my Lord,
Might learn of Him from me.

6 Alas! alas! but is such service mine,
Though He has bought me by a matchless price?
Dear Saviour! henceforth make me wholly Thine—
A living Sacrifice!

906

8, 8, 8, 4.

1 *MY God, my Father, whilst I stray*
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
May I be still, and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done!

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh,
For friends beloved—no longer nigh,
Submissive still I would reply,
Thy will be done!

4 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I'd strive to say,
Thy will be done!

5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

6 Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

907

8, 8, 8, 6, or L. M.

1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot:
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

908

7s.

1 NEVER further than Thy cross;
Never higher than Thy feet;
Here earth's precious things seem dross;
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2 Gazing thus our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus—
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

4 Pressing onwards as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend—
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end.

5 Till amid the hosts of light,
We in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and white
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

909 104th.

1 BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform; [storm.
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the

2 Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail, [prevail.
The word He hath spoken shall surely

3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Determined to save, He watched o'er my path, [death:
When Satan's blind slave, I sported with
And can He have taught me to trust in His name, [to shame?
And thus far have brought me to put me

5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?—He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from His word, [their Lord.
Through much tribulation must follow

6 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive, [might live!
Which He drank quite up, that sinners
His way was much rougher and darker than mine: [repine?
Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long, [song!
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's

910 7, 7, 7, 6.

1 IN the dark and cloudy day,
When I cannot see Thy way,
And the last hope will not stay;
My Saviour, comfort me.

2 Thou who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in Thy love confide:
My Saviour, comfort me.

3 Comfort me, I am cast down,
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown:
I deserve it all, I own:
My Saviour, comfort me.

4 In these hours of sad distress,
Let me know He loves no less,
Bids me trust His faithfulness:
My Saviour, comfort me.

5 *Not unduly* let me grieve,
Meekly the kind stripes receive,
Let me humbly still believe:
My Saviour, comfort me.

6 *So shall it be good for me*
Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
My Saviour, comfort me.

911 C. M.

1 WHEN wounded sore, the st heart
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breas
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 Jesus, Thy blood can wash us whit
Thy hand brings sure relief;
Thy heart is touched with all our j
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Uplift Thy pierced hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

912 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though, like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet, in my dreams, I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoug
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

913 104th or P. M.

1 IN seasons of grief to my God I'll
When my heart is o'erwhelmed
sorrow and care,
From the ends of the earth unto
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher
Higher than I, higher than
Lead me to the Rock that is high

2 When Satan, my foe, shall come in like a flood, [good,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of
I'll pray to the Saviour, who meekly did die,—
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I," &c.

3 And while as a stranger I sojourn below,
All Thy covenant blessings, Lord, freely bestow; [me fly,—
In affliction's dark night to Thy throne let
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I," &c.

4 When Thou, Lord, shalt close my frail pilgrimage here, [pear;
In the likeness of Jesus then let me ap-
In the swellings of Jordan on Thee I'll rely,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, &c.

5 And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies, [shall rise,
And the dead in Christ Jesus immortal
With the ransomed I'll praise Him above yonder sky,
Fixed firm on the Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, &c.

914 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

1 WHEN clouds hang darkly o'er my way,
And earthly comfort dies,
On Thee, my Saviour and my God,
My ev'ry hope relies.
I hear Thy Spirit's gentle voice,
Thy cross by faith I see,
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,
Redeems and makes me what I am,
For Thou hast died for me.

2 My soul confiding in Thy word,
Can rest securely there,
And feel at peace in every storm
Beneath Thy watchful care.
A sinner lost, but saved by grace,
Be this my only plea,
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,
Redeems and makes me what I am,
For Thou hast died for me.

3 O when I leave this mortal scene,
And rise to worlds of light,
Then shall I see Thee as Thou art,
Arrayed in glory bright.
There by the living stream divine,
My raptured song shall be,
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,
Redeems and makes me what I am,
For Thou hast died for me.

915 10s or P. M.

1 GO and tell Jesus, weary, sin-sick soul;
He'll ease thee of thy burden, make thee whole;
Look up to Him, He only can forgive;
Believe on Him, and thou shalt surely live.
Go and tell Jesus, He only can forgive:
Go and tell Jesus, O turn to Him and live!

2 *Go and tell Jesus*, when your sins arise
Like mountains of dark guilt before your eyes; [gave,
His blood was spilt, His precious life He
That mercy, peace, and pardon you might
Go and tell Jesus, &c. [have.

3 Go and tell Jesus, He'll dispel thy fears,
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears; [breast
He'll take thee in His arms, and on His
Thou mayst be happy, and for ever rest.
Go and tell Jesus, &c.

916 L. M.

1 HE leadeth me, O blessed thought,
O words with heavenly comfort fraught,
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!
He leadeth me! &c.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me! &c.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory 's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me! &c.

917 7, 6, 7, 7, 6.

1 NO, no, it is not dying,
To go unto our God;
This sinful road forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking,
Along the starry road.

2 No, no, it is not dying,
Heaven's citizen to be,
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

3 No, no, it is not dying,
The Shepherd's voice to know,
His sheep He ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock He feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

4 No, no, it is not dying,
To wear a heavenly crown;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling
Of Him whose away we own.

5 O no! this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind!
There, streams of love are flowing
No hindrance ever knowing;
Here, only drops we find.

918 13, 11, 12, 11, or P. M.

1 THERE is light in the valley once shrouded with darkness,
Hope sheds her bright ray o'er the gloom [brightness
of the grave,
A Saviour ascending, fills earth with
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, the mighty to save.
Mighty to save, mighty to save,
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, the mighty to

2 O'er the dark realms of death shines a
halo of glory, [sway;
The tyrant no longer exerts his dread
His dark reign is ended, his sceptre is
broken,
Henceforth all his subjects, his subjects
Mighty to save, &c. [are free.

3 Shout aloud, ye redeemed ones, repeat the
glad story, [dismal thrall;
And sing, all ye ransomed from death's
In triumph ascend to the mansions of
glory,
For ever, for ever restored from the Fall.
Mighty to save, &c.

4 There, O there, on the banks of the beau-
tiful river, [rise;
Shall anthems of rapture unceasingly
While angels and saints reunited for ever,
Shall join in the chorus that gladdens the
Mighty to save, &c. [skies.

919 6. 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home:
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland:
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,—
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home:
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
And there I too shall rest;
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,—
Heaven is my home:
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:
And I shall surely stand,
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland:
Heaven is my home.

920 5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.

1 BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night 's longest;
Onward, and onward still,
Be thine endeavour;
The rest that remaineth
Will be for ever.

2 *Fight the fight*, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee.
He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
The love of eternity
Flows on for ever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
Mount when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever.

921 7s and 6s or P. M.

1 THOUGH often here we're weary,
There is sweet rest above,
A rest that is eternal,
Where all is peace and love.
O let us, then, press forward,
That glorious rest to gain,
We'll soon be free from sorrow,
From toil, and care, and pain.
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest in heaven.

2 Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away;
O'er heavenly plains they 're soaring,
Blest in eternal day.
But we are in the army,
And dare not leave our post;
We 'll fight until we conquer
The foe's most mighty host.
There is sweet rest, &c.

3 Our Saviour will be with us,
Ev'n to our journey's end,
In every sore affliction,
His present help to lend;
He never will grow weary,
Though often we request;
He 'll give us grace to conquer;
And take us home to rest.
There is sweet rest, &c.

4 All glory to the Father,
Who gives us every good;
And glory be to Jesus,
Who bought us with His blood;
And glory to the Spirit,
Who keeps us to the end;
Unto our God be glory,
The sinner's only Friend.
There is sweet rest, &c.

922 S. M.

1 JESUS, we come to Thee,
We want our sins forgiven
O! let us all Thy children be,
And make us fit for heaven.
O! be our Guide, we pray,
While through this world we roam,
And lead us so that every day
May find us nearer home.

2 Though we are taught the road,
We cannot go alone;
Unless Thou lead us, O our God,
We ne'er shall reach Thy throne.—O! be,
&c.

3 Give us from Thy rich store
Of wisdom from above;
That we may love and serve Thee more,
And better learn Thy love.—O! be, &c.

4 Then shall we walk aright,
While keeping close to Thee;
When Satan tempts, have strength to fight,
And make the tempter flee.—O! be, &c.

C. M.

s a fountain filled with blood,
ı from Immanuel's veins;
s plunged beneath that flood
heir guilty stains.
I will believe, that Jesus died
[sin to set me free.
cross He shed His blood, from
hief rejoiced to see
tain in his day;
may I, though vile as he,
my sins away.
believe, &c.

Lamb, Thy precious blood
er lose its power,
ransomed church of God
to sin no more.
believe, &c.

y faith I saw the stream
ng wounds supply,
love has been my theme,
be till I die.
believe, &c.

obler, sweeter song,
Thy power to save,
poor lisping, stammering
t in the grave. [tongue
believe, &c.

11s.

s a small still voice, ever speak-
within, from sin;
pts us to duty, and warns us
is most strange, it will make
ard, [word.
ives not a sound, says never a
upbraid, if we utter a lie,
ver let evil pass silently by;
ss slow to command than re-
[love.
each action of goodness and
e of the Lord that is whisper-
is speaking in mercy to us,
ing our proneness to wander

to incline us His laws to obey.
me listen with reverence and
[my Law;
e of my God, my Guide, and
rn watchman, that's guarding
[sin.
of danger, temptation, and
nce and I live together in
[crease;
my faithful companion in-
refuse not its bidding to do,
donounces, or bids me pursue.

11s or P. M.

me to Jesus, the loving and
;
Jesus, where rest I may find;
s waiting my heart to receive,
promised to all that believe.
esus, weary, oppressed,
burden, He'll give thee rest;
Jesus, He'll give thee rest.

2 O lead me to Jesus, the light of my youth,
The way of salvation, the fountain of
truth;
O lead me to Jesus, by faith I would see
My blessed Redeemer, who suffered for me.
Yes, come to Jesus, &c.

3 O lead me to Jesus, the Shepherd so dear,
Who feedeth His flock by the waters so
clear; [pressed,
He comforts the weary, the faint and op-
And tenderly gathers the lambs to His
Yes, come to Jesus, &c. [breast.

926 C. M. double.

1 My heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
For waters of this world have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies;
And a new song is in my mouth
To long-loved music set,
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known;
And the fear that sends me to Thyself
For what is most my own:
I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
The hand that bled to make it mine,
Is keeping it for me.

4 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere:
"Thou art my portion, saith my soul,"
Ten thousand voices say,
The music of their glad amen
Will never die away.

927 6-7s.

1 God the Lord hath heard our prayer,
God has lightened all our care;
To His glorious throne on high
Rose His children's mournful cry:
Hallelujah, praises sing,
To our Father and our King.

2 Helpless, Lord, Thy face we sought;
Thou hast our deliverance wrought;
God, who gave us faith to pray,
Gives us thankful hearts to-day:
Hallelujah, Lord, to Thee
Sing we, though unworthily.

3 Now the night of grief is gone,
Now with joy breaks forth the morn:
Trust in God if ye would prove
All the riches of His love:
Hallelujah, praise the Lord,
Trust His love, and plead His word.

4 Praise to God who heard our cry;
Praise to Christ, who pleads on high;
And the Holy Ghost, who gave
Strength our Father's help to crave:
Worship, praise, and glory be
To the Blessed Trinity.

928 L. M.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise!
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—Just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No! when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus!—Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

929 8, 7.

1 GOD is love; His mercy brightens
All the paths in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

930 7s.

1 THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever, O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest;
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
Us, Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 *Thine for ever!* Thou our guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

931 P. M.

1 WE won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth.
The sun that sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road;
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
And calls us home to God.

2 We won't give up the Bible,
For pleasure or for pain;
We'll buy the truth, and sell it not
For all that we might gain.
Though men should try to take our prize
By guile or cruel might,
We'd suffer all that man could do,
And God defend the right.

3 We won't give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
Beyond the rolling tide:
Till all shall know its gracious power,
And, with one voice and heart,
Resolve, that from God's sacred word,
We'll never, never part.

932 P. M.

1 THANK God for the Bible, 'tis there
that we find
The story of Christ and His love—
How He came down to earth from His
beautiful home,
In the mansions of glory above;
Thanks to Him we will bring,
Praise to Him we will sing.
For He came down to earth from His
beautiful home,
In the mansions of glory above.

2 While He lived on this earth, to the sick
and the blind,
And to mourners, His blessings were given;
And He said, "Let the little ones come
unto Me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."
Jesus calls us to come,
He's prepared us a home.
For He said, "Let the little ones come
unto Me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

3 In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there He's prepared us a home.
Jesus calls, shall we stay?
No! we'll gladly obey.
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there He's prepared us a home.

4 Thank God for the Bible! its truths o'er
the earth
We'll scatter with bountiful hand;
But we never can tell what a Bible is worth,
Till we go to that beautiful land.
There our thanks we will bring,
There with angels we'll sing.
And its worth we can tell, when with Jesus
In heaven—that beautiful land. [we dwell,

933 11, 8, 12, 8.

1 HOW sweet is the Bible, how pure is
the light,
That streams from its pages divine!
'Tis a star that shines soft through the
gloom of the night,—
Of jewels a wonderful mine.

2 'Tis bread for the hungry, 'tis food for the poor,
A balm for the wounded and sad,—
'Tis the gift of a Father—His likeness is there,
The hearts of His children are glad.

3 'Tis the voice of the Saviour—how sweet in the storm,
It speaks to the sinner distrest!
E'en the tempest is hushed, and the sea becomes calm,
The troubled and weary find rest.

4 'Tis a friend's loving counsel—the voice of a guide,
How gentle, and faithful, and true!
Not a hurt can the dear little pilgrim be-[tide
Whose feet its directions pursue.

5 No words like the words of the Saviour, nor can
Their sweetness or value be told;
They are words "fitly spoken" to sorrowful man,
Like beautiful "apples of gold."

6 O teach me, blest Jesus, to seek for Thy [face,
To me let Thy welcome be given:
Do Thou speak to my heart some kind [heaven.
message of grace,
And words that shall guide me to

934 C. M.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, Behold, he prays!

6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

8 O Thou, by whom we come to God;
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

935 8, 8, 8, 6.

1 THIS night I lift my heart to Thee,
Whose dwelling is in heaven above;
O deign to hear and answer me,
My Father—God of love.

2 *Art Thou not, Lord, in every place?*
Is there a thing beneath Thy care?
Though angels only see Thy face,
Yet Thou art everywhere.

3 O give Thine angels charge to keep
Their wings spread over me this night;
Let them defend me—let me sleep
Till darkness melts in light.

936 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

1 JESUS wept! Those tears are over,
But His heart is still the same:
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is His everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like Thee,
Gracious One of Bethany!

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will cast my grief on Jesus,
Helper of the troubled soul.
Surely none can mourn like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! and still, in glory,
He must mark each mourner's tear;
Loving to retrace the story
Of the hearts He strengthened here:
Jesus! while Thou callest me,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! That tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Loving One of Bethany.

937 L. M.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee;
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all my pleasure nor my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of Thy word,
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That having pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

938 7, 7, 7, 5.

1 LORD, we bend before Thee now,
And with one united vow,
To Thy sacred service now
All our lives resign.
Only, to each youthful heart,
Courage, patience, help impart;
Then, if Thou our Leader art,
Glory shall be Thine.

2 But, can such a feeble band
Satan's gathered host withstand,
And resist, with dauntless hand,
All their mighty powers?
Saviour, in Thy name we go,
Thou hast conquered every foe;
And if Thou Thy strength bestow,
Saving help is ours.

3 Far above our mortal sight,
Near Thy throne in shining light,
Happy spirits clothed in white,
Strike their harps and cry:—

Jesus triumphed when He rose,
Jesus conquered all our foes;
Now His faithful hand bestows
Palms of victory.

4 Saviour, if Thy cross we bear,
May we hope Thy joy to share,
And with ransomed hosts to wear
Crowns of light on high?
Hear us, then, we humbly pray,
Take us in our early day;
Let us 'neath Thy banner stay,
Faithful till we die.

939 L. M. or 6 8s.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive Thy word:
Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.
[Thus, Lord, Thy waiting servants bless,
And crown Thy gospel with success.]

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.—Thus, &c.

3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy:
And may we, in Thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.—Thus, &c.

4 Father, in us Thy Son reveal,
Teach us to know and do Thy will:
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.—Thus, &c.

940 10s.

1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise [praise;
With one accord our parting hymn of
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, [peace.
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way; [day;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, [name,
That in this house have called upon Thy

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free, [Thee.
For dark and light are both alike to

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, [strife;
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

941 8, 7.

1 ONE more hymn we 'll sing at parting,
One more strain of grateful praise;
While our purest thoughts and feelings
Mingle with the notes we raise.

2 Be the measure sweetly tender;
Sing of mercy pure and free;
Sing of Jesus, precious Saviour—
Him who died for you and me.

3 Sing how great His loving-kindness
To His children day by day,—
How with gentle hand He leads them
All along the shining way.

4 Let us look by faith to Jesus,
Lowly bending at His feet;
Humbly ask His love to guide us
When we leave this dear retreat.

5 Father, grant us now Thy blessing,
Saviour, make us ever Thine;
Holy Spirit, be our Comfort,
Fill our hearts with love divine

942 C. M.

1 THERE is a path that leads to God.
All others lead astray;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be passed;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will get to heaven at last.

3 But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from Thy way;
Lord, condescend to be my Guide,
And I shall never stray.

4 Thus I may safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd's care;
And keep the gate of heaven in view,
Till I shall enter there.

943 S. M.

1 TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee!

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do, be Thou the way,
In all, be Thou the end.

3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But drawn, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 If done beneath Thy laws,
E'en servile labours shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work, divine.

944 6-7s.

1 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When the pearly gate I gain,
Never to go out again;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

3 Chosen, not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified:
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

945 11, 10.

1 HARK! hark, my soul; angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore. [are telling
How sweet the truth those blessed strains
Of that new life where sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,— [come:—
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you
And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, [sea;
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps
Angels of Jesus, &c. [to Thee.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary, [be past;
The day must dawn, and darksome night
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary, [come at last.
And heaven, the heart's true home, will
Angels of Jesus, &c.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping; [above;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping, [less love.
And life's long shadows break in cloud-
Angels of Jesus, &c.

946 L. M.

1 THERE is a home, 'tis better far
Than any earthly home can be;
'Tis brighter than the brightest star,
Tis lasting as eternity.
That happy home, that happy home,
'Tis brighter than the brightest star;
That happy home, that happy home,
'Tis lasting as eternity.

2 No darkness there! no dreary night
Doth on that bright home ever fall,
The Lamb its pure, its perfect light,
Its life, its joy, its all in all.
That happy home, that happy home,
The Lamb its pure, its perfect light,
That happy home, that happy home,
Its life, its joy, its all in all.

3 And in that holy, happy home,
Loved friends do meet no more to sever,
For there no changes e'er can come,
There all is love and bliss for ever.
That happy home, that happy home,
For there no changes e'er can come;
That happy home, that happy home,
There all is love and bliss for ever.

4 O happy land of spirits bright!
May we all hail thy portals fair;
Enter at death thy realms of light,
And rest and reign with Jesus there.
That happy land, that happy land,
May we all hail thy portals fair;
That happy land, that happy land,
And rest and reign with Jesus there.

947 L. M.

1 STAND up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand,
Beat back the waves of sin that roll,
Like raging floods, around thy soul!
Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand!
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand;
Stand up, His righteous cause defend;
Stand up for Jesus, your best friend!

2 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Sound forth His name o'er sea and land!
Spread ye His glorious name abroad,
Till all the world shall own Him Lord.
Stand up for Jesus, &c.

3 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand;
Till heathen lands with wondering eye
Its rising glory shall descry.
Stand up for Jesus, &c.

4 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest, immortal band,
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light, on heaven's bright shore.
Stand up for Jesus, &c.

948 11s or P. M.

1 O CHRISTIAN, awake! for the strife is at hand; [thy hand,
With helmet and shield, and a sword in
To meet the bold tempter, go, fearlessly go!
And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe. [the foe.
Stand like the brave with thy face to

2 Whatever thy danger, take heed and beware, [there;
But turn not thy back, for no armour is
The legions of darkness if thou wouldst o'erthrow, [to the foe.
Then stand like the brave with thy face
Stand like the brave, &c.

3 The cause of thy Master with vigour defend, [end;
Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the
Wherever He leads thee, go, valiantly go,
And stand like the brave with thy face to
Stand like the brave, &c. [the foe.

4 Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near, [cheer;
With grace to supply, and with comfort to
His love, like a stream in the desert, will flow, [the foe.
Then stand like the brave with thy face to
Stand like the brave, &c.

949 P. M.

1 LISTEN, the Master beseecheth,
Calling each one by his name;
His voice to each loving heart reacheth,
Its cheerfullest service to claim.
Go where the vineyard demandeth
Vinedressers' nurture and care;
Or go where the white harvest standeth,
The joy of the reaper to share.
Then work, brothers, work, let us slumber
no longer, [strong;
For God's call to labour grows stronger
The light of this life shall be darkened
soon,
But the light of the better life ren

2 Seek those of evil behaviour,
Bid them their lives to amend;
Go, point the lost world to the Saviour,
And be to the friendless a friend.
Still be the lone heart of anguish
Soothed by the pity of thine;
By waysides, if wounded ones languish,
Go, pour in the oil and the wine.
Then work, &c.

3 Work for the good that is nighest,
Dream not of greatness afar,
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, though the world may defeat you—
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.
Then work, &c.

4 Offer thy life on the altar—
In the high purpose be strong;
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labour with song.
What, if the poor heart complaineth,
Soon shall its wailing be o'er,
For there in the rest that remaineth,
It shall grieve and be weary no more.
Then work, &c.

950

7s.

1 TIME is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh;
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

2 Life is earnest; when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest never more;
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never earnest be?

3 God is earnest; kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away;
Ere He set His judgment throne;
Ere the day of grace be gone.

4 Christ is earnest, bids thee come;
Paid thy spirit's priceless sum;
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

5 O be earnest: do not stay;
Thou mayst perish e'en to-day.
Rise, thou lost one, rise and flee!
Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee.

951

8s.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives:
What comfort this assurance gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living Head.

2 He lives, my kind, my faithful Friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing;
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare,
He lives, to bring me safely there.

SECTION VI.

THE PROGRESS OF THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

952

7s and 6s.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;—
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

953

P. M.

1 SOUND the battle cry! See the foe is nigh!
Raise the standard high for the Lord;
Gird your armour on, stand firm, every one;
Rest your cause upon his Holy Word.
Rouse, then, soldiers, rally round the banner,
Ready, steady, pass the word along;
Onward, forward, shout aloud hosanna!
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

2 Strong to meet the foe, marching on we go,
While our cause we know must prevail;
Shield and banner bright, gleaming in the light;
Battling for the right, which ne'er can fail.
Rouse, then, &c.

3 O Thou God of all, hear us when we call;
Help us one and all by Thy grace;
When the battle's done, and the victory won,
May we wear the crown before Thy face.
Rouse, then, &c.

954

7s and 6s.

1 STAND up! Stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high His royal banner;
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey:
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men, now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength opposes.

3 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone:
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

955

10s.

1 CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn, [born;
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told, ["Behold,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice:
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word, [Lord."
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir, [spire:
In hymns of joy, unknown before, con-
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang; [still,
God's highest glory was their anthem
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the' enlightened shepherds ran, [man:
To see the wonders God had wrought for
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return, [burn;
And their glad hearts with holy rapture
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of the Saviour's Name.

5 O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind: [our loss,
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among, [throng;
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing [King.
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty

956

8, 7, 4, 7.

1 HARK! ten thousand thousand voices
Sing the song of jubilee;
Earth through all her tribes rejoices,
Breaks her long captivity.
Now the theme in rolling thunders
Through the universe is rung:
Now in gentler tones the wonders
Of redeeming grace are sung.
Hail, Emmanuel!
Great Deliverer!
Hail, Emmanuel! Praise to Thee.

2 Lo! the anthem everlasting,
Jubilant sings the heavenly host;
While their crowns of glory casting
At His feet, in rapture lost;
Wider now, and louder pealing,
Swells and soars the' enraptured strain;
Now in numbers softly stealing,
Hark! the Conqueror's praise again—
Hail, Emmanuel!
Great Deliverer!
Glory to the Lamb once slain.

3 Hasten, then, the consummation,
That bright Sabbath of mankind,
When each distant tribe and nation
Taste the bliss by God designed;
Loud the gospel trump be sounded,
Let the joyous echoes roll,
Till a sea of bliss unbounded
Spreads o'er earth from pole to pole;
Hail, Emmanuel!
Great Deliverer!
Let the kingdoms, Lord, be Thine.

4 With the universal chorus
We our noblest songs would raise,
Israel's hope, Redeemer glorious,
Live for ever in our lays;
Speed Thy coming, great Messiah,
O'er a ransomed world to reign;
Worthy Thou to reign for ever,
Heaven and earth repeat the strain—
Hail, Emmanuel!
Great Deliverer!
Stones shall speak if we refrain.

957

8, 7, 4.

1 HARK! the joyous sound is swelling,
Hark! the song of jubilee;
Of the Saviour's triumphs telling,
Of His conquests yet to be;
Jubilate,
Christ shall reign from sea to sea.

2 See the gospel banner waving
Where the Hindoo's temple stood;
See the isles of Fiji craving
For the bread of life as food;
Jubilate,
They no longer thirst for blood.

3 Far and near our churches flourish,
Myriads chant their joyful lays,
Schools, the children guide and nourish,
Old and young hosannas raise;
Jubilate,
Great Redeemer, Thee they praise.

4 Wider fields are still before us,
Where to sow the precious seed: [house
And that seed from heaven's rich store
Will supply the world's vast need;
Jubilate,
Onward let the work proceed.

5 Bring your offerings, Christians, bri
them,
Bring your offerings, rich and poor

Bring your sons and daughters, bring
Let them enter every door; [them—
Jubilate,
Spread the tidings more and more.

6 May we catch our fathers' spirit,
In this year of jubilee,
May we all their zeal inherit,
Full of faith and courage be;
Jubilate,
Lord, we give ourselves to Thee.

958

7s.

1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banner furled:
Sheathed His sword: He speaks—'tis done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is All in all.

959

11s.

1 STRIKE, O strike for vict'ry, Soldiers of the Lord! [word;
Hoping in His mercy, trusting in His
Lift the gospel banner high above the world;
Let its folds of beauty ever be unfurled.
Strike, strike for vict'ry, heroes bold!
Strike, till the vict'ry you behold;
Strike, strike for vict'ry, ne'er give o'er;
Rest then in glory evermore.

2 What though raging lions meet us on the way, [of day,
Zionward we're marching tow'rd the gates
Ever pressing onward, onward to the light,
Till we reach the Jordan, with our home in sight.
Strike, strike, &c.

3 Strike, O strike for victory, Heroes of the Cross!
Sacrificing pleasure, glorying in loss;
Bind the helmet stronger, tighter grasp the sword,
Conquering and to conquer, battle for the
Strike, strike, &c. [Lord.

4 *Hand to hand* united, heart to heart as *one*, [ney's done;
Let us still keep marching, till our jour-
Till we see the angels, come in glory *down*, [tor's crown.
With the shining garments, and the vic-
Strike, strike, &c.

960

7s and 6s.

1 WE all must speak for
Who hath redemp
Who gave us peace and
Which by His blood H
We all must speak for Je
To show how much we
To Him who died to save
From death and endles

2 We all must speak for Je
The aged and the youn
With manhood's fearless
With childhood's liepl
We all must speak for Je
His people far and nea
The rich and poor on lan
The peasant and the pe

3 We all must speak for Je
Where'er our lot may
To brothers, sisters, neig
In cottage and in hall.
We all must speak for Je
The world in darkness
With Him against the m
Together we must rise.

4 We all must speak for Je
'Twill oftimes try us
But streams of grace to a
Into our hearts He'll p
We all must speak for Je
Till He shall come agai
Proclaim His "glorious
His crown and endless

961

P. M.

1 WE are marching on
banner bright;
We will work for God an
We will praise His nam
His might,
And we'll work till Je
In the Sunday school our
pare,
As we rally round our
And the Saviour's cross w
While we work till Jes
Then awake, then
Happy song, happy
Shout for joy, shou
As we gladly marc
We are marching onward
go,
To the promised land whe
Come and join our ranks
below,
Come and work till Jes

2 We are marching on; ou
near,
Will protect us still; His
Let the foe advance, we
For we'll work till Jes
Then awake, awake, our
song,
We will shout for joy, an
In the Lord of Hosts let
strong
While we work till Jes
Then awake, &c.

3 We are marching on
narrow way
That will lead to life a
To the smiling fields
But we'll work

We are marching on and pressing tow'rd the prize, [skies,
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing
To the radiant fields where pleasure never [dies;
And we'll work till Jesus calls. Then awake, &c.

962 P. M.

1 SINGING for Jesus, singing for Jesus,
Trying to serve Him wherever I go;
Pointing the lost to the way of salvation—
This be my mission, a pilgrim below.
When in the strains of my country I mingle, [raise;
When to exalt her my voice I would
'Tis for *His* glory, whose arm is her refuge,
Him would I honour, His name would I praise.

2 Singing for Jesus glad hymns of devotion,
Lifting the soul on her pinions of love;
Dropping a word or a thought by the wayside,
Telling of rest in the mansions above.
Music may soften where language would fail us,
Feelings long buried 'twill often restore,
Tones that were breathed from the lips of departed, [more!
How we revere them when they are no

3 Singing for Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,
God of the pilgrims, for Thee I will sing,
When o'er the billows of time I am wafted,
Still with Thy praise shall eternity ring.
Glory to God for the prospect before me,
Soon shall my spirit transported ascend;
Singing for Jesus, O blissful employment,
Loud hallelujahs that never will end!

963 10, 11, or P. M.

1 SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea! [free!
Jehovah hath triumphed! His people are
Sing; for the pride of the tyrant is broken, [and brave,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken, [the wave,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea! [free!
Jehovah hath triumphed! His people are

2 Praise to the Conqueror! praise to the Lord! [our sword.
His word was our arrow; His breath was
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride? [of glory,
The Lord hath looked out from His pillar
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide. [sea!
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark
Jehovah hath triumphed! His people are free!

964 7s and 6s.

1 NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout "Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though the' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine;
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon in terror shine.
Gird on Thy sword victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace;
The triumph shall be glorious
Ere yet the battle cease.

3 Yes; Thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favour,
Each ransomed captive sings.
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

965 7s.

1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the Saviour's voice obey.

2 Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His name adore,
Satan and his hosts o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious name;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

966 L. M.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations [shake;
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 O send ten thousand heralds forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
To blow the trump of jubilee,
And peace proclaim from sea to sea!

3 Thus may the gospel's joyful sound
Reach to the earth's remotest bound;
Until Messiah's kingdom come,
And the elect be gathered home.

967 7s.

1 SPREAD, O spread, thou mighty word,
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
Wheresoe'er His breath has given
Life to beings meant for Heaven.

2 Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world and keeps it still,
How He sent His son to save
All who help and comfort crave.

3 Word of life! most pure and strong,
Lo! for thee the nations long;
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

968 6, 6, 4, 8, 6, 6, 4.

1 FATHER, of heaven, bless
Missions with great success,
The work is Thine!
Soon may the gospel sound
Through all the world around,
Till earth's remotest bound
To Thee resign.

2 From Greenland's frozen land
To Afric's burning strand,
Make Jesus known!
Till on Him all shall call,
Till every idol fall,
Till He be loved by all,
And served alone.

3 O'er every hill and plain
Washed by the western main
Echo the call!
Till gods of wood and stone
Shall all be overthrown,
And Jesus reign alone,
Supreme o'er all!

4 Then spread the gospel's light
Till nations all unite
Beneath His sway!
And let us, as we sing
Praise to our Saviour King,
Our grateful offerings bring,
To speed the day!

969

8, 7.

1 SAVIOUR, shed Thy sweetest blessing
On the Missionaries' way!
Hear their prayer, Thy throne addressing,
While they sojourn far away,
Bid them seek lost souls, and love them
With a fervent, patient heart!
Let Thy smile shine bright upon them,
When from other smiles they part.

2 Shed abroad Thy love within them,
Thus their love to souls shall wake;
They shall watch and toil to win them—
Live or die for heathen's sake!
Speed them forth, Thy message telling,
Sweeten all the toils they brave:
Be on foreign shores their dwelling,
Watch them in a foreign grave.

3 Where the seed e'en now is springing,
Precious seed in weeping sown,
Soon may faith her sheaves in-bringing,
Claim the harvest joy her own.
O redeem to heavenly meetness
Kindreds of the East and West;
Ransomed souls enhance the sweetness
Of the Missionaries' rest.

970

11s.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness! [no more;
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness:
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness! [no more.
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them, [far;
And scattered their legions, was mightier
Fleeing like chaff from the scourge that pursued them. [chariots of war.
In vain were their steeds and
Daughter of Zion! &c.

3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved thee, [should be.
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee, [free.
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is
Daughter of Zion! &c.

971

8, 7.

1 COME and sing with joy and gladness
Elevate your hearts in praise;
Come, dismiss all gloom and sadness,
High your songs exulting raise;
With the angel choirs uniting,
Sing of Jesus' wond'rous love;
'Tis a subject so delighting,
Thrilling all the harps above.

2 Come, and sweetly tune your voices,
Raise them to a lofty strain;
Sing aloud, while heaven rejoices,
Shout, for Jesus comes to reign;
Glory! hear the angels crying,
Glory to the Saviour's name;
Shall not children, with them vying,
Here on earth His peace proclaim?

3 Yes, it was the Saviour's pleasure
That they should not hold their peace
And His blessings without measure
He bestowed on such as these:
Then, to heaven high ascending,
Shall our anthems quickly rise;
With angelic voices blending,
Far above yon azure skies.

972

11, 10.

1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's gla
morning! [lain
Joy to the lands that in darkness hav
Hushed be the accents of sorrow an
mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's gla
morning!
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold
Hail to the millions from bondage
turning!
Gentiles and Jews the glad vision behol

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springin
Rivers abundant are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes
ringing, [son
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle

4 Hear from all lands, from the isles of
ocean,
Praise to the Saviour ascending on hig
Fall'n are the engines of war and co
motion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the s

973

7s and 6s.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed;
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
Love, joy, and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee:
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing:
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

5 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end.
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever
That name, to us, is—Love.

974 7s and 6s.

GO, bear the joyful tidings,
That first on Judah's plain
Awoke the wand'ring shepherds
To praise Messiah's name.
Exalt the King of glory,
Who left His throne on high,
And came on earth a ransom
For guilty man to die.
Go, sound the gospel trumpet
Beyond the rolling sea,
From chains of sin and darkness,
To set the captive free.

2 Go in your Master's vineyard,
And labour heart and hand,
The word of life eternal
Proclaim to ev'ry land;
The sweet and precious promise
To all who will believe,
Free grace and full salvation
For all who will receive.
Go sound, &c.

3 Go, tell the broken spirit,
That vainly sighs for rest,
There is a home in glory,
A home for ever blest;
Go, bring the lost to Jesus,
His tender love to share;
Go forth to every nation,
Immortal souls are there.
Go sound, &c.

4 Haste on your work of mercy,
The heavenly call obey,
Go in the strength of Jesus,
The true and living way.
Go like the old disciples,
And tread the path they trod,
Your duty lies before you,
Go—leave the rest to God.
Go sound, &c.

975 8, 7, or P. M.

1 SHOUT the tidings of salvation
To the aged and the young,
Till the precious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue.
Send the sound the earth around,
From the rising to the setting of the sun,
Till each gathering crowd
Shall proclaim aloud,
The glorious work is done.

2 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the prairies of the West,
Till each gathering congregation
With the gospel sound is blest.
Send the sound, &c.

3 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar,
Till the ships of every nation
Bear the news from shore to shore.
Send the sound, &c.

4 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea,
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.
Send the sound, &c.

976 8, 7.

1 ONWARD! onward! men of heaven,
Rear the gospel banner high;
Rest not, till its light is given,
Star of every Pagan sky.
Rear it where the pilgrim-stranger
Faints in Asia's burning ray;
Bid the red-browed forest ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

2 Where the Arctic Ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Lovingly spread the page of wonders,
Bid its healing radiance flow.
India marks its lustre stealing;
Shivering Greenland loves its rays,
Afric's sons, in deserts kneeling,
Pour at length their strains of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit though they be,
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or vassal, bond or free.
Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

977 11s.

1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before:
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle see His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

2 Like a mighty army, moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod;
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus constant will

Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail; [never fail.
We have Christ's own promise, which can
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

4 Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng, [triumph song,
Blend with ours, your voices in the
Glory, praise, and honour, men and angels sing, [the King.
Through the countless ages, unto Christ
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

SECTION VII.

LIFE, DEATH, JUDGMENT, HEAVEN.

978 6, 7, 6, 4, 7, 7, 6, 4.

1 SLOW in the eastern skies,
Breaks the dawning soft and grey;
O sun, make haste to rise!
Short is the day;
Leave not all its fairest hours,
Dim with clouds and wet with showers,
Shine out, ere morning flies
Swift-winged away.

2 Slow bursts the budding flower
From its green, enclasping tomb;
O bud, for thy short hour,
Make haste to bloom!
Waste not thus thy little time,
Precious is the early prime,
Break, break, and o'er us shower
All thy perfume.

3 Even as the day that dies,
As the flower that decks the lea,
So, Lord, our lifetime flies,
So frail are we!
Sun of life! our odours lie
In the cup till Thou draw nigh,
Shine forth that they may rise—
Incense to Thee!

979 11, 10.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning! [aid!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining; [stall;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean, [mine?
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning! [aid!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

980 8, 7.

1 CHILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er us,
Youthful days will soon be gone;
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

2 O may He who, meek and lowly,
Trod Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

3 Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
"Children come and follow Me!"
Jesus keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow Thee.

4 Soon we part—it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
O to meet in heaven for ever!
O the crown of life to gain!

981 8, 7.

1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night:
Through the darkness be Thou near me
Watch my sleep till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand hath led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed, and warmed, and fed [me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

982 C. M.

1 SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
And calls His sheep by name;
Gathers the feeble in His arms,
And feeds each tender lamb.

2 He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow,
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

3 When wand'ring from the fold we leave
The straight and narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is near,
To guide us when we stray.

4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be the Shepherd's care;
While folded in our Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

983 8, 7.

1 SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee;
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine, to be.

2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be Thine;
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine.

3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Let me do Thy will or bear it,
I would know no will but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

5 May this solemn dedication
Never once forgotten lie;
Let it know no revocation,
Published and confirmed on high.

6 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never;
Seal Thine image on my heart.

984 7s.

1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not:
Give me, dearest Lord, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be:
Thou art gentle, meek and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

4 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 Let me, above all, fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

6 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Like Thyself within my heart.

985 L. M.

1 GREAT God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

2 Art Thou my Father?—Canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

3 Art Thou my Father?—Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and praise Thee as I ought.

4 Art Thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

5 Art Thou my Father?—Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.

986 7s and 6s.

1 OUR hearts are young and joyous,
'Tis spring-time with us now;
The dew of life's bright morning
Is fresh upon each brow.
The world to us seems pleasant,
We love its joys to share;
God, in His tender kindness,
Hath made it very fair.

2 O can we e'er forget Him
Who is so good and kind?
No: rather would we love Him
With all our heart and mind.
But we can never love Him
Until our hearts are clean;
The precious blood of Jesus
Must wash them first from sin.

3 *We know the harps of heaven*
Would sound a gladder strain;
"There 's joy among the angels"
When one repents of sin.

O help us then, dear Saviour,
To give our hearts to Thee;
Let us, in youth's glad morning,
Thy loved disciples be.

4 And when upon our foreheads
The silver locks shall fall,
Or early comes the shadow,
Which comes alike to all.
Still safe upon Thy bosom
Our spirits shall recline,
And 'mid the joys of heaven
We shall be ever Thine.

987 7s.

1 GOD of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat;
Hear, O hear our feeble cry;
Guide, O guide our wandering feet.

2 Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarce descry the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesus, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.

4 When perplexed in danger's snare,
Thou alone our Guide canst be;
When oppressed with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee?

5 Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel every day;
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.

6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul:
Hope, till time shall be no more;
Love, while endless ages roll.

988 6, 5.

1 IF I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad;
He will give me pleasure
When my heart is sad.
If I come to Jesus,
Happy I shall be,
He is gently calling
Little ones like me.

2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
He will love me dearly—
He my sins did bear.—If I come, &c.

3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.—If I come, &c.

4 There with happy children
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour,
In that world so bright.—If I come, &c.

989 6, 4.

1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls,
Ye wand'rers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power;
O grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

990

8, 7.

1 DAYS and moments quickly flying,
Blend the living with the dead:
Soon will you and I be lying,
Each within our narrow bed.

2 Soon our souls to God who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight;
Able now by grace to save them,
O that while we can we might!

3 Jesu, Infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came;

4 Whence we came, and whither wending,
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

5 As the tree falls, so must it lie;
As the man lives, so will he die;
As the man dies, such must he be,
All through the days of eternity.
Amen.

991

11, 8.

1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold, [then.
I should like to have been with Him
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, [me,
That His arm had been thrown around
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blessed.

992

L. M.

1 GREAT Saviour, who didst condescend
Young children in Thine arms to take,
Still prove Thyself the children's Friend,
And save us for Thy mercy's sake.

2 'Tis by the guidance of Thy hand
That we within Thy house appear;
Now in Thine awful presence stand,
To hear Thy word and join in prayer.

3 Like precious seed in fruitful ground,
Let the instructions we receive,
With fruits of righteousness abound,
And make us to Thy glory live.

4 Then, through the slippery paths of youth,
Be Thou our guardian and our guide;
That we, directed by Thy truth,
May never from Thy precepts slide.

5 To read Thy word, our hearts incline;
To understand it, light impart;
Great Saviour, may we all be Thine,
Take full possession of each heart.

993

8, 7, 4.

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy fold prepare;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
Blessed Jesus,
Hear the children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy grace our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

994

7, 6, 8, 6.

1 I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek,
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.

2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top
He met His Father there.

3 I want to be like Jesus:
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

5 I want to be like Jesus,
Who sweetly said to all,
"Let little children come to Me;"
I would obey the call.

6 But O I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
Then, gentle Saviour, send Thy grace
And make me like to Thee.

995 8, 7, or P. M.

1 NO tie so strong or sweet below
That time doth not dissever;
But when we meet in heaven above,
We part no more for ever.
No parting there, no parting there,
No parting there, for ever.

2 Our chords of joy are snapped in twain,
Not one remains unbroken,
Except that heaven shall join again,
For so the Lord hath spoken.
No parting, &c.

3 Why mourn we gaps which years have made?
Why grieve for the departed?
Will Christ not reunite in heaven,
And heal the broken-hearted?
No parting, &c.

4 As one by one our seasons pass,
And bring us home the nearer,
Earth's treasures from our hearts are loosed,
While heaven's grow close and dearer.
No parting, &c.

5 Sing we to-day, the night draws on;
Come night of mortal slumber,
We rise to sing where throng the hosts
Whom man shall never number.
No parting, &c.

996 S. M.

1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day,
And wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.—Then, &c.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.—Then, &c.

4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day.—Then, &c.

5 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign.—Then, &c.

997 P. M.

1 WE know not what's before us,
What trials are to come;
Each day that passes o'er us
Still brings us nearer home.
We're nearer, nearer home,
Our blessed, happy home,
Where grief and sin can never come;
We're nearer, nearer home.
Nearer home, nearer home,—Nearer to our *happy home;* [happy home.
Nearer home, nearer home, Our blessed,

2 *Though dark our path and lonely,*
And clouds our sky o'ercast,
O let us each remember
The storm will soon be past.—We're, &c.

3 Whate'er of gloom or anguish
Life to our hearts may bring,
In doubt we will not languish,
But cheerfully we'll sing,—We're, &c.

998 7s.

1 LIFE is but a fleeting dream,
Only strangers here we roam;
Life is but a changeful scene,
Yonder is the Christian's home.
Just beyond the rolling tide,
Angels watch us on the shore,
Where the pearly waters glide,
And the weary thirst no more.

2 Here we feel the tempter's power,
Here we sigh for living bread;
Clouds of gloom and darkness lower,
While a rugged path we tread.
There no cruel thorns are found,
Doubt and fear and storms are o'er,
There the fruits of joy abound,
We shall hunger there no more.

3 Here we breathe the sultry air,
Of a lonely desert plain,
Trials here the heart must bear,
Worn by sickness, racked with pain.
There the waves of death are past,
There, among the pure and blest,
Safely anchored home at last,
There our wandering feet shall rest.

4 Here our fondest hopes are brief,
Kindred ties are broken here;
Morning brings a night of grief,
Joy is mingled with a tear.
There shall faith be lost in sight,
There a long eternal day,
Christ the Lamb shall be the light,
He will wipe our tears away.

999 L. M.

1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,—
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;—

3 O! on that day, that awful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

1000 P. M.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

2 Hark! they whisper—angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes!—it disappears!—
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

1001 10s.

1 ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens: Lord, with me abide, [Idee,
When other helpers fail, and comforts
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free;
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me;

4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

5 I need Thy presence every passing hour.—
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power? [be?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

7 Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

1002 S. M.

1 FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.
Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!—Here, &c.

3 My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints—
Jerusalem above.—Here, &c.

4 *For ever* with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.—Here, &c.

5 *Be Thou at my* right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, so shall I stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.—Here, &c.

6 So, when my
Shall rend th
By death I sha
And life eter
7 Knowing as
How shall I
And oft repeat
For ever wit

1003

1 THEY are gat
every ban
As their weary
strand—One
Their brows are e
Their travel-stai
down,
And clothed in w
Where the Lam
lead—One by

2 But, before they
the strife—O
Through the wa
life—One by
To some are the
As they ford t
hill,
While to others
Yet all reach th
One by One.

3 O Jesus! Rede
One by One,
We lift up our
by One,
The waves of th
We know not
may hold;
But Thou who d
Strengthen us, s
light—

4 O plant Thou
—One by On
On Thee let us l
One by One.
Let but THY s
twined,
We shall cast
Saviour and Re
view,
Smilingly, glad
through—O

1004

1 ONE sweet
Comes t
I'm nearer hon
Than e'er I w

2 Nearer my Fa
Where many
Nearer my Savi
Nearer the cry

3 Nearer the bo
Where burden
Nearer to leave
Nearer to gain

4 But, lying da
And winding
There rolls the
That leads a

5 E'en now,
Are slippi
I may be ne
Nearer t

Thee I cling:
en my arm of faith;
while my way-worn feet
ough the stream of death.

C. M.

has been here, and borne away
olar from our side;
morning of her [his] day,
g as we, she [he] died.
ir time may be as short,
may fly as fast;
press the solemn thought
s may be our last.
tell who next may fall
Thy chastening rod;
be first; but let us all
to meet our God.
attend with willing feet
ns of knowledge here,
around Thy mercy-seat,
pe as well as fear.
l strength is Thine to give;
our souls apply
to teach us how to live,
us fit to die.
hy wisdom and Thy care
resign our days,
live and serve Thee here,
nd sing Thy praise.

7, 6, 7, 5.

, for the night is coming,
ork through the morning hours;
ile the dew is sparkling,
nid springing flowers;
en the day grows brighter,
n the glowing sun;
r the night is coming,
man's work is done.
r the night is coming,
hrough the sunny noon;
test hours with labour,
mes sure and soon;
y flying minute
ing to keep in store;
r the night is coming,
man works no more.
r the night is coming
the sunset skies;
eir bright tints are glowing,
for daylight flies.
l the last beam fadeth—
to shine no more;
ile the night is darkening,
man's work is o'er.

P. M.

ome is in heaven, my rest is not here, [appear?
y should I murmur when trials
d, my dark spirit, the worst that
oone [home.
tens my journey, and hastens me
e angels will come, with their
e will come, [home;
usic, sweet music, to welcome me
ight gates of crystal the shining
will stand, [land.
ng a welcome to their own native

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this; [piled,
I look for a city which hands have not
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
Then the angels, &c.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow;
I would not recline upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them for ever on Jesu's own breast.
Then the angels, &c.

1008 9, 8.

1 WE'LL journey together to Zion,
That beautiful city of light;
Whose sky is unclouded for ever,
Nor veiled by a shadow of night.
We'll stay not to drink of the water,
Nor rest in the valley below;
But cheered by the cross and its banner,
We'll sing and be glad as we go.
We'll journey together to Zion,
The beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We'll journey together to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 We'll journey together to Zion,
Where all who are faithful may share
A place in the mansion of glory
Our Saviour has gone to prepare.
His flock He will feed like a Shepherd,
And guard them by night and by day;
We'll talk of His goodness and mercy,
And tell of His love by the way.
We'll journey, &c.

3 We'll journey together to Zion,
With rapture we soon shall behold
The saints who have reached it before us,
The prophets and martyrs of old.
We'll learn the new song of redemption,
Which only the ransomed can sing;
Ascribing all honour and glory
To Jesus our Saviour and King.
We'll journey, &c.

1009 148th.

1 WE love to think of heaven,
The land of perfect rest;
Where sin is all forgiven,
And endless joy possessed;
There happy children ever sing
The praises of their heavenly King.

2 We love to think of heaven,
And heaven's rich reward,
For all who here have striven
To seek and find the Lord:
There ransomed children ever wear
The crown that wreathes the conqueror.

3 We love to think of heaven,
The bright and happy land,
Where endless bliss is given
To all the joyous band:
There holy children, through God's grace,
Behold their Saviour face to face.

4 We love to think of heaven,
The happy home above;
O may we ne'er be driven
From that blest place we love;
Lord Jesus, cleanse each youthful heart,
And then in heaven we ne'er shall part.

1010 C. M. or P. M.

1 THERE is a home, a happy home,
Where way-worn travellers rest,
Where toil and languor never come,
And every mourner's blest.
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
And soon shall hear the trumpet sound;
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.
What! never part again?
No, never part again.
What! never part again?
No, never part again;
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

2 There is a land, a happy land,
Where tears are wiped away
From every eye by God's own hand,
And night is turned to day.
We're marching, &c.

3 There is a port, a peaceful port,
A safe and quiet shore,
Where weary mariners resort,
When life's rough journey's o'er.
We're marching, &c.

4 There is a clime, a glorious clime,
A region fair and calm,
Where all around are scenes sublime,
And all the air is balm.
We're marching, &c.

1011 8s.

1 WE sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confest,
But what will it be, to be there!

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be, to be there!

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials, without and within,
But what must it be, to be there!

4 We speak of its service of love,
Of robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above;
But what must it be, to be there!

5 Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is, to be there.

1012 C. M. double.

1 O HAPPY land! O happy land!
Where saints and angels dwell,
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.
But every voice in yonder throng,
On earth has breathed a prayer;
No lips unsought may join that song,
Or learn the music there.

2 *The saints in* light! the saints in light!
What joys to them are given; [bright,
Their robes are pure, their crowns are
Their peaceful home is heaven.
Their robes are cleansed from every stain,
By bleeding, dying love;
On earth they served, and now they reign
As kings and priests above.

3 Thou heavenly Friend! Thou heave
O teach us how to pray! [Frie
Now let Thy pardoning grace descend,
And take our sins away.
Be all our fresh, our youthful days,
To Thy blest service given;
Then we shall meet to sing Thy praise,
A ransomed band in heaven.

1013 11, 7.

1 O HAVE you not heard of a beaut
stream,
That flows through our Father's land
Its waters gleam bright in the heave
And ripple o'er golden sand. [li
O seek that beautiful stream,
O seek that beautiful stream;
Its waters so free are flowing for t
O seek that beautiful stream.

2 With murmuring sound doth it wan
Through fields of eternal green, [alo
Where songs of the blest in their haves
Float soft on the air serene. [r
O seek, &c.

3 Its fountains are deep, and its waters
And sweet to the weary soul; [p
It flows from the throne of Jehovah alo
O come where its bright waves roll.
O seek, &c.

4 This beautiful stream is the river of li
It flows for all nations free;
A balm for each wound in its water
O sinner, it flows for thee. [fou
O seek, &c.

5 O will you not drink of the beaut
stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, "Come, all ye we
ones, home,
And wander in sin no more."
O seek, &c.

1014 8, 7.

1 SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have tr
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Yes, we'll gather at the river
The beautiful, the beautiful
Gather with the saints at the
That flows by the throne of

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.—Yes

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we ev'ry burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never
Lift their songs of saving grace

5 Soon we'll reach the silver ri
Soon our pilgrimage will e
Soon our happy hearts will
With the melody of pea

P. M.

) the throne of God in heaven,
usands of children stand;
hose sins are all forgiven,
happy band:
ng, Glory, glory, glory!

ght them to that world above,
ven so bright and fair,
is peace, and joy, and love—
e those children there?
ing, &c.

e Saviour shed His blood
away their sin;
that pure and precious flood,
hem white and clean,
ing, &c.

hey sought the Saviour's grace;
they loved His name;
hey see His blessed face,
d before the Lamb,
ing, &c.

8, 7.

e waiting for our coming,
s on the other shore;
receive the ransomed,
e storms of life are o'er.
at the shining portals
ather's mansion fair;
trike their harps of glory,
l bid us welcome there.
re waiting, waiting, waiting,
ls on the other shore,
g to receive the ransomed,
n the storms of life are o'er.

aiting for the aged,
o long the way have trod;
r the poor in spirit,
aith and love to God;
ung and valiant soldiers,
e nobly borne their part;
lf-denying Christian,
meek, the pure in heart.
are waiting, &c.

aiting for the heralds,
listant lands proclaim
l, free salvation,
a dying Saviour's name.
r the silent mourner,
weary and oppressed,
borne their cross with patience,
going home to rest.
are waiting, &c.

ny vales of Eden,
iver clear and bright,
tree of life is planted,
faith is lost in sight,
oin the Church triumphant,
n sorrow, toil, and care;
gain united,
ill be no parting there.
are waiting, &c.

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 7, 6, 4.

RE is a happy land,
ar, far away,
saints in glory stand,
ht, bright as day.
they sweetly sing,
s our Saviour King;
t His praises ring—
, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?—
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with Thee!
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

1018 C. M.

1 JERUSALEM, my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

1019 7s and 6s.

1 JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.

2 I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

3 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;

4 The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

5 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;

6 And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

1020 8, 3, 8, 3, 8, 8, 8, 3.

1 THERE is a better world they say,
O so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
O so bright!
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels bright and pure are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair,
O so bright!

2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
Happy land!
No teardrops glisten in the eye,
Happy land!
They drink the gushing streams of grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place,
Happy land!

3 But though we 're sinners every one,
Jesus died;
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died;
We may be cleansed from every stain;
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of pleasure reign,
Jesus died.

4 Then, parents, brothers, sisters, come,
Come away;
We long to reach our Father's home,
Come away;
O come, the time is fleeting past,
And men and things are fading fast,
Our turn will surely come at last,
Come away.

1021 P. M.

1 THERE 'S a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly.
When by sorrows pressed down I long for
my crown,
In that beautiful land on high,
In that beautiful land I 'll be
From earth and its cares set free,
My Jesus is there, He 's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

2 There 's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
Methinks I now see how they 're waiting
for me
In that beautiful land on high,
In that beautiful land, &c.

3 There 's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Saviour hath said that no tear shall be
shed
In that beautiful land on high,
In that beautiful land, &c.

4 There 's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "Good-bye;"
When o'er the river we're happy for ever,
In that beautiful land on high,
In that beautiful land, &c.

1022 P. M.

1 JERUSALEM, for ever bright,
Beautiful land of rest!
No winter there nor chill of night,
Beautiful land of rest!
The gloomy cloud is chased away,
The sun breaks forth in endless day.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
The beautiful land of rest!
Beautiful land of rest!
Beautiful land of rest!

2 Jerusalem, for ever free,
Beautiful land of rest!
The soul's sweet home of liberty,
Beautiful land of rest!
The bonds of sin, the chains of w
The ransomed there will never k
Jerusalem, &c.

3 Jerusalem, for ever dear,
Beautiful land of rest!
Thy pearly gates almost appear,
Beautiful land of rest!
And when we tread thy lovely sh
We 'll sing the song we 've sung l
Jerusalem, &c.

1023 8s.

1 BEAUTIFUL Zion, built abov
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light;
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates for me.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is lig
Beautiful angels, clothed in whit
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the
There shall I join the chorus swe
Worshipping at the Saviour's fe

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors
Beautiful robes the ransomed w
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and

4 Beautiful throne of Christ our
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest—all wanderings
Beautiful home of perfect peace
There shall my eyes the Saviour
Haste to this heavenly home w

1024 12, 8.

1 I WILL sing you a song of that b
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the
ing strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 O that home of the soul, in my
and dreams
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil int
Between the fair city and me.

3 There the great trees of life in the
do grow,
And the river of life floweth by
For no death ever enters that c
And nothing that maketh a lie.

4 That unchangeable home is for
for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stand
The King of all kingdoms for eve
And He holdeth our crowns
hands.

5 O how sweet it will be in that
So free from all sorrow and
With songs on our lips and
To meet one another again

1025 8, 7.

1 HARK, the sound of holy voices,
Chanting on the crystal sea,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Lord, to Thee!
Multitudes, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hand.

2 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And, by death, to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

3 Now they reign with Thee in glory,
Now they walk with Thee in white,
Now they drink of life's pure river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever;
And all truth and knowledge see,
In the beatific vision
Of the Blessed Trinity.

1026 10s.

1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says Come!
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.

2 Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

3 Teachers and kindred have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.

4 Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear;
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome;
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

5 Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home.

6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death will be conquered, his sceptre be gone:
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

SECTION VIII.

ANNIVERSARY AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

1027 P. M.

1 GLORY to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day.
Another year's rich mercies prove
His [illegible]
So let our loudest voices raise
Our anniversary song of praise.
Glory to God in the highest!
Glory to God in the highest!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high!

2 Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day;
The song that woke the glorious morn
When David's greater Son was born,
Sung by a heavenly host, and we
Would join the' angelic company.
Glory to God, &c.

3 Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day;
And while we with the angels sing,
Gifts, with the wise men, let us bring
Unto the Babe of Bethlehem,
And offer our young hearts to Him.
Glory to God, &c.

4 Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day;
O may we, an unbroken band,
Around the throne of Jesus stand,
And there, with angels and the throng
Of His redeemed ones, join the song,
Glory to God, &c.

1028 8, 7, 4.

1 HEAVENLY Father, we draw near Thee,
With the voice of joy and praise;
In our childhood taught to fear Thee,
Taught the knowledge of Thy ways;
May we praise Thee,
Love and serve Thee all our days.

2 When we think how much we owe Thee,
Lord, Thy goodness we adore:
Though we but begin to know Thee,
Thy kind teaching we implore:
Thus instructed,
May we know and love Thee more.

3 Thanks to Thee for every blessing;
Most of all for saving grace:
O may we, that grace possessing,
Reach at length the blissful place
Where Thy children
Dwell with Thee, and see Thy face.

1029 148th.

1 TO Thee, O Lord, we bring
Our grateful songs of praise;
The feeblest lips may sing
Thy glorious works and ways;
Though all is Thine in earth and sky,
Thou still wilt hear our youthful cry.

2 Upon this festal day
Scholars and teachers meet;
O that we always may
In love each other greet;
For we are journeying in one band,
Together to a better land.

3 The year that now has flown,
Through mercy's path has rolled;
The Saviour's tender tone
Has called us to His fold:
O may we, with a willing heart,
Like Mary, choose that better part.

4 Here, in Thy temple, Lord,
Here, far from worldly care,
Here, where we read Thy word,
Here offer we our prayer,—

very year we live to see,
, may find us nearer Thee.
l when life's toils are past,
l all its sorrows o'er,
y we arrive at last
Canaan's happy shore;
all the teachers kind the taught
r the white robe our Saviour wrought.

1030 6s.

E come this day to praise
Our Saviour and our God;
Him our songs we raise,
ho bought us with His blood;
rom sin's dark waste of tears
'e raise our thoughts above,
nd sing, despite our fears,
There's joy in Jesu's love.
There's joy in Jesu's love
To all who faithful live;
There's joy in Jesu's love,
That nothing else can give.

Our hope is fixed alone
On Him whom we adore;
For blessings all His own,
We'll praise Him evermore.
We're, that bids us live;
His care, that points above;
His grace, that giving
His word, whose pages give
The joy of Jesu's love.—There's, &c.

2 With ever tender care
The little ones are led
The joys of heaven to share
With Christ, their living Head;
We thank our heavenly King,
That mercy from above
Has taught the lambs to sing—
There's joy in Jesu's love.—There's, &c.

1031 8, 7.

1 FATHER, grant us now Thy blessing,
Take us all beneath Thy care;
May we all enjoy Thy presence,
All Thy tender mercies share.

2 Let the seed which has been scattered
Bring forth plenteous fruit to Thee:
Let this day be crowned with praises
Now, and in eternity.

3 Keep us through the week from danger;
May we all by Thee be led;
Grant that for our souls and bodies
We may still have daily bread.

4 Clothe and feed us, guard and bless us,
Bless our friends and all we love:
All through life do Thou be near us,
Then receive us all above!

5 Then we hope to praise Thee better,
When we join the heavenly host;
But we now our praise would give Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1032 8, 7, 4.

1 SAVIOUR, round Thy footstool bending,
See our youthful band appear;
Let Thy Spirit, now descending,
Our petitions deign to hear.
Thou art willing.
For Thy grace is always near.

2 *Once, on earth to share Thy blessing,*
Children sought to meet Thine eye,
While the anxious parents pressing,
Brought their helpless infants nigh;
For Thy favour
All their wants could well supply.

3 No harsh word of indignation
Drove those tender lambs from Thee;
Gentle was the invitation,
Suffer them to come to Me;
Holy children,
Shall my heavenly kingdom see.

4 Gracious Saviour! Thou hast taught us
That Thy words unchanged remain;
To Thy feet our friends have brought us,
Heavenly blessings to obtain:
O receive us!
Thou wilt not our prayer disdain.

5 Take us, then, Thou kind Protector,
Fold us 'neath Thy watchful care;
Be our Shepherd, Friend, Director,
In Thy arms of mercy bear,
Guide to glory:
We shall dwell in safety there.

1033 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.

1 FATHER, from Thy throne of glory
Listen to our praise and pray'r;
Thou hast spared us in Thy mercy,
Here to meet another year.
Crown, crown it, God of love,
With blessings from above;
Fill our hearts, fill our hearts,
With Thy fear and love.

2 Blessings more than we can number
Hitherto have marked our way;
And Thine eye, that knows no slumber,
Hath watched o'er us every day.
Praise, praise unto Thy name,
Praise, praise we loud proclaim;
Heaven shall ring, heaven shall ring
With the loud acclaim.

3 Still vouchsafe to us Thy blessing,
And direct our spirit's course;
Still surround our every dwelling,
Thou who art of life the source.
Shine, shine upon our way,
May we Thy laws obey;
Hear us now, hear us now,
Bless our school, we pray.

4 Wilt Thou, O Almighty Father,
Bless our meeting here to-day,
Ere the night's dark shades shall gather,
And our praises die away!
Come, Lord, and bless us now,
Thy grace and mercy show;
Evermore, evermore,
May Thy blessings flow.

5 May we all, when life is over,
Teachers, children, meet above,
Joining in that song for ever,
Of our risen Saviour's love.
Then shall we sweetly sing,
Praise to our Saviour King;
Heaven shall ring, heaven shall
With the strain we sing.

1034 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6.

1 FATHER, Thy glorious Name w
For all Thy favours given;
We praise Thee for this day of
First hallowed of the seven.
We come with grateful pr
We come Thy love to

2 We bless Thy Name that we are taught
To keep this sacred day;
And in Thy courts together brought
With those who praise and pray.
We come, &c.

3 Thy holy word we learn to know,
Where heavenly wisdom lies;
O may we all yet wiser grow,
And all Thy favours prize.
We come, &c.

4 Incline our hearts to seek Thy face,
The Saviour's name to love;
Instruct us by Almighty grace,
For nobler praise above.
We come, &c.

1035 8, 7, 4.

1 LORD, we raise our feeble voices
In hosannas to Thy name;
While each heart and tongue rejoices,
We Thy wondrous love proclaim;
Thou art worthy,
Jesus, of eternal fame!

2 But for Thee, we still had strayed,
Lost in ignorance and sin;
By our foolish hearts betrayed,
Strangers to Thy love had been:
Still rebelling,
We had lived and died in sin.

3 But, in wonderful compassion,
Thou didst come to save the lost;
May we know this great salvation,
Teach us in Thy name to trust:
Dear Redeemer,
Be Thou all our joy and boast!

4 O what love, what thanks we owe Thee,
For Thy providence and grace!
May our hearts be taught to know Thee,
And our lives declare Thy praise:
Thou art worthy,
Jesus, full of truth and grace!

1036 P. M.

I LOVE the blessed Sabbath-day,
"The first and best of all the seven,"
love to sing, to read, and pray,
'o hear of God, and Christ, and heaven.
Happy day! happy day!

I love the holy Sabbath-day,
The day my God in love has given,
That I might find the path to heaven.
Happy day! happy day!

I love the holy Sabbath-day.
s sweet from earthly toils to rest,
worship at our Father's throne;
welcome Christ, the heavenly guest,
I thank Him for His mercy shown.
Happy day! &c.

sweet the Spirit's power to prove,
h lowly heart His grace to seek;
sweet to think of joys above,
thus with God commence the week.
Happy day! &c.

37 8, 7, 4.

O, we pray Thee, give a blessing
'o Thy children gathered here;
r love and care possessing,
g more, would still draw near,
Bless us, bless us,"
our petition hear.

2 Daily, hourly, we are needful
Of the aid that Thou canst gi
Make us humble, prayerful, he
Let us look to Thee and live,
"Bless us, bless us,"
Jesus, our petition hear.

3 Long and often Thou hast blesse
And we thank Thee, Lord, for
All the evils that infest us,
Thou hast held them, Lord, in
"Bless us, bless us,"
Still for blessing, Lord, we call.

4 Be Thou with us, blessed Saviour,
Make Thy dwellings in our brea
Smile upon us with Thy favour,
Touch our hearts with peace and
"Bless us, bless us,"
If Thou lov'st us, we are blest.

1038 L. M. or P. M.

1 BLESS'D Saviour, hear our hymn
praise,
Which now from youthful tongues asce
Though humble be the notes we raise,
Yet kindly to our voice attend.
Glory, glory, let us sing,
While heaven and earth with glo
ring,
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna
To the Lamb of God.

2 We praise Thee for Thy daily care,
Our food, our raiment, and our home;
The happiness which now we share,
And all the hope of joys to come.
Glory, &c.

3 We praise Thee for Thy word of truth,
For Sabbath hours, and Christian friends;
For all who guard and guide our youth,
And point to bliss that never ends.
Glory, &c.

4 We praise Thee for redeeming love,
The living hope Thy death imparts;
Thy interceding work above,
Thy Spirit's grace to change our hearts.
Glory, &c.

5 Thus we begin Thy praise while young;
And when from earth our souls are free,
O may we join the blood-bought throng,
And sing Thy praise eternally.
Glory, &c.

1039 C. M.

1 O HAPPY day, when God's dear Son
From heaven to earth came down;
Assumed our nature, bore our sin,
To raise us to His throne.

2 O happy day, when first our feet
To Sabbath schools were led:
Where we such kind instructors meet,
And feed on heavenly bread.

3 O happy day, when by Thy grace
Of sin convinced we stood;
And prayed for pardon and for peace,
Through Jesus' precious blood.

4 O happy day, O glorious day,
When with the saints above,
We and our teachers join the lay,
To praise redeeming love.

1040 11s or P. M.

1 DEAR Saviour, we gather, our tribute to bring,
The breathings of love, like the blossoms [of spring;
Our gracious Redeemer! we gratefully raise [Thy praise.
Our hearts and our voices in hymning
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hosanna in the highest! [Lord,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hosanna to the

2 When stooping to earth from the brightness of heaven, [given,
Thy blood for our ransom so freely was
Thou deignest to listen while children adored,
With joyful hosannas, the blessed of the Hallelujah! &c. [Lord.

3 Those arms which embraced little children of old,
Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold:
That grace which inviteth the wandering home,
Hath never forbidden the youngest to Hallelujah! &c. [come.

4 Hosanna! hosanna! Great Teacher, we raise
Our hearts and our voices in hymning Thy praise;
For precept and promise so graciously given,
For blessings of earth and the glories of Hallelujah! &c. [heaven,

1041 8, 7, 4.

1 FATHER, let Thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And Thy ever-gracious presence,
Bless us all our journey through.
May we ever
Keep the end of life in view!

2 Young in years, we need the wisdom
Which can only come from Thee;
In the morn of our existence
Let us Thy salvation see.
Changed in spirit,
Then shall we Thy children be.

3 When temptations shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let Thine arm of strength defend us,
Saviour, hear us when we pray.
Thou art mighty,
Be Thou then our rock and stay.

1042 6, 5.

1 JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear:
When we bow before Thee,
Infant praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray:
Saviour, guide and keep us,
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day,
Help us now to love Thee,
Take our sins away:

5 Then, when Thou shalt call us
To our heavenly home,
We will gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

1043 7, 7, 7, 5.

1 JESUS Christ, my Lord and King,
Help me now Thy praise to sing;
Poor as is the song I bring,
Thou wilt smile on me.
Children may proclaim Thy praise;
As of old, hosannas raise;
Now, as then, their simple lays
Are not scorned by Thee.

2 Blessed Lord, enthroned above,
Let me not unmindful prove,
Of the great and precious love,
Freely shown to me.
Love shall guide me in Thy way,
Teaching me, from day to day,
Still, in all I do and say
To remember Thee.

3 May I fear to grieve Thee, Lord;
May I love Thy holy word;
Find that it can joy afford,
Holiest joy to me.
May I love to bend the knee,
Love to be alone with Thee,
Praying till Thy face I see,
Lord, remember me.

1044 C. M. or P. M.

1 HOSANNA be the children's song
To Christ the children's King.
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.
Hosanna, then, our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King!
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.
This is the children's jubilee,
Jubilee, jubilee,
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.

2 Hosanna,—here in joyful bands,
Maidens and youths proclaim;
And hail with voices, hearts, and hands,
The Son of David's name.
Hosanna, &c.

3 Hosanna,—sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain;
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.
Hosanna, &c.

4 Hosanna,—on the wings of light
O'er earth and ocean fly;
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.
Hosanna, &c.

5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King!
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.
Hosanna, &c.

1045 C. M.

1 NOW condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this happy throng;
And kindly listen while we sing
Our humble, grateful song.

2 We come to own the power divine
That watches o'er our days;
For this our cheerful voices join
In hymns of grateful praise.

3 We come to learn Thy holy word,
And ask Thy tender care;
Before Thy throne, Almighty Lord,
We bend in humble prayer.

4 May we in safety pass this day,
From sin and danger free;
And ever walk in that sure way
That leads to heaven and Thee.

1046 8, 7, 4, or P. M.

1 O THOU meek and lowly Saviour!
Listen to our feeble prayer;
Children seek Thy face and favour,
And Thy tender watchful care.
Thou art gracious,
For Thy kingdom each prepare.
Sweet hosanna, joyful sing,
Jesus is the children's King.
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Thou didst leave Thy throne in heaven,
Clothed in flesh like ours to save,
That our souls, through Thee forgiven,
Might eternal blessings have;
Dear Redeemer,
We this great salvation have.
Sweet hosanna, &c.

3 Seraphs, angels, saints in glory,
Rich in dignity and grace,
Reverent cast their crowns before Thee,
While Thy goodness they retrace.
Even children,
There behold Him face to face.
Sweet hosanna, &c.

4 To that happy world aspiring,
Heart and mind we give to Thee;
There, in lofty themes untiring,
We shall shout heaven's jubilee.
Mighty Saviour,
Thine the praise and glory be.
Sweet hosanna, &c.

1047 7s or P. M.

1 SAVIOUR, bless a little child;
Teach my heart the way to Thee;
Make it gentle, good, and mild;
Loving Saviour, care for me.
Dear Jesus, hear me,
Hear a little child to-day;
Hear, O hear me;
Hear me when I pray.

2 I am young, but Thou hast said
All who will may come to Thee;
Feed my soul with living bread;
Loving Saviour, care for me.—Dear, &c.

3 Jesus, help me, I am weak;
Let me put my trust in Thee;
Teach me how, and what to speak;
Loving Saviour, care for me.—Dear, &c.

4 I would never go astray,
Never turn aside from Thee;
Keep me in the heavenly way;
Loving Saviour, care for me.—Dear, &c.

1048 8, 7, 4.

1 NOW, while every heart rejoices,
Let the sweetest music blend;
Let us raise our cheerful voices,
Praising Christ the children's Frie
Hallelujah!
Jesus is the children's Friend.

2 When on earth, in town or city,
Wheresoe'er His footsteps bend;
Full of gentleness and pity,
He is found the children's Friend.
Hallelujah! &c.

3 Blessed Jesus! be our Saviour,
From all harm our souls defend;
O may we in our behaviour,
Show that we are each Thy friend
Hallelujah! &c.

1049 7s and 6s or P. M.

WHEN His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him;
But, as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
Well pleased to hear their song.
love, I love, I love the name of Jesu
The sweetest name,
The name, the name the angels sing.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll prostrate fall before Him,
Who sits upon the throne,
And joyfully adore Him,
David's triumphant Son.
I love, I love, &c.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
Nor will we only render
The tribute of our words,
But, while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.
I love, I love, &c.

1050 7, 7, 7, 5.

1 JESUS, when He left the sky,
And for sinners came to die,
In His mercy passed not by
Little ones like me.

2 Mothers then the Saviour sought
In the places where He taught,
And to Him their children brought—
Little ones like me.

3 Did the Saviour say them nay?
No—He kindly bade them stay:
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

4 'Twas for them His life He gave,
To redeem them from the grave;
Jesus died, from hell to save
Little ones like me.

1051 7s or P. M.

1 JESUS loves me; this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is str
Yes, Jesus loves me, yes, Jesus
Yes, Jesus loves me, the Bible

2 Jesus loves me; He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.—Yes, &c.

3 Jesus loves me; loves me still,
When I'm very weak and ill;
From His shining throne on high
Comes to watch me when I lie.—Yes, &c.

4 Jesus loves me; He will stay,
Close beside me, all the way;
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.—Yes, &c.

1052 11s.

1 HOW loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity, for sinners to die!
His hands and His feet they were nailed [me!
to the tree,
And all this He suffered for sinners like

2 How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive Him by faith in their heart!
No evil befalls them, their home is above—
Jesus throws round them the arms of His love.

3 How precious is Jesus to all who believe!
And out of His fulness what grace they receive! [He guides,
When weak He supports them, when erring
And everything needful He kindly provides.

4 O give, then, to Jesus your earliest days;
They only are blessed who walk in His ways: [friend,
In life and in death He will still be their
For those whom He loves He will love to the end.

1053 P. M.

1 WHEN mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back, and bade them depart;
But Jesus saw them ere they fled, and sweetly smiled and kindly said,—
"Suffer little children to come unto Me.

2 "For I will receive them, and fold them in My bosom:
I'll be a shepherd to these lambs, O drive them not away!
For if their hearts to Me they give, they shall with Me in glory live; [Me."
Suffer little children to come unto

3 How kind was our Saviour to bid these children welcome!
But there are many thousands who have never heard His name;
The Bible they have never read, they know not that the Saviour said,—
"*Suffer little* children to come unto *Me.*"

4 *O soon may the heathen, of every tribe and nation,* [idols all away!
Fulfil Thy blessed word, and cast their
O shine upon them from above, and show Thyself a God of love,—
Teach the little children to come unto *Thee!*

1054 8, 7.

1 GRACIOUS Saviour, holy Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may they be
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave them,
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy warning love directed,
May they walk the narrow way:
Thus direct them, thus defend them,
Lest they fall an easy prey.

3 Let Thy holy word instruct them;
Fill their minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain them
To approve whate'er is right;
Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,
Let them prove Thy burden light.

4 Taught to lisp the holy praises,
Which on earth Thy children sing,
With both lips and hearts unfeigned,
Glad thank-offerings may they bring,
Then with all Thy saints in glory
Join to praise their Lord and King.

1055 S. M.

1 TO Thee, O God, in heaven,
These little ones we bring,
Giving to Thee what Thou hast giv'n,
Our dearest offering.

2 To Thee, O God, whose face
Their angels do behold,
We bring them, praying that Thy grac
May keep, Thine arms enfold.

3 To Thee, who children blest
And suffered them to come,
To Thee, who took them to Thy breast,
We bring these infants home.

1056 7s or P. M.

1 CHILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
Children, too, in these our days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Hark! while infant voices sing,
Loud Hosannas to our King.

2 We have often heard and read
What the royal Psalmist said:
"Babes and sucklings' artless lays
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise."
Hark! &c.

3 We are taught to love the Lord;
We are taught to read *His* word;
We are taught the way to heaven:
Praise for all to God begiven.
Hark! &c.

4 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till Hosannas reach the skies.
Hark! &c.

1057 7s and 6s.

1 THERE'S a friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love will never die.

Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

2 There 's a Rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And Abba, Father, cry;
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free;
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There 's a Home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

4 There 's a Crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

5 There 's a Song for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
And a harp of sweetest music,
And palm of victory:
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

1058 11s or P. M.

1 BRIGHT home of our Saviour, what glories await [pearly gate!
The spirits that pass through thy bright
What anthems of rapture, unceasing and high, [sky!
Compose the loud chorus that gladdens the Home, home, sweet home! [home.
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for yonder blest

2 The home of the ransomed, the land of the blest,
Where pilgrims shall enter a glorious rest;
Shall wander in gladness the pastures of green,
And drink the still waters of pleasures Home, home, &c. [serene.

3 The home that our Saviour has gone to prepare, [there,
No heart can conceive of the blessedness
Of raptures unending awaiting the just,
When pure in His likeness they rise from the dust.
Home, home, &c.

4 We bless Thee, dear Saviour, who call'st us to share [prepare;
The beautiful home Thou hast gone to
We trust in Thy mercy that washed from our sin,
Through yonder bright gates we may all Home, home, &c. [enter in.

1059 P. M.

1 THERE is a beautiful world,
Where saints and angels sing;
A world where peace and pleasure reign,
And heavenly praises ring.
We 'll be there;
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory,
We shall wear!
In that beautiful world above.

2 There is a beautiful world,
Where sorrows never come;
A world where tears shall never fall
In sighing for our home.—We 'll, &c.

3 There is a beautiful world,
Unseen to mortal sight;
And darkness never enters there:
That home is fair and bright.—We 'll, &c.

4 There is a beautiful world,
Of harmony and love;
O may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above.—We 'll, &c.

1060 P. M.

1 HERE we suffer grief and pain!
Here we meet to part again!
In heaven we part no more.
O that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more!

2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die, to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
O that will be joyful, &c.

3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday school.
O that will be joyful, &c.

4 Teachers, too, will meet above,
And our parents whom we love,
Will meet to part no more.
O that will be joyful, &c.

5 O how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on His throne.
O that will be joyful, &c.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
O that will be joyful, &c.

7 Let us ever watch and pray,
And prepare for that great day
When Christ our judge appears.
O that will be joyful, &c.

1061 8s.

1 YES, there are little ones in heaven;
Children like us around the throne
To whom the King of kings hath given
Eternal glory like His own;
Jesus! Thy mercy rich and free,
Hath suffered them to come to Thee.

2 O let us think of them to-day,
Their sweet and everlasting song!
And hope to sing as loud as they,
In the same glorious heaven, ere long:
Jesus, may this our portion be!
O suffer us to come to Thee!

3 To come with humbleness of mind,
With simple faith and earnest prayer,
To seek Thy precious cross, and find
Peace, safety, joy, salvation there:
O set our sin-bound spirits free,
And suffer us to come to Thee!

4 To come while we are young and gay,
While life, and joy, and hope run high;
To come in sorrow's gloomiest day,
To come at last, when death is nigh:
Lord, in that day our Guardian be,
And suffer us to come to Thee.

1062 P. M.

1 SHALL we ever all meet again?
Shall we ever, ever, ever, ever all meet again?

2 Yes, we may all meet again!
If not on earth, in heaven we may all meet again!

3 Shall we ever all wear a crown? [crown?
Shall we ever, ever, ever, ever all wear a

4 Yes, we may all wear a crown!
If not on earth, in heaven we may all wear a crown!

5 Shall we ever all bear a palm? [palm?
Shall we ever, ever, ever, ever all bear a

6 Yes, we may all bear a palm!
If not on earth, in heaven we may all bear a palm!

7 Tears shall there be all wiped away!
If not on earth, in heaven tears are all wiped away!

1063 7s.

1 GENTLE words, how sweet they sound
Joy they give to all around;
Words of love, what peace they bring,
Happiness to ev'ry thing.

2 Gentle words will reach the heart,
Balm to sorrow they impart;
Loving words are sweet to hear,
Joining hearts to others dear.

3 Gentle words then freely give,
They will teach you how to live;
They to you are freely given,
Jesus whispers them from heav'n.

1064 8, 7, 4.

1 LITTLE children, praise the Saviour,
He regards you from above.
Praise Him for His great salvation!
Praise Him for His precious love!
Loud Hosannas
To the name of Jesus sing!

2 When He left His throne in glory,
When He lived with mortals here,
Little children sang His praises,
And it pleased His gracious ear.
Loud, &c.

3 Up in yonder happy regions
Angels raise the chorus high;
Twice ten thousand times ten thousand
Send His praises through the sky.
Loud, &c.

4 Little children, praise the Saviour:
Praise Him, your immortal Friend:
Praise Him till in heaven you meet Him,
There to praise Him without end!
Loud, &c.

1065 7s and 6s.

1 *TELL me the old, old story,*
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.
Tell me, &c.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave:
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.
Tell me, &c.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."
Tell me, &c.

1066 8, 7.

1 WHO shall sing if not the children,
Did not Jesus die for them?
May they not with other jewels,
Sparkle in His diadem?
Why to them were voices given,
Birdlike voices soft and clear,
Why, unless the song of heaven,
They begin to practise here?
Hark! their hallelujahs ringing!
Gladness murmurs far away,—
Listen, 'tis the children singing,—
Children keep their holy day.

2 Let us sing of Him who never
Thrust aside their precious claims,
But took children to His bosom,
As a shepherd doth his lambs,
Put His hands on them and blessed them
"For of such as these," said He,
"Is the heavenly kingdom," therefore
"Suffer them to come to Me."
Hark! &c.

3 Here their hearts go up to heaven,
On the fragrant breath of prayer:
Who shall say it is too early
Jesu's easy yoke to bear.
For He says, "Why should they linger"
Speaking from His throne above—
"Till they are a little older,
Since they're old enough to love."
Hark! &c.

4 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will He, to heaven returning,
Faithless to His blessing prove?
Tell them they can't come too early
To their Friend, who reigns above,
For ere they can lisp His praises
They are old enough to love.
Hark! &c.

1067 11s or P. M.

1 BRIGHT jewels of song to the Saviour we bring,
Glad anthems of praise to our glorified King;
With seraphs and angels before Thee we raise,
In humbler devotion, our chorus of praise.
Bright jewels of song,
Bright jewels of song,
Bright jewels to Jesus belong.

2 Our grateful hosannas we offer to Thee—
Proclaiming salvation so boundless and free,
Till o'er the wide earth the sweet story we send,
Of Jesus, the sinner's Redeemer and Friend.
Bright jewels, &c.

3 Accept Thou our off'ring—O make it sincere,
These songs of rejoicing life's pathway shall cheer;
And when with the ransomed in glory we sing,
Bright jewels we'll shine in the crown of our King.
Bright jewels, &c.

1068 7s and 6s.

1 WE are coming, blessed Saviour,
We hear Thy gentle voice;
We would be Thine for ever,
And in Thy love rejoice.
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
We hear Thy gentle voice.

2 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them for ever,
And in Thy presence stand.
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band.

3 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see—
A glorious mansion ever,
For those that trust in Thee.
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see.

4 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
That happy home is ours;
If here we gain Thy favour,
We'll reach those fragrant bowers.
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
That happy home is ours.

5 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever
His praises we will sing.
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King.

1069 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4, or P. M.

1 KIND words can never die,
Cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast:
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Aye, in all years and climes,
Distant and near.
Kind words can never die, never die, never die;
Kind words can never die, no, never die.

2 Sweet thoughts can never die,
Though like the flowers
Their brightest hues may fly,
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue,
They bloom again.
Sweet thoughts can never die, &c.

3 Our souls can never die,
Though in the tomb
We may all have to lie,
Wrapped in its gloom.
What though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day
With Christ above.
Our souls can never die, &c.

1070 P. M.

1 I'M trying to climb up Zion's Hill,
For the Saviour whispers, Love Me;
Though all beneath is dark as death,
Yet the stars are bright above me.
Then upward still to Zion's Hill,
To the land of joy and beauty,
My path before shines more and more,
As it nears the golden city.
I'm climbing up Zion's Hill,
I'm climbing up Zion's Hill,
Climbing, climbing, climbing
Up Zion's Hill.

2 I know I'm but a little child,
My strength will not protect me;
But then I am the Saviour's lamb,
And He will not neglect me.
When weary with my load of sin,
My heart is sad and lonely,
I turn away from all within,
And look to Jesus only.
I'm climbing, &c.

3 Then come with me, we'll upward go,
And climb this Hill together;
And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk,
And sing as we go thither.
Then mount up still, God's holy hill,
Till we reach the pearly portals,
Where raptured tongues proclaim the songs
Of the shining-robed immortals.
I'm climbing, &c.

1071 P. M.

1 I HAVE heard of the Saviour's love,
And a wonderful love it must be;
But did He come down from above,
Out of love and compassion for me?

Response.—"It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 *Timothy* i. 15.

Yes, yes, yes, for me, for me,
Yes, yes, yes, for me,
Our Lord from above, in His infinite love,
On the cross died to save you and me.

2 I have heard how He suffered and bled,
How He languished and died on the tree;
But then is it anywhere said
That He languished and suffered for me?

Response.—"He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities. And with His stripes we are healed."—Isaiah liii. 5.

Yes, yes, &c.

3 I've been told of a heaven on high,
Which the children of Jesus shall see;
But is there a place in the sky
Made ready and furnished for me?

Response.—"In my Father's house are many mansions. . . I go to prepare a place for you. . . That where I am, there ye may be also."—*John* xiv. 2, 3.

Yes, yes, &c.

4 Lord, answer these questions of mine,
To whom shall I go but to Thee?
And say by Thy Spirit divine
There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

Response.—"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

Yes, yes, &c.

1072 7s and 6s.

1 WE bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come with simple measures,
To claim Thy love divine.
Children Thy favour sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth.
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant Thy blessing!
O teach us how to pray;
That each Thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way.
There where the pure are dwelling,
We hope to meet again;
And sweeter numbers swelling,
For ever praise Thy name.

1073 7s.

1 HARK! a still small voice is heard
Gently speaking from above;
'Tis the great Redeemer's word,
'Tis the message of His love.
Hear the call to you addressed,
Ye who would be truly blessed.

2 Those who, with devoted mind,
Seek in early life My face,
Shall My lasting favour find,
And enjoy My richest grace.
Early, then, while yet I wait,
Seek Me, ere it be too late.

3 *Lord, we come, without delay*
We would love and seek Thee thus:
Jesus, now Thy love display,
Saving, guiding, blessing us!
May we dwell with Thee above,
Ever happy in Thy love.

1074 C. M.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, the C
Whom Jesus sends fro
O comfort us, Thy children
And show our sins forgiv

2 O come, and in our hearts
Let them Thy temples p
Nor let our sinfulness and
Provoke Thee to remove

3 But with Thy gracious po
And all our sins subdue
O bid us to Thy sceptre h
And form our souls an

4 Where God the Spirit is
All graces there aboun
Love, joy, and peace mak
And thanks and prais

1075 L. M.

1 YES, God is good; i
From ocean dep
Ten thousand voices s
God made us all, and

2 The sun that keeps hi
And downward poura
Night's sparkling ho
In accents clear, that

3 The merry birds pro
Their song with ever
And balmy air, and
Each softly whisper

4 I hear it in the rusl
The hills that heve
The echoing sky an
All swell the chor

5 Yes, God is good,
By God's owl han
And man, in loud
Should sing for jo

6 For all Thy gifts
But chiefly for o
Thy pardoning
These prompt e

1076

1 YES, we pr
Joyful
They who lov
Know a lon
Blisfu
Lie beyon

2 Sweet this h
When suc
When each
With the
Tell
By the L

3 O what m
Brighte
Glorious
Him,
Wi
Will th

4 Thus w
Joy
They
Ki

1

CHANTS AND ANTHEMS.

77

ISE God in His holiness, praise
n in the firmament of His power.
Him in His noble acts. Praise
ording to His excellent greatness.
Him in the sound of the trumpet:
im upon the lute and harp.
Him in the cymbals and dances.
im upon the strings and pipe.
erything that hath breath praise
l.

78

ISE the Lord, for it is a good thing
ing praises unto our God. Yea, a
d pleasant thing it is to be thank-

is our Lord, and great is His power.
His wisdom is infinite.

79

joyful in the Lord, all ye lands:
e the Lord with gladness, and
ore His presence with a song.
sure that the Lord He is God: it
at hath made us, and not we our-

His people: and the sheep of His

our way into His gates with thanks-
and into His courts with praise.
nkful unto Him: and speak good
ame.
e Lord is gracious, His mercy is
ng: and His truth endureth from
n to generation.
be to the Father, and to the Son:
e Holy Ghost.
was in the beginning, is now, and
l be: world without end. Amen.

80

SE the Lord, O my soul: and forget
all His benefits.
rd is full of compassion and mercy,
ering and of great goodness.
ays of man are but as grass, he
th as a flower.
e goodness of the Lord endureth for
on them that fear Him.
k good of the Lord, all ye works of
aise the Lord, O my soul.

81

lovely are Thy dwellings, O Lord of
sts, my soul doth long to enter Thy
Blessed are they who dwell in Thy
: they will alway praise Thee.

1082

LET the people praise Thee, O God, let all the people praise Thee.
Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us.
God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us.

1083

HOW lovely is Zion, the city of our God: joy and peace shall dwell in Thee. Amen.

1084

REJOICE in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice.
Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.
Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.
And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ our Lord.

1085

O COME let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. For He is our God, and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.

1086

O LORD my God, hear Thou the prayer Thy servant prayeth, have Thou respect unto his prayer. Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place, and when Thou hearest, Lord forgive.

1087

O THOU that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.

1088

MY voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord, in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up. I will come into Thy house, in the multitude of Thy mercy; and in Thy fear will I worship toward Thy holy temple.

1089 Psalm cxxii.

I WAS glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.
Peace be within thy walls, and prosperi
within thy palaces.

1090

WE praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship Thee: the Father everlasting.
To Thee all angels cry aloud: the heavens, and all the powers therein.
To Thee Cherubin and Seraphin: continually do cry,
Holy, Holy, Holy: Lord God of Sabaoth;
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty: of Thy glory.
The glorious company of the Apostles: praise Thee.
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets: praise Thee.
The noble army of Martyrs: praise Thee.
The holy Church throughout all the world: doth acknowledge Thee;
The Father: of an infinite Majesty;
Thine honourable, true, and only Son: also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
Thou art the King of Glory: O Christ.
Thou art the everlasting Son: of the Father.
When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man: Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.
When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death: Thou didst open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God: in the Glory of the Father.
We believe that Thou shalt come: to be our Judge.
We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants: whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.
Make them to be numbered with Thy saints: in glory everlasting.
O Lord, save Thy people: and bless Thine heritage.
Govern them: and lift them up for ever.
Day by day: we magnify Thee;
And we worship Thy name: ever world without end.
Vouchsafe, O Lord: to keep us this day without sin.
O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us.
O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us: as our trust is in Thee.
O Lord, in Thee have I trusted: let me never be confounded.

1091

THE Lord is in His holy temple: Let all the earth keep silence before Him.

1092

O SING unto the Lord a new song: for He hath done marvellous things.
With His own right hand, and with His *holy arm: hath He* gotten Himself the *victory.*
The Lord declared His salvation: His *righteousness hath He openly showed in the sight of the heathen.*
He hath remembered His mercy and truth *towards the house of* Israel: and all the *ends of the* world have seen the salvation of *our God.*
Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands: sing, rejoice, and give thanks.
Praise the Lord upon the harp: sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving.
With trumpets also and shawms: O show yourselves joyful before the Lord the King.
Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is: the round world, and they that dwell therein.
Let the floods clap their hands: and let the hills be joyful together
Before the Lord: for He cometh to judge the earth.
With righteousness shall He judge the world: and the people with equity.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

1093

Chant.

1 WILT Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels
Thy | gentle | dew;
Each blade of grass I see,
From Thy deep earth its quickening | moisture | drew,
Wilt Thou not visit me?

2 Wilt Thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with | cheering | tone;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of | Thee a- | lone.
Wilt Thou not visit me?

3 Wilt Thou not visit me? I need Thy love
More than the flower, the dew; or | grass, the | rain;
Come, like Thy holy dove,
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to | live a- | gain.
Wilt Thou not visit me?

4 Yes! Thou wilt visit me:
Nor plant, nor tree, Thine eye de- | lights so | well,
As when from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with Thine in | peace to | dwell.
Yes, Thou wilt visit me.

1094

I HEARD a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them. Amen.

1095

HOLINESS becometh Thine house, O Lord, for ever.

1096

HOW beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings, good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth. Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted His people, He hath redeemed Jerusalem. Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.

wake, put on thy strength, O
ut on thy beautiful garments,
loose thyself from the bands
O captive daughter of Zion,
from the dust, O Jerusalem,
oly city. How beautiful upon
as are the feet of them that
dings of peace and salvation,
to Zion, Thy God reigneth.
avens, and be joyful, O earth,
nto joy, Hallelujah! Sing to-
ste places of Jerusalem; for the
nforted His people, and all the
e the salvation of our God.

power and might, who art the
and giver of all good things;
hearts the love of Thy Name,
true religion, nourish us with
and of Thy great mercy keep us
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Lord, is the Greatness, and the
and the Glory, and the Victory,
jesty: for all that is in the
he Earth are Thine. Thine is
, O Lord; and Thou art exalted
all.

is my Shepherd, I shall not
He maketh me to lie down in
es, and leadeth me beside the
Though I walk through the
shadow of death, I will fear no
m art with me. Thy rod and
afort me. Surely goodness and
follow me all the days of my
vill dwell in the house of the
.

ot into judgment with Thy ser-
Lord, for in Thy sight shall no
e justified.

Revelation vii.

e they which came out of great
lion: and have washed their
ade them white in the blood of

are they before the throne of
ve Him day and night in His
He that sitteth on the throne
among them.
ll hunger no more, neither
more; neither shall the sun
n, nor any heat.
amb which is in the midst of
all feed them, and shall lead
ving fountains of waters; and
pe away all tears from their

1103

COME unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out. The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him come, and take the water of life freely.

1104

CAST thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. He never will suffer the righteous to fall; He is at thy right hand.

Thy mercy, Lord, is great: and far above the heavens. Let none be made ashamed that wait upon Thee.

1105

HEAR my prayer, O Lord; In Thy faithfulness answer me, and in Thy righteousness give ear to my supplication.

1106

I WILL arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

1107

NOT unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give the praise; for Thy loving mercy, and Thy truth's sake.

Hallelujah. Amen.

1108

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts; heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High.

1109

WORTHY is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by His blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

Blessing and honour, glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.

1110

HALLELUJAH! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.

King of kings, and Lord of lords.

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